

hearttattack



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distribution

DISTRIBUTION: *HeartattaCk* wholesales for 5¢ plus postage.

U.S.A.: \$5 box = 30+ 'zines
\$10 box = 65+ 'zines
World: \$5 box = 10+ 'zines
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You can then sell them for 25¢ or 50¢ each or give them away, but please don't charge more than 50¢ each. When ordering please specify if you want a subscription or distribution, and which issue numbers you want. Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition, not HaC.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: *HeartattaCk* is basically free, but we have to pay a lot of postage to send them to you. So individual issues of HaC are available for \$1.50 each in the United States and for:

U.S.A.: \$1.50 each (1 copy)
Canada: \$2 each (1 copy airmail)
World: \$3 each (1 copy airmail)

Back issues are available at this rate as well. When ordering please specify if you want a subscription or distribution, and which issue numbers you want. Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition, not HaC.

- #3-#6, #11, & #15-#17 the usual shit
- #18 the sex issue
- #19 1997 Poll results
- #20 DIY issue
- #21 response to the DIY issue
- #22 The Women's issue part 1 of 2
- #23 The Women's issue part 2 of 2
- #24 Catharsis interview

All other issues sold out.

PRINTING: HaC is printed with soya inks on recycled paper. Recycle it, don't toss it!

CLASSIFIEDS: Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only. Please, no more than 40 words per classified!

COMPUTER INFO: *HeartattaCk* is fully computerized... so if you can, please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via e-mail, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: *HeartattaCk* contains extremely small text in large abundance. Prolonged exposure may cause blindness, dizziness, bagel tossing, headaches, or anal leakage.

STORES

If you would like to get copies of *HeartattaCk* then please contact Ebullition Records at (805) 964-6111 or by fax at (805) 964-2310. Ebullition also distributes many of the records advertised and reviewed in HaC. If you know of a store in your area that should be carrying HaC or other Ebullition stuff then send the store's fax number or address to Ebullition.

Issue #25 • 11,000 copies
February, 2000

DEADLINES: *HeartattaCk* is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 15th of the month following the deadline. The deadlines are as follows:

January 1st • April 1st
July 1st • October 1st

ADVERTISING RATES: Advertising is available on a first come first serve basis, and please only one ad per person. All ads need to be in by the deadlines. We do reserve the right to reject any ad for any reason. Make all checks or money orders out to Ebullition, not *HeartattaCk*. Please send all ads in on paper. Do NOT send ads via E-mail or on disk!!!

1/6 page (2 1/2" x 5")	\$35
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Lisa "Big O" Oglesby
Leslie "Teddy Fudge" Kahan

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CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *HeartattaCk* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

THEME ISSUES:

Upcoming...

☒ SEX ISSUE

☒ STEVE SNYDER ISSUE

☒ D.I.Y. ISSUE

☐ RACE ISSUE

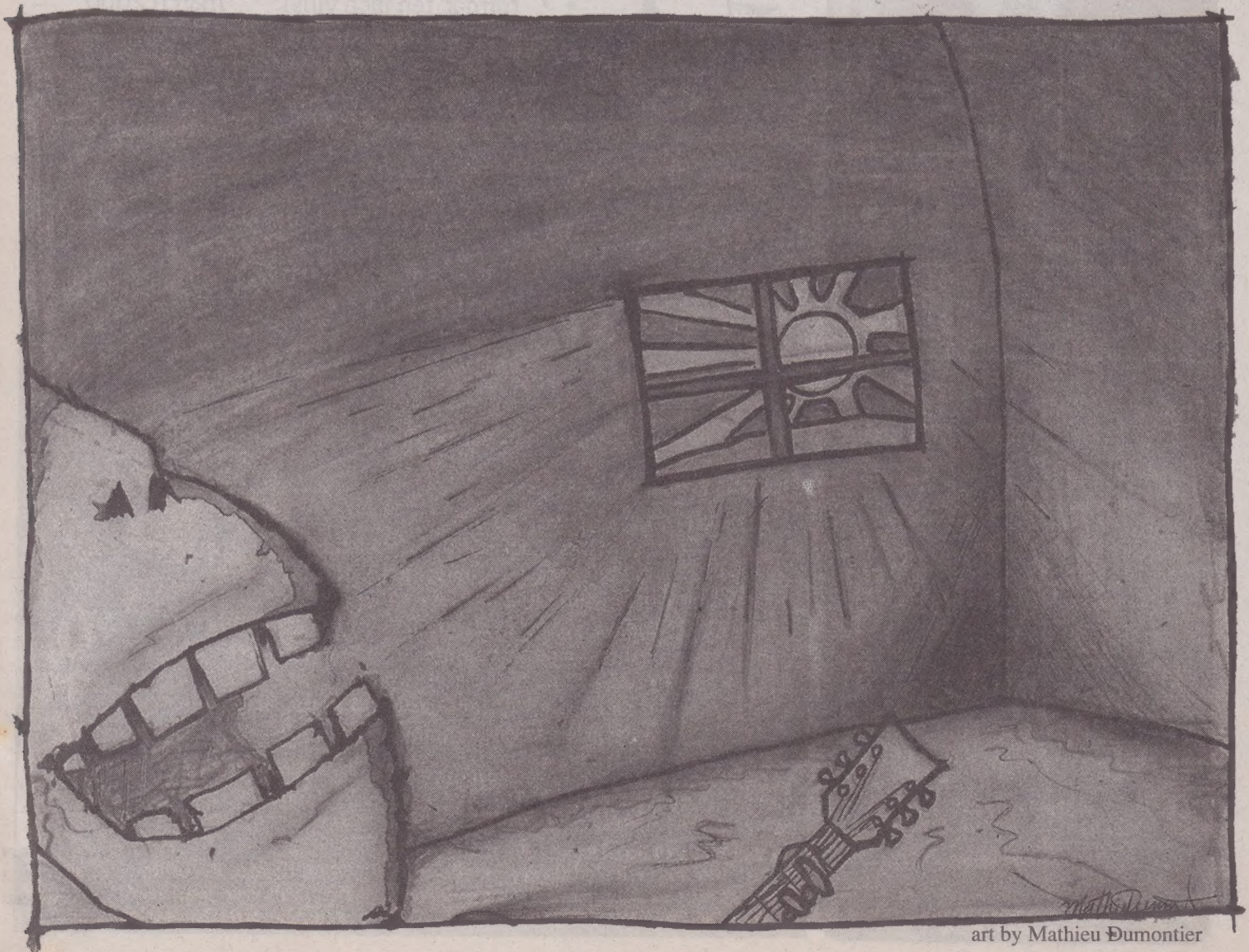
☒ WOMEN'S ISSUE

☐ INTERNATIONAL ISSUE

HeartattaCk #26 will be a theme issue on race and punk. We are asking for contributions of all kinds, such as columns, interviews, articles, and art on these subjects. If you have something to contribute, please get it to us at HaC by April 1st.

HeartattaCk #27 will focus on the punk/hardcore community internationally. If you live in an area other than the USA, please contribute something about your local scene. Feel free to do a scene report or some kind of commentary. We want to hear all about what people are up to and experiencing internationally. That means that we would like interviews with active people and/or bands from your area. The deadline is July 1st.

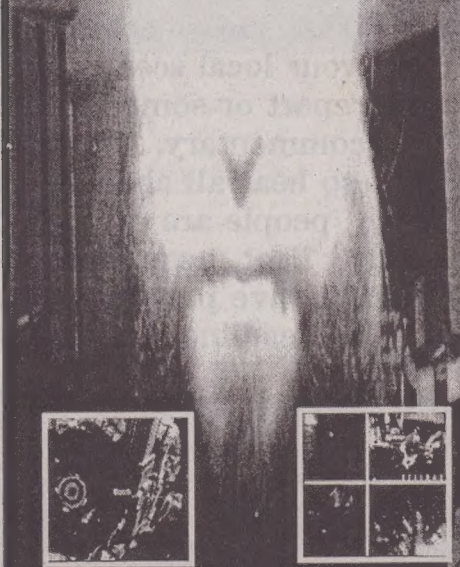
If you have any questions or suggestions, please contact us.



art by Mathieu Dumontier

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STILL AVAILABLE

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happy november birthdays to: santos, metal mark, splifford, aaron harris, glenn kelly monty, anne rymel, loreta royal, and anyone else i can't think of at the moment.



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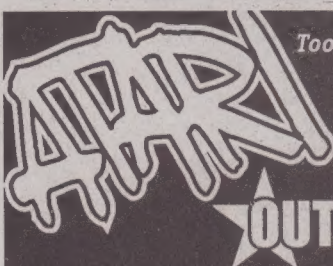
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★COMING SOON (don't order yet)

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★VOORHEES - John Peel Sessions 10"

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Bright Eyes

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Spoon

The Agony of Laffitte
CD single (lbj-29)

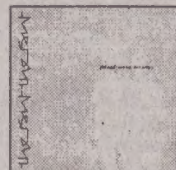
This two song CD is Spoon's response to their major-label experience, and the subject matter of both songs deals with their disastrous, and unfortunate relationship with Elektra records. A bit more grown up, but with just as much spirit as their earlier material, this recording shows that Spoon just keep getting better, and are not going away.



The Faint

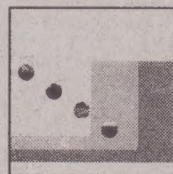
Blank-Wave Arcade
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Johan from Reflections zine





7": \$3.50 ppd in the US, \$6 ppd in europe.
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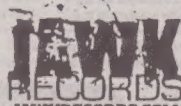
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 SFR11 THE SWARM | FORCEFEDGLASS :C
 SFR10 BORN UNDER SATURN :A
 SFR09 NEIL PERRY :A
 SFR08 MORSER | THE SWARM :B
 SFR07 YOU AND I : WITHIN THE FRAME :F

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Vique,

I seriously hope you were in a daze when you wrote your letter to Jonathan Lee. I hope it was just a brainstorm that made you write this and when you read it once again you were terribly embarrassed of that bollox but unfortunately you had mailed it already. Or maybe you have another good excuse.

I thought what Jonathan wrote makes sense and is properly thought out. I may not agree with all parts of it, but hey it's his opinion. It's interesting to read an intelligent male's view on all those "women's issues."

Maybe I should stress the word "intelligent" in the sentence above, because your reply was anything but intelligent. What's the point you were trying to make? That no male should have the right to say anything about women's issues just because they will never experience any of the problems personally but "only" as an outside observer? Sometimes people not directly involved in an action have a better (more objective, that is) comprehension of what's really going on than the person affected. You simply said he doesn't and can't have any comprehension at all. That's just the most ignorant, arrogant, sexist, self-pityish (if that word exists) thing one can do. In short: that's everything this scene (I love that word) definitely doesn't need. So I guess if I was to fight anybody it would be you because in my eyes you are the enemy.

Do you think you are the only person in the world who knows what's going on? So many people have experienced some awful stuff, so many people think about stuff (probably more than you do, according to your letter). You call Jonathan Lee a poor baby while all you do is console yourself for all those bad things that all those bad people keep doing to you/your gender. Well to me it looks like Jonathan Lee is more likely trying to make this world a better place than you are.

Besides, why do you find it necessary to talk about abortion & guilt as if that was the only correct collocation? Could it be possible that YOU don't have "any comprehension of some issues at all"?

—E.

God—more liberal bullshit—you just don't get it do you. You read what you want to read and don't see the whole picture. I never said "That no male should have the right to say anything about women's issues." What I said was that no man should say that he fully understands an issue that only women can comprehend, as it is a result of actual experience that leads to understanding, not just empathy or sympathy. I fully think that a man can say what he wants and think what he wants about any issue, but my point was that he can't expect it to be as powerful as an emotion as it is for a woman.

I'll try to explain it more clearly, maybe then you will be able to understand. If I were to claim that "just because I'm white doesn't make any of the many manifestations of racism any less important to me because I have family and friends who are affected by it." Yes, I could be angry if a black friend is beaten as a result of racism. Or a black step-nephew is treated cruelly by other children. Or if an Asian friend doesn't get the job, and they believe it to be because they are not white. I could get angry, it could upset me, I could suffer pain. But I will ALWAYS have the privilege of being white. I will NEVER comprehend the many ways that being of colour affects someone's life. No matter how strongly I were to take part in anti-racist action or suchlike—I would never really get it. I would never really know.

And I think it almost insulting to fight someone else's fight. For example, if I were to write a book on the racist myths and prejudices that are perpetuated and strengthened within the public school system, as a white person, what would you think? If a man were to write a book on the effects of rape on a woman, what would you think? Do you think he has a right to? Do you think he'd ever really understand? Do you think that women are not capable of writing the books about themselves for themselves?

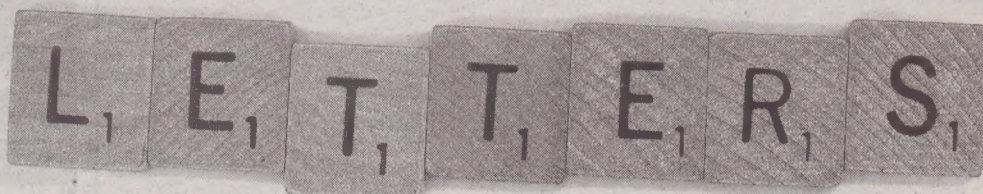
Do not think that I advocate that white people shouldn't participate in anti-racist action, or that men are not welcome within the world of women's rights, for that is NOT what I am claiming [before words are put in my mouth again]. What I am arguing is that

people need to know their limits. They need to respect the boundaries, for to say that they do not exist is to belittle them. Is to belittle the experience. To say that a man is affected as deeply by helping his sister recover from being raped is crap. Of course he will have feelings, but it's not about his feelings, it's about hers. Watching someone suffer is painful, yes. But it is never as hard as suffering yourself.

"Sometimes people not directly involved in an action have a better (more objective, that is) comprehension of what's really going on than the person affected." Oh, right, I see. The woman [hysterical and emotional, like all females] can't see the situation objectively. But the all-knowing man, he understands it all, with his logic and objectivity. Hee hee.

Your letter was angry, and mostly consisted of personal attacks upon me. Calling me "ignorant, arrogant, sexist, self-pityish," seems a little odd. I wonder why your letter was so pointedly insulting and weird. My comprehension of issues is based upon personal experience. You don't know me, so to insult me in that manner was very strange. My letter was aimed towards Jonathan Lee as he had written that column. But it was intended towards anyone who thinks the same way. It was intended towards people like you. People who think that 'reverse-sexism' exists. Whatever.

Your personal insults and your lack of a clear argument against the points that I made are clear indicators of other issues present. Whatever your beef with me is, please do not veil it in the guise of political debate next time. If you wish to attack me as a person,

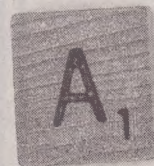


have some clear points, some well thought out arguments and some foundation for doing so. Don't come with third-grade insults and trying to imply that I said things that I didn't. Why is it that when people quote me, they always get it wrong?

Well, in conclusion I would also like to say that in addition to the letter printed here I also received another angry one, along with several that were positive. People seemed to appreciate the anger and the passion that I show when discussing feminist issues. I would like to respond to the other letter writer, Tanner Servoss, who made the point that my letter seemed to skim over the point that men also get beaten and raped. I never intended to belittle ANYONE's experience. But, I would like to use the above example of racism to illustrate my argument further. There have been examples of white people being beaten by people of colour. But this does not make it irrelevant to talk of the violence that non-white people suffer. It does not mean that the pain that white people suffer when they are beaten is not real. But that the issue here is not individual people's suffering, but the political causes behind it. I hope that clears it up.

I would also like to say that it's funny that this letter seemed most enraged at how 'arrogant' I am. Hmm—god forbid a woman should step out of line, eh? Sorry, I forgot, shouldn't speak unless spoken to, even when it's MY issues that are being discussed. Well, you can keep the roles for someone else. I refuse to be labeled by you. Just because a woman talks of the suffering of her gender does not make her self-piteous. This isn't self-pity. This is real life. And this isn't arrogance. This is fighting.

—Vique



Dear HeartattaCk,

A few years back I had this T-shirt that read, "All processes are reversible. I will work beyond my limitations to campaign for what I value." Seldom does a day now go by that I don't think of those words. You see, I'm now a teacher.

Bishop, California, where I live is rural in every sense of the word. At the base of the mighty Sierra Nevada, I'm 300 miles from the nearest big city, my school has its own rodeo team, and the town boasts the world's largest mule powered parade! Many would characterize our many trailer parks as a "white-trash

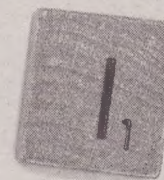
heaven" and the local Paiute Shoshone Reservation as a "graveyard of Indian ambition," but to do so is to indulge in sanctimony and xenophobia. And for those of you with a late pass, xenophobia means more than fear of the Warrior Princess!

In any case, English 12AB—a.k.a. English for the terminally unmotivated—is my child. My students run the gamut from dungeon masters and dirt bike grommets, to a teen-mom-to-be and an aspiring break dancer. A senior year of English is not required of these students and they simply don't want to be here. In most cases they've failed a proficiency exam or been cajoled into registration by our guidance techs. Tenured veterans say to me "bless your heart" when I speak of my students, but for all their surliness these kids are every bit as amazing and inspiring as their college prep counterparts. It's the urgency of their lives and those rare sparks of connection that make this a paydirt labor of love. There's another part to it though. When I first began substitute teaching (public education's most thankless task) it was student's visible frustration and depression that I immediately empathized with. Now, ten years after hardcore punk helped to redescribe my life, I look at our fascination with alienation in a very different light. Sure, it's come down to it and I've stood alone, but is aloneness really our ideal for living? In my mind, anything I can do to work towards incorporation, to alleviate suffering, and build that ever nebulous sense of community, is worth while.

I am getting older but still I yearn for a way to live the dream. Ten years ago that meant, among

other things, finding work where I'd never have to tuck my shirt in. I've got to ask you, though, is that all hardcore and idealism and revolution mean? Right now I think I've found a way to balance my creative and activist needs. Being young, psyched, and passionate about life has enormous merit. Since it looks as if we're all going to have to work, let's do the good work. Campaign for what you value.

—Martin Roberts/184 Running Iron Rd. #5/
Bishop, CA 93514; merz1@qnet.com



Hey Collin, hey HaC,

I want to write something to your letter in HaC #22, but first sorry for my bad English. I'm from Germoney and I have slept in school. Second, some words to my person. I'm a 29 year old white (of course) male (of course), but I'm not from the upper middle class. I got enough to eat can pay my rent and sometimes I buy some LPs.

But now my thinkings to your letter. In the opinion of your (female) friend white men should not scream because they are the winner of sexism. It's definitely true that white men (for example me) get BIG privileges in this society, but should I ("I" because I do not feel any solidarity with white men even though I am one of them) be happy about it (a rhetorical question)? You are right, screaming is a weapon used by men to dominate wimmin, but it's not a weapon for that per se. I scream when I feel hurt for example or when I'm angry or when I fight against something (for example at demonstrations) and in most cases it's not aggressive against a person. It's a way to express emotions like crying or something. A singer can't cry the lyrics. Well, I'm trying to say that screaming doesn't have to be sexist (but it can).

Another point. HC is definitely male (and next to metal the whitest scene and this really sucks, too) dominated and that REALLY sucks. Only a few immigrants, only a few wimmin, only a few homosexuals. But, did you ever go to a f.e. reggae soundsystem? Did you ever listen to their lyrics, look around and see the way a lot of men (not all of course) talk and look to wimmin? You'll see and hear a lot of sexism/homophobia. I think you cannot say: more wimmin, less sexism. In the society there are 50% wimmin. No sexism?

Don't get me wrong, I think there is a lot of sexism/racism in our (?) scene (and I don't talk about the macho-scene, you know what I mean). In fact I'm a sexist/racist and I really have to fight against such prejudices in my head (I hope you understand me, I try to fight against my sexism/racism). I think every one of us is a sexist. We live in this sick society and we reproduce it. That's really weird, but we have to know it. I think THIS is the point to criticize our scene. The members of the hc-scene too often think that they are not reproducing sexism/racism. That is an illusion. We have to reflex ourselves again and again, never feeling safe. This could be the differences to the rest of the society (reflection without changing is, of course, useless). I think things like this sex issue are very important. We have to talk about our mistakes, about our feelings and our points of view.

For example: did you read the letter of "anon" in #22? I do not forget the victim of his rape but I think he did the right thing to try to talk about his BIG mistake and he tries to change himself. Maybe other men reading this will start to think about their doings. (Men, you should read the lines under the lyrics "I wanna tear my clubhouse down, painted thin, small acts of love and rebellion"; if you want I'll mail them to you)

Well, I'll try to find an end. HC is a bad place to be but I think it's better to try to change it than to leave it. I think you won't find a better one (maybe in wimmin/lesbian-groups). If you find a better place let me know. I wish more people in our scene would point at themselves and not so much to others.

Collin maybe you want to answer me (or anybody else). Communication is everything.

Take care,

—Gene Galaxo; genegalaxo@gmx.de

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

I was thinking about the Columbine tragedy and the media's response to it. Saying that these troubled children were influenced so completely by video games and movies is unforgivably ignorant. With words like, "How a video-game joystick turned Harris into a better marksman" and, "Klebold and Harris were completely soaked in violence: in movies like *Reservoir Dogs*; in gory video games that they tailored to their imaginations" it's evident the media is trying to blame these individuals actions on the content of the movies they watched and the video games they played. To take a step back and look at the whole picture shows you that these kids weren't shooting a school in hopes of emulating their favorite video game hero. Truth be known the problem runs a lot deeper; you're searching the surface for an easy answer. Perhaps it's fear, fear to face the ugliness of our society. The fact that in this modern day none of us really have a voice. A voice in what controls and governs our lives. To express ourselves, to be heard. The fact that today we are a society run on news reels and gossip columns. That parents are too busy placing the blame on other outside factors and not owning up to their shortcomings. Not spending time talking with their children.

Untold numbers of children play gory video games and watch violent movies. If it's true that these games are so influential, then we would have a serious epidemic on our hands.

Sincerely,

—Lukas Symphony; Lukexspook@aol.com

Dear HaC!

I guess this letter is a bit late, but hey, bear with me... First of all I would like to thank you for providing such an excellent forum for information and discussion within the Hardcore-scene, as *HeartattaCk* has turned out to be. I have been following the 'zine

since its first issue and even though some friends of mine think otherwise, I think it's just getting better and better. Especially because of the theme issues that I've really been enjoying, though I sadly missed the DIY issue due to traveling.

OK, enough sucking up and on to the real deal (well, first a tiny bit of more sucking up): I really enjoyed the article "Crazy On the Inside" by Caroline Hostettler in issue #22 about clinical depression and I agree with major parts of it (the more gender-related parts). But there are a couple of things I'd really like to

comment on. First it's the sentence, "In fact, depression is becoming more common with each generation, and no one is really sure why."

I believe I can say that this is a false statement. Though maybe none of the big mainstream authorities on the subject have found any reasons why (they're probably way too busy trying to find new ways of treating it and new ways to profit from it to even bother with something as irrelevant as the reasons why), others have. For instance: Theodore Kaczynski, the Unabomber. Though I strongly disagree with his means to get his message out (blowing people to bits), I do agree with the basic statement in his manifest: Industrial society fucks people up!

As Caroline points out, it's in the western culture that mental illness is most common, and by western culture I presume that she means the "developed" world, consequently there's not so much depression in the "developing" world. (I'm putting developed and developing in quotation marks because I think the words in the sense they are given here are highly misleading.) Hmm... There might just be a connection here. And as Sonia, a Greek anarchist friend of mine, pointed out to me when I was visiting her homeland (she didn't think of Greece as a part of the first world yet): "We'll know when we're in the first world on the [increasing] suicide rates."

I think one of the main reasons why people in the western "civilisation" are so depressed is because we're loosing sight with who's in charge of our existences. In true primitive societies (to the degree they still exist, not "developing" societies) people still have the feeling of being in charge of their own existence, at least when they aren't fucked with by multinationals and western civilisation. They go hunting for their own food, build their own houses, and make their own entertainment.

We in the "developed" world, however, are losing this feeling of being in charge because we are controlled by other authority-figures incomprehensible needs like meaningless profit or power, not our own easily understandable needs like food, shelter and enjoyment. These needs are basically satisfied without any effort of our own and we spend all our time doing things we are told, not things we truly want, which in my opinion should be the ultimate goal of all individuals. The thing is that an advanced technological society cannot exist if everyone tried to pursue this goal, because an advanced technological society demands specialised training and authority to keep it turning.

In most of the "developing" societies people have also lost the feeling of being in charge, but they haven't got the time to be depressed because technology and imperialism have destroyed their lands. Their existence has been reduced to mere survival and surviving is more difficult than ever before.

I also believe that breaking free from the golden materialist shackles of society and living free have to be an ultimate way of dealing with depressions (for those who have the strength). Set goals for yourself and accomplish them for no other reason than the knowledge that this is what you truly want. I would advise people to stay away from the mainstream mind-control drugs as long as possible, as these to me seem to be dangerous weapons in the hands of the authorities which can and will destroy people, just like they always have. Of course medication is needed for the more severe cases of mental illness, but after what I hear the medical industry in the states have just gone loco when it comes to handing out pills to people who are "depressed." The typical self-help books are, as Caroline states indirectly, just bullshit made for profit. Eating bananas, reading good funny books, talking with friends, creating music, drawing, writing and traveling helped me when I was down, but then again I never had more than light or moderate depression anyway.

As Caroline writes, being active is a good way to deal with depression and this is so true, but I don't think we'll ever get rid of depression as a problem if we continue to develop our society the way it's heading now. In the end, depression is just a normal reaction to the fucked up ways of a society gone mad, so it is society we should change, not us with medications and mind-control. We have to follow our own dreams, not the ones forced down our throats by media, capital and governments. This is the way of the revolution!

Since I can barely touch upon these subjects in this letter, here are a couple of things that should be read to fully understand what I'm talking about:

—"The Last of the Hippies: A Hysterical Romance" in the cover of *Christ the Album* by Crass... An inspiring

and horrific tale of breaking loose, doing what you really want and the dangers of psychiatric medicine and institutions as a tool for those in power.

—The Unabomber Manifesto and the 1971 Essay by Ted Kaczynski... About the effects industrial society has on the human psyche, the built in oppression of advanced technology and scientific mind-control.

These can be found many places (on the Internet [oh, horror!] for example)

but if you can't get hold of them otherwise, they can also be ordered as cheap good-looking pamphlets/booklets from The No Release? Co-operative.

By the way, as a side-note, what the fuck is EuroCore? As a European I'm really wondering, I think it must be one of the most stupid genre-names I've ever heard. Do all European bands sound that much the same? I guess it's just another invention of the biggest movement in the world: The American Idiot Movement (which you don't even have to be an American to join!). (Native Americans, take no offense!)

And to finish it off, some personal messages: I'm hopefully traveling Mexico and the states this summer so if anyone cool can offer a place to stay, help out with good places to find food, and maybe just hang out and get wasted, I would appreciate it if you got in touch! I'm 21, male, friendly (at least I think so), into brutal revolutionary music, vegan and (obviously) Eco-Anarchist. I would especially appreciate it if experienced train-jumpers got in touch, since I really want to find out about it, and I have no experience from before!

Carsten Wyche from Charlotte, NC! Thanks for the Neurosis CD! Tor André and I were going to write you, but Tor fucked it up, so did I and I still feel guilty about it. I have lost your address, so please e-mail me or something and send me your current address, and I will get in touch! Promise!!!

Bjorn the Norwegian from Portland! (We hung out at Roskilde '98, remember?) I was going to write you too, but I lost your address as well, so please e-mail me!

Freedom seeking cheers from,

—Kjetil/No Release?/Postboks 58 - Sentrum/N-3110 Tonsberg/Norway; fukkthefukkers@hotmail.com (and I'm a hypocrite too!)

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

I truly hate to stir up this can of worms again, but it has been weighing heavily on my mind in the past few days... lo and behold it's the wonderful topic of... CHRISTIANITY. When I recently attended a hardcore show, I accidentally

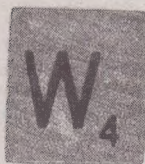
(unassumingly might be more like it) picked up a copy of this kid's Christian "hardcore" 'zine. Well, being a fairly tolerant person, I sat down and tried to give it a read, since I am woefully unaware of this burgeoning "scene." Well, it stirred up a variety of reactions in me, first and foremost was the obvious feeling of DISGUST. To see someone trying to claim that somehow all of the basic rhetoric of the religious right is PUNK made me infinitely upset. Then I just found it all extremely funny, like it was just another stupid "movement" within the scene that I could blow off, like bad tough-guy, or hardline xSe. This kid was talking about how all punks are so "uninformed" about Christianity, and how Christians are outsiders both in mainstream society and on the punk scene. He made one good point, that while there is no evidence proving the existence of God, there is also no evidence disproving the existence of God, so therefore one can only base one's opinions on the topic on faith. He also said that he is constantly being harassed and yelled at by punks and hardcore kids alike, and he even had the gall to equate "Christian bashing" to anti-Semitism, racism and sexism. It was the standard "white males are becoming a minority" type bullshit, which has had me up in arms recently. And then, of course, there was the wonderful, poorly supported article about how vegetarians who are pro-choice are somehow hypocritical. Go figure. Truth be told, it struck a very deep nerve with me, and I found myself in a tizzy for a solid 24 hours afterward. I wanted to kill this ignoramus, not only for being DEAD FUCKING WRONG, but for being so arrogant, and for fancying himself such a martyr because kids in the scene didn't have the wherewithal to confront this shit in an intelligent manner. And here is where the problem lies, the problem that kept me awake until three thirty last night when I had a nine o'clock class: When you take a militant atheist attitude and you

have no logic to back it up, when you resort to calling Christians names like Hypocritical fucks and ignorami, **YOU ARE PLAYING THEIR GAME!!!** As punks and HC kids, generally with good brains in our heads, we **MUST** confront this ridiculous attitude in an **INTELLIGENT** manner. The more we rant and rave about God not existing and how Christians are responsible for so many of the problems in this world, and the more we call them names, the stronger **THEY** get, and the more we enforce their little "poor Christianity is under siege by minorities and the liberal media" delusions. These delusions must be destroyed, and there is only one way to do so: **START OPEN DIALOGUE** with kids who do Christian "punk" "zines, and play in Christian "punk" bands, and be constructive and intelligent. Start by re-evaluating every belief that you hold dear, such as why women should have the right to choose, and why gays and lesbians should have the right, not only to marry, but to walk safely down the streets and to **BE THEMSELVES** without being persecuted. Take these beliefs and deconstruct them, strip them down to their most basic elements, and construct your case from there. We need to inform ourselves about Christianity, and about what is wrong (and maybe what is right also) about it, and we need to show that **THEY** are the ones who base their beliefs on ignorance and intolerance, not us. Get educated, and try to understand that it is **NOT** the teachings of Jesus or the belief in God that harms women and gays in and of itself, but it is the right wing **DOCTRINES** that those who subscribe to these beliefs tend to hold that are harmful, selfish, and just plain hypocritical. Someone declaring their faith in God never hurt anybody, and in fact it may do many people some good, but someone claiming that **GAYS** are going to hell and women are second class citizens because some asshole thousands of years decided to write it down on a piece of paper **IS** harming millions of people with every word he spews forth, whether it is in the pulpit or on TV or just at home with his little "family values" family.

FUCK IGNORANCE, FUCK HATRED, PROMOTE LOVE, PROMOTE UNDERSTANDING!

That is all. Free free to get in touch.

—Alex Merrill/1000 Irving Ave. Box 306/
Syracuse, NY 13210; Xcolorfast@yahoo.com



HeartattaCk,

When I was younger I felt free to tell anyone anything that was on my mind. I was a pretty uninhibited kid; later on, though, I discovered the worlds of organized sports (rather I was forced into) and junior high school. Needless to say I learned to shut up. Somewhere along the way I started blabbering again, mostly just to my parents and my brother, asking questions, telling them my dreams and frustrations. Very typical naive, innocent, adolescent stuff. I remember being frustrated with things like the environment, lack of compassion, drug use with my friends, cynicism, etc. It was hard on for me to articulate these frustrations to friends at school; we were never very close and they seemed more interested in getting high and drinking. Maybe I was too scared to approach them—I don't know. Regardless, I felt like the only people I could express myself to (albeit in a limited way) was my family. I remember letting them know how upset I was about the way in which the world was being changed (such a nice word as compared to destroyed or killed) without any input from us. I was pissed at the way fields were being paved over with roads which led only to malls, where we could buy a bunch of crap we were tricked into believing we needed. I was pissed that the natural beauty of the world was slowly shrinking away. I told my parents all of this, ideas that I thought no one had ever conceived before, and I was told that I was silly. I got a patronizing smile and a pat on the head. They figured I'd grow out of it. It was their joke for the next couple of weeks.

That was the last time I ever talked to my parents about anything that was truly frustrating me. It was the last that I told them what was truly going on in my life.

For a while after this I felt like I was the only who felt this way, the only kid who cared and cried and couldn't talk to anyone about it. Somehow I got a hold of a dub of a Minor Threat tape and some Operation Ivy songs. I started hearing music made by kids just as fucked up as me. These kids were 8 and 12 years away, but still it was comforting to hear that at least someone (had) understood. I always had a hard time vocalising

these feelings. Most of the music being played at shows that I went to was shoe gazer indie stuff—no intensity, no urgency, little emotion, no connection. There was very little I could relate to.

A few years later and I'm further away from that scene and that music, but still I find it hard to vocalise what I'm feeling. People, kids who I'm sure are just as fucked up, lost and confused as me, act just like my parents. They say things to shut people up and make them feel stupid about expressing themselves. Is this what hardcore and punk is all about now? Shouts of "shut up and play," PC branding and witch-hunting because someone decides to show compassion, making a point of not caring, calling strong women bitches and sluts? Is this what I longed to belong to? To be a part of? I hope not.

But there are beautiful glimmers of hope. There's that band that sings about how great a person you are, there's that kid who tells you that he appreciates what you have to say even though no one else wanted to listen, there's that friend who encourages me to write and share my writing with others, there's that woman who still goes to shows and looks them right in the eye after they've called her a skank. These are people who are actually real, they're just as messed up as you and I and they understand and admit it. They need a hand, like you or I, so that they won't feel so scared when they speak up.

We need encouragement and discourse, not snide comments and clever insults.

Thanks,

—Mark Black/5599 Fenwick St. Apt 1206/
Halifax, NS/B3H 1R2/Canada;
blastedlife@hotmail.com (more reliable than snail mail as I'll be moving in April 2000)



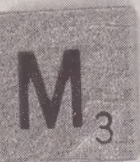
Dear Lisa, Leslie, Kent & Co.,

I just wanted to applaud your efforts on the Women's issues of **HeartattaCk**. You gals (and guys) did a really nice job putting it all together and I enjoyed most of the contributions.

I must, however, express my grave embarrassment about my column. I just want the readers to know that I wrote that shit about a year ago, and I don't really know what the hell I was rambling about. I guess I had a lot of anger at the time, but because of situations I was in, it was misdirected. So anyway, for anyone who thought I was a wingnut and also a very bad writer, please forgive my lapse in character.

—Emily Greenwalt

P.S. I really do know a lot of cool and active girls, and I am not on my woe-is-me trip anymore.



Hi!

My best letters are written as I walk around town, hurrying from one place to another, thinking of the people I have to call and things I still have to do. The soundtrack to the rhythm of my steps is in the sound of words that keep coming out in unpredictable sentences, sometimes with logic, sometimes with feeling. The logic tells me I can never reproduce that mind-letter here, the feeling tells me I can try. (I am soon going to invent this special wire connection, from my brain to a tiny portable keyboard that will note down everything there is to be told.) Right now I am left with the feeling.

I am going to address both Women's Issues here, as seen from different perspectives—those that I can acquire. The scared self-conscious girl in me says **THANK YOU** for offering space to more girls. Their public exposure has made them vulnerable but they are, in fact, much stronger now. A world of other girls was hoping one of them would finally step out of the shadow and tell her truth. It doesn't matter whether I agree with her or not—or if you do, the significance of her exposure goes beyond differences of opinion. Opinion can change with the wind; experience on the other hand and one's past do not. The girls who contributed to the Women's Issues have told their experiences. And offered help to those who dare not to—yet. I am somewhere half-way to say my right. Someone might appreciate my little exposure so I will and want to continue. Because quantity of opinions expressed is empowering. Who was it, a band, who sang: strength of the oppressed is in their number. When you speak out, you teach me how to read and listen, each time all over again. Perhaps

there is a balance somewhere, then.

The other girl in me, proud of what she had done with her life so far, is offended. When **HaC** offers to do a special Women's Issue, the magazines' editors act patronising towards the women who contribute (like they can't create their own media!) and sexist towards the men who feel "reversely discriminated" because of the exclusive nature of these two **HaC** issues. The problem is not the exclusion of men itself—problematic is the exclusion of diversity of opinion which is, whether you like it or not, often built on one's gender identity. Previous readers' responses to the Women's Issues were adopting this attitude, saying such a thematic issue was unnecessary—perhaps exactly because it reduced women to just an issue, a theme, a field for discussion where there was a wrong or right. **HaC** offered an illusion of equal opportunity which is non-existent as long as woman's starting point in society differs from man's. Equal rights have a contradictory starting point: if the majority (i.e. men) and the minority (i.e. women) wish to co-exist in a media, the only way to achieve long-term balance is in encouragement of the minority to take active part in that media, also with beneficial treatment of the minority. Their presence can change that very media. I can't foresee the following issues of **HaC**, but admitting to the standard configuration of male-dominated contributions (including band photos!) would somehow confirm the illusion of equal opportunity.

If you think the media—be it punk or mainstream—reflects the social reality of today, think again. What if the media defines reality? What makes a band cool? Some 'zine's opinion, often. On a larger and more important scale, who made the (December '99) protesters against the liberalisation of WTO in Seattle look ridiculous? CNN. I can assure you that most national and commercial news TV stations around the world simply translated CNN's reports to their language. In Slovenia, the protesters were marked as "criminals" in the biggest liberal daily Delo. What can I do about it? Define my own reality, I guess. Go to the Delo headquarters in Ljubljana and burn a copy of the daily right there. Talk to the journalists. Tell what we think the WTO deal is really about. We did it, and next day, the newspaper published our accusations of their subjective and partial reports. I believe we created balance—offered another option. Hopefully, this example clarifies my point. It's important to speak out. Face your opposition and try to understand the differences. Talking of men and women, I do believe there's balance.

There's one more thing that bothered me. I noticed that a lot of people—regardless of their gender—think that "making it" in the scene is essential. That it's very important to step out of the shadow and become recognised in the scene. The wish for recognition is automatically understood as the only way to actively approach the scene and oneself. I think it's bullshit; it's the way the mainstream society works. Why? Because when you say you want to be recognised you assume two things:

1) Recognition is given by those who've already "made it" in the scene, meaning that their activity has given them authority (even if they didn't ask for it), a position from where you see them as authority. Your wish to be recognised implies you (will) look down upon people who are happy with coming to a show instead of organising one, or who prefer reading a 'zine to writing one.

2) This authority (often unintentionally) defines the "rules of the game" and you accept them, of course—if you don't then there's nobody to recognise you as a vital part of the scene!

This sort of behaviour does not make hardcore and punk an alternative to anything. It seems our "subcultures" are more likely a kindergarten for those who want to be trained for their future career ambitions when they "grow up." To apply this theory to our discussion of gender imbalance in **HC**: just because someone struggling to be respected and recognised (i.e. gain a position of authority) is female, it doesn't apologise this attitude or make it different from a male yuppie. Is it utopic to expect people to tell what they think without the unnecessary self-promoting "I own the truth" attitude? Does your opinion about me change if I tell you I do a 'zine? Or if I tell you I am a girl? It shouldn't. The very wish to be part of something does not necessarily involve my active contribution. And when it does, I don't have to be accepted or rejected due to someone else's norm. There are alternatives, and one is in finding recognition within yourself. The rest

will follow automatically.

The subject addressed as History in schools should be entitled History of Men (who want to be) in Power and taken for what it is. It was men who played the main parts in history and it was men who documented it. Tradition has a penis. Well, had one. Everyone who speaks out without wanting to dominate the discussion, contributes to her or his representation in/of reality so that truth is no longer male; it is human. And history is becoming more human each time a woman tells her side of story as well. I am ready.

—Tea Hvala/Slovenska 31/5281 Sp. Idrja/
Slovenia; verjamem@hotmail.com



HeartattaCk.

HearattaCk has been one of the very (few) magazines that is able to put forth ideas, exchange information, and in effect, also create change. It is extremely admirable to see so many people write in on subjects in their lives that seem to hit so close to home. And because of this fact I feel quite comfortable in engaging in highly sensitive topics that seem to be the strongest bridges that connects and inspires each of us.

In the last issue of *HeartattaCk* a remarkably intelligent woman by the name of Molly Caldwell wrote in to voice her opinion on how the hardcore scene seemed to pick on Christianity and that more times than not, hardcore ideals seemed to walk parallel to Christian doctrine. She gave the Jesus Christ figure a rebel-like stance and pointed out specific scriptural references that she claimed were that of a revolutionary. However, it is also apparent to me to me that her claims also echo of "blanket" statements.

Molly tends to disregard sexism, prejudice and ignorance as not part of Christian doctrine. She gave the Jesus Christ figure a rebel-like stance and pointed out specific scriptural references that she claimed were that of a revolutionary. However, it is also apparent to me that her claims also echo of "blanket statements." Molly tends to disregard sexism, prejudice and ignorance as not part of Christian doctrine, when in fact this particular religion has been the number one champion of shedding blood, oppressing women and tyranny of the human mind. It is certainly commendable that Molly has her own view of what Christianity is, but it should be said that each person and/or church uses the gospel for their/his/her own preservation. If we take a look, even a quick glance, at the Ku Klux Klan. They support their beliefs with certain scriptures in order to feel justified in their exploits. Not to compare Molly to such needless stupidity of the Ku Klux Klan, but she does tend to look at the scriptures that put the Jesus character in a good light, and ignores the scriptures that show his stupidity, selfishness and cowardice.

As we follow along, we also find that Molly's basis for Jesus as a social activist turns out to be somewhat hollow and naive. One of the few things that has kept Christianity at the forefront of recruiting believers and keeping them is its promise of everlasting punishment, and the Jesus character promoted this idea vigorously. It would be ridiculous to call a man compassionate or morally sound if he believed in an everlasting fire for people who honestly doubted his divinity (John 15:6). It does little good to pretend that Jesus was out to make the world a better place; he came to foretell the ending of it. Now, if we feign acceptance of this pessimistic view of life, there is no longer any need to love your neighbor, help the poor or perpetuate the betterment of humanity, because the world is ending. And with the intent of the belief in original sin, we are destined to fail in saving our earthly home. We only need to be concerned with our afterlife and let this blind, deaf and mute deity, take care of the rest. Furthermore, it should be asked if Armageddon is a peaceful idea? Is it exemplary for Jesus to make his point with threats of eternal punishment (Matt 13:41-42)? Molly also claims that verses the radical right use to justify their insanity were not stated by Jesus, but by the men who wrote the bible (assuming that they were all men). But in all actuality, all statements in the bible were written by other authors, ala hearsay. There is no evidence to suggest that Jesus ever wrought down his own teachings or if he even existed at all. It is completely childish to play hot potato with the havoc that the followers of Christianity have wreaked upon the world and have left so much destruction in their wake. This "moral" and allegedly socially aware character attacked merchants with a whip (John 2:15), drowned innocent animals (Matt 8:32), did

not come to send peace but a sword (Matt 10:34), was out to turn family members against one another (Luke 14:26, Matt 10:35-36), and encouraged the beating of slaves (12:47). As for the "love thy neighbor as thyself" on the Sermon of the Mount, this is merely xeroxed from earlier fables and philosophers (Hillel, Buddha Gautama, Taoism, Zoroastrianism, etc.).

Now, whether Molly chooses to ignore these scriptures or try to come up with elaborate but intrinsically futile apologetics, she seems to be unaware that if you disregard and rope off one doctrine to Christianity (fundamentalists are quite aware of this hence anti-evolution; i.e. creationism), what stops you from laying waste to all the others, including the ones you hold so dear? If you simply omit the verses you do not agree with and you felt were just discrepancies or fables, what happens to the Christian Deities (God, Yahweh, Jehovah, Elohim, etc.) infallible word? Is the resurrection just a metaphor? Was the earth created in six 24 hour days? Is there such a thing as a fatherless childbirth? Christianity is no longer Christianity without sin, hellfire, a messiah, infallible doctrine, and miracles. The doctrines soon transform into a pick-what-suits-you-best philosophy, which might as well be some form of vague spirituality. This is forcefully backed by Molly's liberal view of conviction, and it seems to be encouraged that what ever you feel -is-right will lead to divine satisfaction. Sadly, with such a view the whole basis of one's faith is demolished. When one says that a certain religion is no better than any other, then for what reasons do you follow yours? If one is a Christian, Buddhist, Moslem, or Hindu, it makes no sense to claim that all religions are equal to one another because it dispenses with the absolute necessity for said god or salvation. It annihilates the plan of said religion and gives the individual the choice of whether to believe in a religion, based on preference, or do without it. There must be reasons for believing in such and such a doctrine, for if there is not, you have snuffed out the very belief you base all others on.

Another question that should be raised is that if some of Jesus' teachings are good, should we follow them simply because he said so and we fear retribution, or because of their own reasons? If it is simply because he said so, we fall into the idea that might makes right or basically that the same follower who blindly follows the commandment to love, will just as eagerly follow the commandment to hate. If it is for reasons of their own, this Jesus Christ figure is merely subjecting himself to a higher authority; in fact why don't we just circumvent this figure and go to the source itself (reason, evidence)? Speaking as an ex-Christian, I do see the desire to do good and help others, but for me to do them simply because I fear punishment, is an absolute mockery, not only to my on ethical standpoint, but to those that I lend my strength to. Within the goal of Christianity, one must "die to one's self in order to be born again in Christ," and with such a submissive attitude, it is the death of all individual aspiration and merit.

And these are the reasons why I can't accept the weak assertion that Christianity has anything to do with hardcore. Punk rock and hardcore are self-sufficient, autonomous and strong enough to stand on their own two feet. As capable, valuable, thinking human beings, we can change the world without cold, rigid, absolute, moral guidelines imposed with illusions of a reward in a hereafter. Instead of looking up to these allegedly perfect beings who, in all evidence have done nothing to change the world, shouldn't we emulate real flesh and blood human beings who have actually alleviated suffering, fought against injustice and gave their lives for the preservation of liberty? Is this not more realistic? Is this not more noble? Is this not more inspiring?

I also find that there is no particular "hate" for the Christian but more for the ideology itself, for hardcore has always been about changing the status quo, smashing societal norms and freeing those who would otherwise be oppressed. Also it should be noted that when Molly was clapping at the shows to Christianity's criticism, I was not. Not because I didn't necessarily agree, but because not enough was being said. It is also by Molly's own statement that she has answered her own question of why hardcore on the whole detests religious ideology. By her own admonishment, it is because that it is and has been the most oppressive force in all of history, and it would seem that the hardcore community has always had the duty to battle such tyranny as we have battled sexism, racism and animal exploitation.

Alex Merill, who also wrote in to the last issue, made an excellent point by stating that we need to reevaluate why we believe (or don't believe) in certain mindsets or ideals, but not only that, open a dialogue to people who don't necessarily see the world through our eyes. Even if one despises Christianity to the depth of their being, it is still much better to discuss the topic of the day than to push him/her away, close your mind, and further slow down the progression of learning. Ideally, we need to create a community where even though we may oppose and work against a particular belief (in this case Christianity), that we may still be secure enough to respect and love those who carry it as their torch. I've seen and have listened to a great deal of overtly atheistic hardcore bands (Harvest, Chalkline, Driven, Chokehold, Catharsis, Tom Apart) that have had some of the nicest band members that I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. But this goes just as equally for bands that adhere to the Christian faith (Zao, Embodiment, Disciple, Strongarm) and whom I still respect immensely.

My intent was not to necessarily counter Molly's letter, but more to shed light on a subject that many people are ill-informed about. Please do not hesitate to contact me if there are any questions you'd like to discuss or even debate; I am always interested. But also, more importantly, if you are interested in critiques of religion, free thought, atheism, agnosticism, church-state separation, books, pamphlets and stickers, there is this great organization called the Freedom From Religion Foundation who work to such positive ends. Contact them at: Freedom from Religion Foundation/ PO Box 750/Madison, WI 53701

—Mac Daniels/931 Flying Fish St./Foster City, CA 94404

HeartattaCk.

It was a typical night in Richmond, VA. Me and a couple of friends hanging out at a local diner. There was this table of girls sitting a table away drinking and being merry. One of my friends knew one of them so we started talking. After about three hours, they asked us if we could drive their cars to their houses due to the fact that they were to drunk to drive. We said OK. We then escorted them to their homes and hung out there for a little while. While we were hanging out, one of the girls seemed to show interest in me. She started sitting real close and nibbling my ear. I was into it since, at that time in my life, I was not afraid of hooking up with people. Over the course of a few hours, we got closer and closer. Some of the people had gone to bed in the other room and one of my friends had laid down on the couch. At this point me and the girl had gone to bed in her bed. This is where things get hairy. We started fooling around and before I knew it, she had taken off my clothes and me hers. Things got heated and she told me to stop. Not to stop fooling around, but to ask my friend to leave the room. I said OK. I then did so. He didn't seem too thrilled about it, but he left. I got into bed and things started happening again. At this point, I asked her if this was what she wanted. I asked her this question three times. She said yes every time. So we did what grown people do. No need for details. One detail will come up later, though. I didn't have a condom. Due to this fact, I didn't allow myself to come. I don't need that in my life and neither did the girl. At about six o'clock in the morning, I left. I had to work in a couple of hours so I went home to change and shower.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, my friend comes in yelling at me (I was off work and asleep on the couch). I awake to the news that the girl was pissed off at me and wanted to talk to me. I got my shoes on and proceeded to go over there. When I got there she yelled about how stupid I was and how I put her in a fucked up situation (the condom thing). I agreed with her in that I made a mistake letting it get that far. That without a condom, it should not have been that far. She said she hated me, which I understood, and I left.

About three weeks later, my friend comes in and gives me the worse news I have ever received. He said that the girl was telling her friends the I had raped her. Being as anti-rape as one can be (I endorse the castration of rapists), I was completely shocked. I did not know what to say, and to this day, I still don't. I also found out that her boyfriend (she was also with this guy when we hooked up later found out) was out looking for me.

Now, six months later, I am unable to enter three of the top diners in this city (she either works or is always in then). I have lost friendships and my sanity at some points because of this one lie. Because of her attempt to save face in her boyfriend's eye, I have been made to suffer. Because of her inability to deal with what she did, she belittles every friend of mine who has been raped. I know people are going to read this and think that I am trying to attack women. That couldn't be further from the truth. It is an attack on all the bullshit that people try to get away with.

If you would like to talk to me about this in more detail, you can write me at Jason Steed/PO Box 4909/Richmond, VA 23220; tristatekillingspree@hotmail.com. And if you plan on sending me hate mail or putting me on some list for the most hated in the hardcore scene, don't bother. It won't be worth your time.

Dear HaC,

In a sense this letter is an epitaph to Tucson, Arizona, my birthplace and childhood stomping grounds. You see, my city is dying. Slowly being choked out by pink stuccoed subdivisions, shopping malls, and Wal-Mart.

Tucson was once a magical place—with beautiful weather and a small town atmosphere, you couldn't ask for more. Our downtown area has remained relatively untouched since the early 1920s. I have an old black and white photo of my great grandfather and my aunts peeking in a storefront that still stands today. There is something in the air that is the closest thing to spirituality that I have ever found. Areas such as this are in danger. In a city that has seen the likes of such rebellious youth as Jack Kerouac and John Dillinger, the "kids" in this city have been labeled the enemy.

The fact is that the power has fallen in to the hands of big money developers and the hordes of senior citizens that are raping our city's natural beauty as well as the mystical aura that once surrounded it. In a city that is willing to spend millions of dollars on golf courses and aquariums, the city has offered little to no funding for youth oriented programs.

It has taken years for us to make breakthroughs via legislation in regards to the Skrappy's Youth Community Arts Center, our venue for shows and artistic output. In that time frame our town council has passed taken endless measures to make developers feel at home they have made our cities youth feel as though we are unwelcome here. With the exception of Kathy and Bill Woleridge, a couple that has given their lives to the kids and this project, we would have no voice. As a middle class white male this may be the only time in my life where I am truly a minority, yet I can never forget the feeling of hopelessness that accompanies it.

Our city's greed is killing its spirit, and my dream and future in this town. I never wanted to be that kid that always bitched about how "I hate this place." I'm not that kid yet and hope I won't ever be, but I am no longer going to be a silent witness. I am going to do all I can to reverse the damage inflicted on my home and I hope that the rest of my city's youth will not be so complacent as to sit by and watch this town die.

—Bob Purvis/16950 N Lago Del Oro/
Tucson, AZ 85739; KilltheRobots@aol.com

HeartattaCk,

It is another example of how the media diverts people from questioning and thinking about the ethics of their government. Millions imbibe the media's coverage of the WTO protest without a second thought of its validity. How much longer will the process of diversion and manipulation continue?

I see red when I see the media presenting cops beating the shit out of people like it is a football game. My heart throbs in anger when I think about the media's focus on a destructive minority of 30 people out of 30,000+ non-violent protesters. The media gives the protesters labels like "environmentalists," "laborers," and "anarchists" with negative connotations. It is bullshit when the media fails to present an unbiased view of the concerns and ideas of its people. Why does this degradation of life continue?

What influence does an "individual" have in this fucked system of greed? My anger turns into depression the more I think about it. I cry in horror.

I am dying for the writings of your thoughts on such matters.

—Patrick Scardo/PO Box 248/Clintwood,
VA 24228/USA

Hi Kent...

I just picked up a copy of issue #24, read through your introduction, and felt compelled to drop you a line. I've been "on the scene" or whatever you want to call it for almost ten years now and I feel pretty alienated myself. I used to go to shows and thought

that I was a part of something special and amongst free-thinking individuals. But instead, I see a bunch of morons that are only in this movement for the thrill of the moment. Bands like Los Crudos and My Lai get the "less talk, more rock" treatment for trying to enlighten these so-called "punks" that there is in fact a message along with the fast music. The whole "party time" mentality of most punks is a total turnoff. The guy wearing a Spitboy shirt while getting some girl drunk in order to take advantage. The hip, happening Oakland scenester showing up at all the "cool" shows trying to schmooze in on the guest list because he's too good to pay. The tough guy HC kids who applaud the messages of unity and togetherness and turn around and throw punches in the pit. The asshole crusties that try to rush the door in a drunken frenzy and start so much shit that the show almost gets shut down. The big-haired punk kids wearing Crass back-patches while utilizing the most apathetic attitudes and talking shit about "PC faggots."

I fully agree that most of what is referred to as "hardcore" or "punk" really has no content for the most part. Lyrics can be very inspiring, as you pointed out in your column, but how the hell could anyone be inspired to think and possibly change themselves for the better when the lyrics for most HC/punk bands are complete gobbedylook? Turn on the six o'clock news or read your local paper and you'll see exactly how much of a downward spiral the world is in. The rich are taking over the Bay Area at an alarming rate and making it very hard for anyone else to afford to live here. The cops pay no mind to someone getting beaten and robbed as they arrest some eighteen-year-old homeless kid on warrants for sleeping outside. If you plan on voting for the presidency, you have a choice between a conservative cokehead asshole or a complete mental midget who would love to censor any form of music found "objectionable" lyrically or image-wise. A prominent Berkeley landlord that owns over a thousand apartment buildings in the area is being brought up on charges having to do with his operating a prostitution ring involving underage girls being imported like cattle from his native country. Yet, the standard punk band sings about nothing in particular.

I write a lot of lyrics and tried like hell to start a punk band. My vision of sorts was to put together a band that would hopefully embody everything that was good about hardcore. Angry lyrics, fast music, plus blast beats, breakdowns, the whole nine. You know how Disassociate is basically the most complete hardcore band? Sort of like that. Problem is, nobody around here that I know wanted to do that. I had so much trouble finding a fucking drummer. One guy wanted to be in a death metal band, another just wanted to sit around and do nothing with his time. Another guy turned out to be a total alcoholic flaky ass loser. Out of frustration, I wound up making the decision to sing in a black metal band that some friends of mine started up. Don't worry too much, though, I'm so incapable of writing the moronic and/or esoteric lyrics that most metal bands write. We actually have a message, albeit one of negativity! And for those of you that write off BM as nothing more than "Nazi music," I just wrote a song for our band called "Anti-Racist Black Metal," so there.

I really don't get very excited about most bands these days. Not the bands of old, like Black Flag, MDC, DK's, DRI, etc. More like bands from the past decade. Out of the bands that have come out in recent years, I can say that I still get a charge out of Dystopia, Time In Malta, What Happens Next, the Pist, Destroy (and Code 13; thank you, Felix), Noothgrush, and Kung Fu Rick. Most of these bands have angry lyrics that are written in a to-the-point fashion. I also had the opportunity to meet Greg and Ken from Trial, and they both are awesome thinking kind of people. It really sucks when Greg's up on stage trying to explain a song that takes an anti-rape status and gets the "shut up and

play" treatment from all of these sXe kids wearing their "Go Vegan!" and ALF shirts. I also had fun hanging out with members of Axiom and Kung Fu Rick after their Gilman show last year, listening to "Seven Churches" by Possessed and talking about the state of the scene. It was awesome seeing Axiom's guitarist introducing their set by soloing with the theme from "Halloween" one minute and talking about the war in Iraq the next.

Kent, I fully understand your frustrations. But at least you are a contributor to the scene, unlike many who are content only to sit back and whine. I book shows myself and am always keeping my fingers crossed that people don't act like assholes and thus make me look like one to the rest of the club. I like to think that I'm making a difference, giving opportunities for good HC bands to shine, and maybe enlightening some people in the process. Realistically, nobody gives a shit and I have people angry at me because I won't book their shitty sexist and homophobic wanna-be "grindcore" band. In the end, all I can say to myself is that I'm at least trying to do something productive and get something out of all of this. If all you fuckheads want to do is rock out, then go see the latest shitty Murder City Devils rip-off or beat people up to the tune of Korn or Limp Bizkit. You're not needed.

I honestly don't think anyone's going to change their mind after reading this, I just felt like venting. Plus, on a more humorous note, I've been reading this 'zine practically since it began and never sent a letter in until now!

I hate you all and I wish you were dead...

—Loki; konstantflow@yahoo.com

P.S. FUCK the popularity contests too! Is it not IRONIC to see one group of so-called "freaks" alienating another group of freaks for not fitting in to their social circle?

Dear HeartattaCk,

I recently visited my friend in Minneapolis, Minnesota for the weekend and had the chance to go to a show while there. The exact date and the names of the bands matter little to my observations. Anyway, this show took place in a posh, hip bar near the downtown area, of course why was there a punk/hardcore show taking place here? I guess someone who worked there or knew someone there pulled some strings to get the show going. Pretty cool, to say the least.

So anyway, I showed up, paid before the bar, walked through the bar area and into the room where the stage was set up and a band already playing. Needless to say the place was packed with punk rockers! The Twin Cities appears to have a large number of punks (or possibly lots of people traveling in for shows). However, what was not a pleasant surprise to me was how many were drinking and smoking—just like the yuppie, bar hipsters were doing in the next room over. Already I'd seen bottles littered and left about the show room and the air was a thick cloud of cigarette exhaust. Is this the rebellious lifestyle of punk? Is this making punk a threat?

Yes, I'm drug-free. Whether I use the term "straight-edge" to describe myself doesn't matter. But when I go to a punk show and see people spending their money (probably from some slave-wage job) to pay for alcohol produced by money-grubbing corporations, I get really frustrated. When I have to stand around with my eyes getting stuffy and bloodshot from all the smoke and spend the next couple days coughing up phlegm, it makes me not want to go to shows. I see what alcohol does to people. And when you feel like you are the only one not drinking (and I'm sure there were others) it feels alienating to be around those people. Their behaviors change noticeably and they act different.

Alcohol and cigarettes does really seem to be "cool" in some parts of punk rock, not to mention the bar culture. It also makes people much more likely to get into car accidents and do things that they wouldn't normally do, not in any positive way. For those punk drinkers who have themselves "under control," there really is no escaping liver damage and dead brain cells. Even if drinking and smoking is seen as a "personal choice," what can we say to the people killed in drunk-driving accidents? What about all those dogs force-fed liquor and smoke inhalation in some laboratory hired out by Budweiser or Phillip Morris? Do we not financially and tacitly give this support?

Sure, beer helps to take the stress out of the

day. Helps us to wind down from another irritating day at our shitty jobs. Hell, it's a social thing. We're punk. We look dirty, have patches, pierce our bodies, and... drink—just like the room next to us in the bar.

The alcohol corporations don't give a fuck if you are a punk. Your sale is just as good as another. So while we try to offer something better than the mainstream, a place where we can challenge conventional institutions and norms, we can't just change our appearance and listen to angry music and be done with it. Allowing ourselves to consume the poisons (is that too loaded a word for liver damage?) the corporations sell to us is partaking in THEIR system. The same one that co-ops creative and/or angry music and commodifies it. The same one which sells womyn's bodies on their fucking beer and cigarette ads instead of advertising the catch: alcoholics, pacification of the First Nations, cash crops vs. native wildlife, etc. The same system which is pushing the Marlboro Man in SE Asia. Hooray for corporate Amerikka pushing monoculture and neo-colonialism worldwide!

So next time we claim punk as a threat while taking a sip of alcohol or a drag off a cigarette, ask what we're really a threat to. What alternative example are we making of ourselves if we exclude certain aspects of our lifestyle? Rebellion in style but not in substance?

There's nothing cool about being slave to addiction and dependence. The real threat lies in our resistance to it.

—Nick Stillman; nickSJ002@yahoo.com

Hello everybody,

I'm Damiano from Italy! This is not meant to be a blame of Ebullition or HaC at all, but just my opinion, a means to arouse discussion and communication, which I think are among the most important skills...

I think we must be careful in despising the capitalistic system we live in, because we can do this all only thanks to it... I mean, we can live this way thanks to it, which allows us (especially you out there) to just work a few hours or not even work, because you can pay the bills, which are not that high... as the capitalistic system is lowering them more and more. We can just talk about sXe, emo, veganism and that sort of thing, as we don't have the need to look for food or a shelter. We are not worried about having to search for food, we are not starving... so we are allowed by this system to be the way we are—because hc-punk could never exist where people are starving. I mean, it's so good that we care about them and the environment and animals, because we're just trying to change our little world for the better, but I think we don't have to forget that this system keeps us alive. Don't get me wrong, I know I'm becoming so unpopular, but this is what I think... I'm not for it at all, but I'm just recognizing some real things. We despise a system that allows us to do more and more—something other than just working, and have more and more leisure time... especially you out in the States can't understand that life is a bit harder when you have high phone bills, freeway tolls to pay, very expensive gas, more expensive records, and these sorts of things. So, it's easy talking about doing something positive for this society, but it also depends on how much leisure time you have and it also depends on money. I know that it sucks, but it's real!

I don't know if I'm making this point clear. It's also about having a record label and those kinds of things... why do you think there are a lot of them in the US and less in Europe and very few in the rest of the world??? It's not because non-Americans are not good at it, it's just because in many other parts of the world they can't care about having a guitar or printing a paper or having a website... they have to worry about elementary needs, or they don't have spare money to spend, or it's not that easy to do a record, travel or print anything. I mean, I do dislike greediness and career and that sort of thing. I'm much closer ideologically to socialism/communism and that way of thinking, but I guess it proved to be wrong—well, maybe not wrong, but it didn't work for so many people. It couldn't make so many people happy, while capitalism seems to, or just pretend to (I realize it's much about brainwashing...).

I think we must be well aware when we blame it, because it allows us to... and then I don't like the way things work in this so called hc-punk world—which maybe should be about providing an alternative to the "real" world... it sucks that it's all about the States,

all about American bands putting out records and touring Europe and making a lot of money by that. It's just a one-way relationship, because there are too few European bands doing the opposite (recently, because until a couple of years ago there were mostly none...). It's too much focused on the States, as the outer world is... MTV is doing that too, globalizing the world as much as possible by eliminating languages and cultures... and that's true with many English-native speakers (I hate generalizations though). You don't even wonder that we can't speak English as good as you do... there are so many wonderful languages in the world... it's not all about English. You don't seem to realize that, you just expect that we understand you while you're talking as you would with an English-native speaker... you don't realize that we have been trying to understand you while you don't do the same with us!!!

Ok, I hope I haven't bored you, and I guess I aroused enough critics and discussion with this. I'd be really glad to hear opinions, comments, and anyone's point of view. I really hope to hear from you all soon. I'm always on my search for new friends and penpals, so please help me out and write me NOW!!!

Take care and have a nice day !!!

—Damiano Bonuomo/Via Ca' Bruciata del pellegrino 1/42016 Guastalla (RE)/Italy; xdambox@libero.it

Hello all *HeartattaCk* readers!

I'm writing this as a warning for those of you who are generous enough to let travelers stay in your homes. Not too long ago, I was at the last Devoid of Faith show and I met three travelling punks (a guy named Shamus, a girl named Alex, and a guy named Stu) who were hard up for a place to stay. Having been in their position many times before, my girlfriend and I offered them a place in our apartment for a few days, despite the fact that it would be a little crowded since a touring band was also sleeping there as well. Shamus, Alex and Stu were all very grateful, gave us some food to help feed everyone with, and were generally nice people. My band was playing several shows that weekend, one of them was out of town, and since they didn't have much gas and didn't want to leave town with us, I left them alone in my apartment, simply saying, "Just look up if you leave." Well, after the show, we came back to find...

Our house was just the same as we left it! Our traveling friends treated the space with respect, and even cleaned up a little bit. The next few days are sort of a blur, with Brother Inferior, Shamus, Alex and Stu, and our normal barrage of roommates staying at our house. But everyone got along and all was well. However, a few days later, everything changed. We saw the three kids off to NYC, and were sitting back and enjoying the peace and quiet when I went to my record collection to put something on, only to find a handful of records missing—one in particular being my Devoid of Faith Purpose Lost 10". The other records are nothing that can't be replaced, but the DOF 10" is hard as hell to come by, and I'm extremely aggravated.

After discovering that, I found (as well as my roommates) that other assorted items had been taken. (And I want to clear up that nobody in Brother Inferior or any of the other people who were at my house could have taken it, since I saw it after they all left. The only people who could have taken it were Shamus, Alex and Stu—Shamus in particular, since he was one of those rare record collecting dorks.) I spent the next month or so calling friends in NYC, Pittsburgh, Mass., and any other surrounding states, hoping I could catch up to them, but had no luck.

So I'm writing this as both a warning, and possibly for help. Don't trust these fuckers. They're backstabbers. I don't know much about them other than their names, but I know that Stu is originally from Maine, and Shamus, I believe, is from Florida, but I'm not 100% sure. Don't let them into your house, or anywhere near anything you treasure. Also, if anybody knows where I can find any of them, please let me know, even if it's across the country. I don't expect to get my records back (although it might be nice), but I do want to confront these fuckwads, and maybe get 5 minutes alone with them.

Anybody with info, or whatever, can write me: Andrew/480 West St. Apt. 1/Albany, NY 12206; Policeline@hotmail.com.

Thanks for your time, and please watch who you let into your home.

Dear Kent,

I'm writing in response to Brian Roettinger's review of the *Vietnam Syndrome 7"*. Where did you find this jackass? I own this record and while I do listen to quite a bit of Oi, I can not fathom how this record could be branded as an Oi band. But, I digress.

I read your column and, while I wholeheartedly agree with it, I don't see any of this in your record reviews or in the ads running in your 'zine. I wholeheartedly agree that the punk scene and all of its sub-genres have become textbook and flaccid. But, then again, the scene has been over-run by wandering buffoons like Brian Roettinger, who claim one small portion of the scene for 6 months and then move on. He apparently doesn't give a damn about the lyrics or the message as he failed to mention this. While I realize that a column from the editor doesn't constitute editorial policy, there really ought to be some continuity of ideas in a 'zine. Not to mention a standard of quality and objectiveness. It's pathetic to print a review that trashes a record because it's not their "style," or because it doesn't fit into their definitions of punk, emo or hardcore. Tell you what, give that MDC discography to your reviewers. Don't tell them what it is or when it was recorded. Watch it get torn apart.

And we wonder why punk sucks.

Sincerely, Lita Revolt from Hippie Bloodbath/1404 W Michigan #3/Kalamazoo, MI 49006

Lita — I'm glad you are taking the time to point out where you think I am full of shit. However, the problem I have is that the *Vietnam Syndrome 7"* is really bad. I listened to it, and I actually thought it was a joke the first time I heard it. I thought they were fucking around because no band could have such a horrible sound. I was amazed when I discovered that the whole record sounded so awful. I was originally going to review it myself, but I truly hated the sound of the record. I would have demolished the record. Yes, it has good lyrics, and that is commendable, but it doesn't make up for the fact that the recorded music is so awful.

So rather than trash it I put it back into the general review box so that maybe the band would have a chance at getting a better review from someone else. It seemed to me that the band meant well and had their heart in the right location, so I figured they deserved another shot. Unfortunately, Brian didn't like the record either. He wrote a much kinder review than I would have, though he made no reference to the lyrics while I probably would have focused on the lyrics in order to skirt the fact that the music was so awful.

Musical taste is very subjective. As I said in my column, I was not trying to define what punk should sound like only that I wished that punk bands would speak about the world we live in. *Vietnam Syndrome* did that, but I still didn't like their music. I never said that I thought people should listen to music that they don't like just because the lyrics are good. I only said that I was disappointed that so many bands are not concerned whatsoever with their message and content.

None of that changes the fact that neither Brian nor I liked the record. I agree that the Oi! comparison seems odd to me, but I realize that reviews are completely subjective and if that was what Brian thought then that is what he thought. I don't think we can argue about whether his taste in music is "right" or "wrong." That is a dead end.

Oddly enough Ding Dong Ditch Records sent us two copies of the *Vietnam Syndrome 7"* and the record was accidentally reviewed by two different people. The second review was not written until right before we got your letter and I had intended to not print this review. But it seems appropriate to print it now: "Very basic punk/hardcore with a definite '80s feel. In a way this reminds me of Dead Silence, except that Dead Silence is really great and this sadly isn't. Judging from the lyrics they definitely mean well. In all other departments (music, vocals) they're lacking, though."

This review was written by a Swiss woman named Marianne Hofstetter. She has been playing in bands for many years and she wrote this review before we got your letter. Apparently she wasn't too impressed either. Does this mean that *Vietnam Syndrome* is a bad band, no, it only means that Brian, Marianne and I didn't like the record. The vast majority of the world would hate M.D.C.'s sound, but that doesn't mean that they aren't an important band in my life. To each their own.

— Kent



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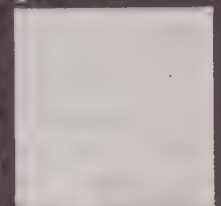
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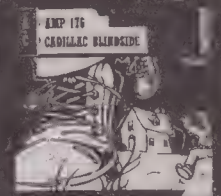
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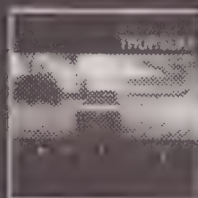
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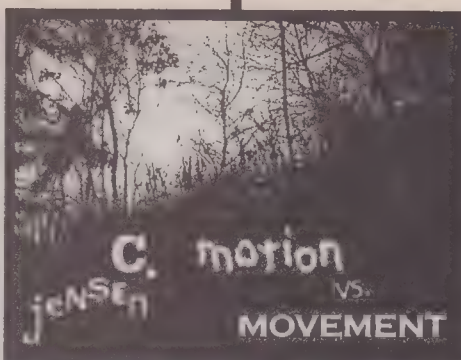
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There is no storm as of yet—the winds are still light, the rain has yet to fall—but the warning signs are there. The sky is darkening, letting less and less light through, casting all things at ground level in a more somber, almost depressing light. The lightning has not streaked to the ground, but in the distance we see flashes and we hear thunder. Before there were radios and televisions and satellites and computer networks, common people used these beacons of light and sound to determine the distance of an approaching storm. I remember their technology, and employ it too—as time marches on the flashes seem to leave shorter and shorter intervals before relinquishing their paired thunder—the storm is getting closer.

The storm need not bring destruction. Indeed most storms, though they may bring temporary discomfort, yield renewal as their final result. The winds and the rain refresh the earth, and without this turbulence the ground and all of its inhabitants would slowly wither, dry and crack. Sadly, not all storms can be trusted to leave abundance in their wake. Occasionally, when the conditions are just right, storms are terribly destructive. These are the storms I fear.

The storm, after all, is a conflict, and a final resolution of imbalance. If the world were in constant balance, no storm would come. Most imbalances, if they are mild, can be resolved without violence or destruction. On a regular basis, storms move through and then dissipate, leaving room for the next; these routine readjustments are necessary and painless. It is only when the imbalance becomes massive that this conflict causes pain; the natural world detests a concentration of energy, particularly when this concentration is juxtaposed with a great vacuum of energy. When major imbalances are allowed to persist, nature eventually serves judgment with frightening consequences.

Recently, there has been a lot of “news” in New York City regarding the quality of education provided under the supervision of our centralized Board of Education. As the largest school system in the country, New York City is often a magnet for media attention. Lately, however, the media sounds have roared over the usual din; we, the educators of New York City, are accustomed to reports that accentuate the negative, but this coverage seems more pointed, more directed.



shouting block-letter headlines decrying the latest local scandal. On days when “news” (i.e. gossip/tragedy) surrounding celebrities is dull, shocking exposes of the Board of Education are standard fare. Self-described as too sophisticated for such journalistic endeavors, other “hard news” outfits will never break these kinds of stories, but they will cover the “ensuing debate” that follows the tabloid headlines. A day later the original source of the story and the

motivations which brought it to life are forgotten, as countless other “responsible media outfits” amplify the original charges. While the *New York Times*, countless monotonous newsradio stations, and even the local National Public Radio station would probably like us to blame the tabloids for bringing the ugly car crashes of educational news to the front page, savvy media consumers know better; if the mainstream media really wanted to deliver quality coverage, negative coverage of the Board of Education would be balanced with positive stories. There are certainly plenty of success stories in the system—schools which raised their test scores by implementing innovative teaching methods, communities which elevated the quality of their local schools, and countless programs spear-headed by New York City educators which enrich the lives of thousands of students—but these kinds of narratives do not lend themselves to catchy headlines and soundbites. So, for good reason, the majority of New Yorkers (who do not have direct contact with the schools) view the New York City Board of Education as wholly dysfunctional and corrupt.

Those affiliated, either through employment or attendance, with some aspect of the Board of Education of New York City see a far more complex picture. No one in their right mind can declare that the school system is acceptable; in fact, those who actually work within the system daily—the students, teachers and parents—can offer the most incisive criticism of the system. Still, it becomes depressing to see the media distortion, and in the absence of truly balanced coverage, the media reports begin to color your impressions of the educational system in which you work. The Board of Education starts to feel like a sinking ship: my compartment may be ordered and water-tight, but the rest of the vessel must be horribly corroded, for it sounds as if the whole thing is headed for the bottom. No matter how “watertight” the local school, local district, or local community may feel, the media reports impart a

local schools maintain some degree of freedom and potential for creativity in optimizing the local educational system, certain “locked boxes” exist which limit the scope of change which can occur in any part of the overall Board of Education system. These “boxes” are aspects of the system over which everyday educators and educational administrators have no control; these are the “live with it or leave it” conditions.

Teacher pay scales are the same system-wide, and lag well behind both the local cost of living and the salaries offered by nearby suburban districts. My school is exceptionally well-run and offers a quality environment for educators and students alike, but we still have difficulty hiring and keeping good teachers because the system-wide salary structure is so poor. We are relatively lucky—because our school is exceptional, we attract the very best of those teachers who, for whatever reason, accept an inferior salary. Still, we lose many excellent educators who go for the greener grass. For the schools with serious problems—a traditionally dysfunctional administration and/or staff, or a particularly at-risk student population, or both—the pool of available, competent teachers is even more inaccessible.

The teacher salary scale isn't the only “locked box” which constantly impedes our attempts to bring students a better education. Administrator salaries are, relative to other school systems, even worse than those offered to teachers. In fact, the principals have been without a new contract for several years, so their salaries compare even less favorably with nearby suburban districts than the teachers'. Additionally, the “allocations”—the number of teachers per student which a principal is allowed to hire—afforded to New York City schools are miserable, resulting in classes which hover around thirty students at all times. Compared to most local suburban districts, these average class sizes are massive.

Tests represent another “locked box” for schools. The New York State Board of Regents mandates a series of tests state-wide. The results of these tests, by and large, are used to judge the “success” of all schools. Recently, the trend has been to use these test scores as a means of identifying schools which are so dysfunctional that they merit state takeover, and in fact many schools in New York City have been gutted and “reformed” by representatives of the State. This places schools—teachers, students, administrators and parents—under tremendous pressure to “boost test scores.” Even in my school, whose scores place us well out of the reach of the State interventionists, tests have an insidious effect. The mere presence of these forms of judgment, and the absence of other more holistic assessments, diverts our efforts to improve the school towards short-term gains in test scores.

There is a certain irony to the way the “school system” is portrayed. In common usage, the students, the teachers, and the administrators are encompassed in the term “school system”; they are what makes “the system.” Although it might at first sound logical and even progressive to consider the whole as sum of the people, this view is terribly unfair, fundamentally misrepresenting the situation as it actually exists. Students, teachers and administrators

are not the system; rather they are individuals who work within the system, who must play by the rules of the system, who are doomed to live with the many aspects of the system which are beyond local control.

Seen through this lens, the true irony of stories which portray students, teachers or administrators as lazy, incompetent or dishonest comes into focus. People who work under the system are its victims, some of whom struggle in earnest and some of whom adopt regrettable survivalist stances, and really cannot and should not be held responsible for the failures of the system as a whole. People do not achieve excellence unless a framework which allows excellence is in place; in isolation, individuals cannot change the system.

There are a few individuals who do have the power to do something, if properly enlightened, about the school system. Yeah, it's ironic again, because these are the very people who criticize “the system” as if it were not their creation. The politicians—Mayor Giuliani and the city council—actually can and do shape the system, and it is their work or lack thereof which

COLUMNS

Things people write thinking that you might care.

For everyday people who do not work for the Board of Education, who do not have school-aged children, or whose children do not attend public schools, the “news” about the city's educational system came, exclusively, in two neatly-wrapped packages: “City teachers score poorly on standardized educator assessments” and “City teachers and principals help students cheat on standardized reading and math tests.” These are the two stories which emerge from the thick seas of information about New York City's schools. These stories are not fictitious; they are true, overall. New York City teachers do score poorly on tests which are designed to assess “teaching knowledge.” There have been partially substantiated, though not proven, allegations of cheating by a few teachers at a few schools on standardized tests administered to students. What is strange about these stories is the selectivity with which they were thrust into the public eye.

The source of these kinds of stories is important: two N.Y.C. tabloids, the *Daily News* and the *New York Post*, are in constant competition to run huge

collective pessimism regarding the potential of the system as a whole. The news becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy, as it erodes the morale and corrupts the psyche of those who work within the Board of Education.

I feel this drag. In spite of what I see, what I hear has its effects. My school is far from perfect—so much has to be done to bring these children the educations they truly need and deserve—but I see many incremental improvements with every passing day, changes which bring me hope for the future. And then, I think of the system; no matter what we do at the local level, we will always have to work within the limits set by the Board of Education. Although I should know better, I am somehow convinced that the system is an immutable impediment, and I feel more dread than hope as I stare down the barrel of my career as an educator.

The school system provides an elaborate set of built-in impediments to successful education, obstacles which cannot be eliminated by students, teachers, parents or even local administrators. While

drives the "system" up or down. In characteristically cunning strokes of publicity, these politicians have framed the dialogue at the street level—what's wrong with students, teachers and administrators—rather than acknowledging their power to do something about it. It is only reasonable to hold someone responsible for changing something if they are empowered to make that change. While certain teachers, administrators, and schools may cheat their students and certain students may be cheaters, the real cheating occurs on a wholesale level: the public, as represented by political elites, cheats our youth.

As the public frets about the quality of public education, a clear reality emerges: we do not expend enough resources to educate our children. Looking at schools in isolation, it is difficult to see where things went wrong... after all, it seems like we have been running schools at about the same level as we did in the past, yet students lag behind current standards for achievement. The public is not happy with the products of our educational system, and within its narrow perspective of "education," the public has a hard time understanding why things are not working out. It is easy to point the finger of blame at today's youth, at today's teachers, and at today's schools.

Other things have changed. In fact, social changes in the last half-century far outpace educational changes. Educational institutions continue a perpetual mission: to provide structured delivery of basic knowledge and, in good schools, to teach students how to be learners. What has impacted the ability of educational institutions to fulfill this mission is external: economic and social changes have hampered the ability of schools to attract talented and dedicated teachers. Things have gotten bad, really bad—teaching as a profession is generally looked down upon. Teachers are an odd class of workers: expected to act as and be educated as professionals, they are paid and treated in a very sub-professional manner. Teachers cannot be considered "blue collar laborers" as we might consider those who work in factories, for the phone company, or in agriculture. Yet teachers are often paid as blue collar laborers, and in a society which increasingly uses money to judge value, this parallel is significant. Among those fortunate enough to be able to choose a "professional" career, the choice to become a teacher is seen as an imprudent one. An educated, talented person does not choose to teach for the salary, for the social position, or for the ease of the occupation; the decision to forsake more financially fruitful pursuits in favor of teaching is made upon a solid foundation of compassion and social concern. This is the only basis upon which society respects certain teachers: as self-sacrificing altruists. Only a few teachers, the ones perceived as talented enough to do something else for a job, receive this status.

It is difficult to say if the teaching profession is attracting fewer and fewer talented, educated people, although this seems likely given the kind of salaries now being offered to skilled college graduates. What has definitely changed is the role of women in teaching. Fifty years ago, teaching was one of a few careers offered to women. In fact, teaching was arguably the best profession provided, as it afforded bright, educated women some degree of autonomy and influence in an important social institution. This power, of course, was limited by the concentration of women in elementary education. Women were more likely to be teachers, men more likely to be professors. What was bad for the freedom of women was good for our educational system, as many capable women who today take more prestigious positions in business, medicine or law were routed into the teaching profession by repressive social standards. That primary and secondary education was considered "women's work" in part explains why teachers have traditionally not been paid as professionals.

Thankfully, today, women are not limited in their career choices. Unfortunately, education has suffered with the shift away from gendered occupational patterns. No longer building education upon women's forced altruism, we have failed to supplement this loss to education. Social values and social policy, not our systems of education, have failed to adapt to changes in the society at large.

It seems reasonable to assume that the flight of many talented women from the teaching profession, paired with the perpetually low financial and social status of teachers, has contributed to the general decline

of education. To claim, however, that a general decline in teacher quality is responsible for all of our educational problems seems wholly unreasonable. Although there are many underachieving and uninspired teachers, the system is still supported by a strong contingent of talented, inspired givers; if altruism were subtracted from the educational equation, one wonders to what depths the system might have sunk by now. A lot of the problems in education today center around the work ethic, motivation and self-discipline of today's students. Sadly, the kids are blamed for their shortcomings; adults act as if "today's generation" created itself, out of nothing, rather than acknowledging that today's kids are the product of today's adults.

Part of the problem with "the kids today" lies in the values of "parents today." Increasingly, parents choose the tangible rewards of professional success over the intangible payoffs of raising a healthy, well-rounded child. When parents fail to spend time with their children, they lay the groundwork for an apathetic, unmotivated student body. But before we demonize parents, it is critical to acknowledge that for most parents, working rather than raising their children full-time isn't necessarily a choice. In order to survive in today's socioeconomic system, many households need two earners. Additionally, in the ever-expanding world of single parenthood, the option to *not work* in order to raise your children has been all but abolished. An incredible change has occurred, where mothers no longer can fulfill their traditional role in guiding the day-to-day growth and development of children. We feel the effects of this change, as young people come to schools with fewer and fewer basic social and intellectual skills. For years women *worked*, unpaid and largely unacknowledged, towards a socially-beneficial goal: to raise healthy, well-adjusted children. We have lost this free labor; to some degree, as a society, *we no longer do this labor*, or at least we do a very half-hearted job of it. And, with our heads in the sand, we wonder why today's kids have more "special needs," have less motivation, and exit school with fewer life and academic skills.

We cannot go back. Women are not going to give up their jobs—they cannot and should not be expected to bear alone the social burden and privilege of raising children—so we need to find a new way to accomplish what stay-at-home mothers did for so many years. By absolute necessity, some of these changes are slowly occurring; businesses offer cyber-commuting as an option, and the Family and Medical Leave Act affords some job security for parents who want to raise their young children themselves. Still, those who choose to have children are doing *all* the sacrificing—by working "at home" at two jobs at once, or by squeezing by on one salary for a few years—with little or no support from the society at large. Some say "if you can't feed 'em, don't breed 'em," suggesting that parents alone are responsible for the burden of raising their children. But we *all* benefit by the birth, growth and development of healthy children; in fact, we need these children to survive. For parents and non-parents alike, the question is simple: "When I am old and gray, who will be there to assure that I live out my final years in optimum health and security?" Parents are not the only ones who reap what they sow; we all ought to be concerned with raising children, regardless of whether these children are of our own flesh and blood. There is a social body being developed here, upon which we all depend.

The scope of socialization has to reach beyond the narrow confines of the school. The schools have and can continue to offer a form of socialization—under optimum conditions they imbue a sense of community, teach cooperation skills, and acquaint children with the intellectual tenets of the society—but they cannot do it all. Particularly, schools cannot supplement the now-absent social labor that was once the work of stay-at-home parents. Not only are we asking schools to do *additional labor* when we ask teachers to become proxy parents, but we demand of an already-overloaded system a task which is wholly out-of-phase with its other objectives. There has to be an additional social expenditure, one which allows parents and particularly working women to continue to participate fully in the workforce while giving all children, irrespective of their parents' economic status, the socialization once provided by stay-at-home parents.

Work flexibility plays a role; it is a decent start to say that parenting demands that time be

structured in a creative manner. But simply allowing to parents to do double-time instead of neglecting their children will not work; the job of raising a child is too much for working parents alone, and we need to start acting as if raising a child is *everyone's job*. I have a plan. We need massive after-school enrichment programs, programs which are involved with but also supersede the schools. Kids need something to do in those critical hours which span the gap between school's end and work's end. Being in or so close to our youth, most of us know that there isn't much to do if you are a kid these days. There are a few school-based athletic and social options, but these are mostly offered to older kids [junior high/high school], and represent a small cross-section of kids' interests. We are all familiar with what many kids do in lieu of anything interesting (zone out in front of the TV/video game, hang out and get in to trouble, or begin practicing conspicuous consumption skills which will be critical in later adult life) because society is not offering much in the way of developmentally-positive, engaging activities for kids. Parents should not have to worry about what to do with their children when the little angels finish school; there should be a massive menu of activities available to children of all ages, focused not only on what parents think children should like but on what kids actually enjoy. Older kids, particularly of high school age, could be integrated into such a system as partial caretakers of younger kids, employing the average teenager whilst liberating him/her from oppressive confines of after-school jobs in retail or food service.

Imagine if there were after-school programs all around your town. When the final bell rang, buses would take you to the newly-constructed skate park, where you could skate all afternoon without worrying about getting harassed. Or, there would be an art program that afforded you access to a photo lab, a painting and sculpture studio, and a ceramics lab. Or, there would be recreational programs focused on noncompetitive activities, things you have always wanted to try but never had the chance to check out. Or, there would be studio spaces, equipped with instruments of all varieties, for you and your bandmates to practice or just jam with friends. Or, there would be simple social gathering places, where kids could listen to music, dance, relax, and talk. Younger kids would interact with older kids, under the protection but not the direction of adult supervisors, in a variety of activities. Enrollment would be open—any kid can participate in any activity—and the after-school system would respond to the evolving needs and interest of toddlers to teenagers. Some kids might still choose to watch TV or play video games, but at least they would be doing so *together*. Those kids who did choose to create conflict and act in a destructive manner would lose their chief excuse for trouble-making—"there's nothing to do"—and probably would eventually find something of interest. We're talking about "midnight basketball" times one million, and expanding in all directions. We see it working a little bit on a small scale; why not go big time?

We know the objection to such programs: *they would be too expensive*. But would they? What if a small minority of our population was forced to relinquish their massive wealth? Would we all suffer if the majority of individual income over \$500,000 a year was massively taxed? How about over \$100,000? \$50,000? Would we really hurt that much if our social resources were diverted away from producing goods and services for the obscenely wealthy? Wouldn't we benefit if these social resources were diverted towards our youth? Can we really afford to continue to do such a terrible job of raising our children? Where's the *value* in our current values? Will any parent left to raise a child alone "swim"? More importantly, if these over-worked parents fail to "swim," will they and their offspring be the only ones to "sink"? Who will do the social labor it takes to raise a child? Can the schools alone do it all?

I am faced with a terrible question: "Do I continue to teach, knowing that the rest of society is not doing their part?" The salary and corollary social respect I am afforded, paired with the workload, are personally problematic. The erosion of quality in the school staff, paired with decay in the school infrastructure, are professionally problematic. Am I riding on a sinking ship? Will it sink first, or will I burn out before the inevitable plunge, the victim of my own efforts to keep

this titanic social program afloat? Someday, unless conditions change, I will sink. I do not wish to drown, and I see an out—I can get off the boat. And maybe this would be for the best; perhaps my efforts and talents are better utilized in advocacy, calling for those changes which are the only hope for keeping our schools and ultimately, our society, afloat.

Poor is not always poor. I have little money right now, but I am rich. I can escape. I may be on a sinking ship, but my upbringing and education afford me ready access to the lifeboat. While I may see my decision to board that raft and cast off from the New York City educational titanic as both personally and socially beneficial, I cannot help feeling guilty for exercising this privilege, for I have walked alongside those who, by virtue of birth and circumstance, have no choice but to stay aboard. For those with the power to do something about our educational system, the dilemma is thorough: Do I save more lives by helping reconstruct a new vessel or by staying aboard to help with the bailing effort?

After much hesitation I have decided to try taking St. John's Wort. Admittedly I don't have a lot of knowledge about it, but from what I understand it is a sort of herbal Prozac. St. John's Wort is supposed to regulate Serotonin levels in the brain. I think this is supposed to level out my moods so I don't feel like I am surrounded by darkness and hopelessness. I have heard that St. John's Wort takes about six weeks to kick in. I guess the idea of taking something for six weeks before I feel any effects is kind of unappealing. One of the first times I was looking into taking St. John's I noticed there was a book about it at the store. It mentioned this thing about taking six weeks and at that point I decided I wasn't going to feel like shit in six weeks time so I wouldn't bother. Here I am months later taking the stuff.

I am still not sure what to make of this all and every time I take those pills I can't help but be reminded about my mental state. I never really thought of myself as mentally ill, unstable or anything like that. In fact, I think my definition of sanity and insanity is quite loose. I don't really even think these terms are relevant to me. People have such varied experiences and emotions and body chemistry that the idea of being "insane" kind of seems like a misnomer. Are the people in the streetcars who sing to themselves fucked up? Are they unstable? Or are they simply enjoying themselves and not giving a shit about what other people around them might think? I tend to think that mental illness is about self-definition. I mean who am I to tell anyone that they are mentally ill? That decision is not mine. I think definitions of sanity and insanity are as much about our ideas of what it means to be "normal" and what is or isn't commonly accepted by society. I hate to label anyone as crazy based on my perception of things. It seems unfair.

Having said all of this I have never felt "normal." I have always felt that I'm the outsider. That I'm not from this place and I have to do my best to make space for myself. I guess somewhat related to being an "outsider" is that I spend a lot of my time feeling miserable. I even hesitate to write those words because it feels like by doing so I am reinforcing that belief. It feels like I am unintentionally ensuring my unhappiness. Like maybe if I say that I am happy it will somehow be true.

For years I have gone through these ups and downs. For a time it seemed like every time I would get depressed it would be worse. I have always been afraid that one day I will fall into this darkness never to leave again. It scares me to think that it might be possible for me to slip into permanent depression. Maybe having that knowledge or fear keeps it from happening. Over the years these bouts seem to have kind of leveled out and formed into a pattern of sorts. As my boyfriend pointed out I seem to go through a high on Friday night where I'm all giddy and noisy and hyper, then the rest of the weekend is spent in a black hole. This has nothing

to do with being hung over as I don't drink. I also don't think it is about being tired because I don't usually even do all that much on Friday nights. "Friday's just another night for me."

I used to be convinced that my moods were directly related to living with my parents and putting up with all of their bullshit. We would fight continuously. It was incredibly draining for everyone. If we all had the time and energy we could have argued non-stop. We see eye to eye on almost nothing. We would constantly get into fights about the way I eat, my sexuality, the way I dress, about making my bed (?), religion and so on. You name it we have likely fought about it. On several occasions my mom has told me that I'm an idiot, that I'm an asshole, that fags are evil and so on. After hearing all of this bullshit for so long much of it has become internalized. I am constantly fighting with this inner critic. This is the voice of self-doubt and self-hatred. I want that voice to be crushed. I am tired of feeling miserable about myself and am proud to say that I have made a lot of progress in that department over the last year or so. I haven't lived with my parents for more than four months and I still get depressed. I get depressed even when they are not around to contribute to it. I no longer believe that getting away from them is the key to my happiness.

A lot of times I cause my own depression. I hold things back. I don't say what is on my mind, I don't speak out, I don't ask for or demand the things I want and need. When things don't go the way I want or feel my needs are not being met I get depressed. This is no one's fault but my own. I seem to expect other people to be able to read my mind or something.

Somehow I have been convinced that asking for what I want is bad, that I will come off as demanding. I worry that I might coerce people into doing things they don't want to. I worry about burdening people with my demands. I am selectively shy. I say selectively because I end up doing things (like marching naked in front of 600,000 people) which very few people would do, yet I have trouble telling people when something upsets me or making small talk with a stranger.

"When in doubt blame your parents." And I do. I guess it seems a little too typical to be entirely comfortable, but I attribute this not speaking up for myself largely to my parents. It's a lot easier to blame my history for my behaviour than it is to just own up to the fact that I am excessively and stupidly shy for no real reason. When I was in grade school I was very rambunctious. I was the class clown; I was loud, playful and apparently really annoying. One year at parent-teacher interviews, in about grade five, my parents were told about how much I disrupt the class by making noises and generally being hyper. My parents thought that I should know by then when to make noises and when not to. They thought I should know that the noises were "useless" and only bugged other people. I can't even begin to count how many times I have been told "If you have something to say, say it and it's done."

For years the focus in our home was the television set. After school I would get home and watch TV for a couple hours and then we'd have supper. At supper, which was basically the only time our family was together, no one was really allowed to talk. The TV would always be on during supper. This killed any attempt at conversation. I feel ripped off that the television took precedence over actual communication. Every night my mom would say "LISTEN!! The news is on!!" Whether or not anyone else had any desire to watch the news was irrelevant. So many times I was told to shut up because the TV was on. I hate that. Now I don't watch TV. It's funny, because I still see a lot of it as a by-product of other people's watching. For the most part I find television incredibly boring and annoying, but that is an entire article by itself.

The point is that over the years many people have told me that I should be quiet, that I should settle down, that I should control myself. After this has been drilled into my head for so long I am often convinced that my words are useless, that no one wants to hear

them. I suffer in silence because I convince myself that these words are no good. As a result I make people's decisions for them before I give them an option. An example of this occurred just the other night. David was watching TV and I wanted to go out. I simply left without asking him if he wanted to go even though I wanted nothing more than for him to come with me. Since I didn't invite him he didn't come and I spent the rest of the night being miserable having convinced myself that he was opting for television over spending time with me. In reality he was just waiting for an invitation. At the same time though he could have asked to come with me. Blah blah blah, I suppose that is enough of a sidetrack.

I hate the fact that I am so stifled, so reserved. When I want to ask for something or assert myself I get all nervous and repeat things in my head over and over. I end up thinking about it to death and then not even doing it. As the words are about to fall out of my mouth my heart speeds up and I get sweaty. Do I fear rejection? Do I fear being ignored? Do I fear being happy? The thought that fear is what holds me back is not comforting in any way. I long to be one of those people who always speaks their mind. To be one of those people who can talk to anyone they meet, but I am not. More often than not I play the part of the meek little boy who is being scolded for chirping and singing and running around.

Just thinking about it now I have always associated my making noise and being loud with being happy and care free. I guess it would then follow that if I was continually being scolded for being noisy I was also being scolded for being happy and giddy. I have been rewarded for being "mature" which seems to translate into being quiet and reserved. I long to be able to let myself run and scream, to tell people what I am thinking, to ask for what I want, what I need. I long to get back that kid energy that would let me run and make noise and play and be silly. I know I have this in me. I know that is part of who I am. I need to work to regain my sense of childishness, to make more noise and to stop being shy. All of these things are essential to my happiness and growth. I sometimes surprise myself when I manage to assert my thoughts. I find this exhilarating and exciting and know that I will only get closer to my goals the more I work on it. "No one but yourself can free your mind."

While it is still on people's minds, I would also like to say a few words about christmas. This year was the first time I have been away from my parents over the holidays. As I'm sure most people reading this aren't all that wild about the whole idea of christmas and all the consumerism that seems to go hand in hand with it, I won't really bother touching on that aspect of things. I tend to be overly cynical and bitter when it comes to xmas to the point where I wish it wouldn't happen. This year was different.

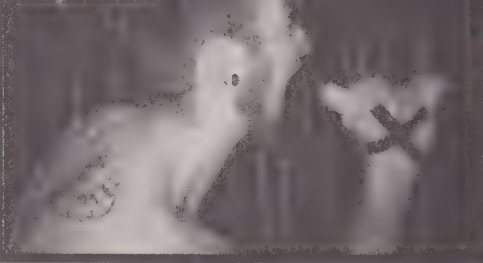
Xmas with my parents is usually as much about yelling at each other as it is about celebration of what we have with each other. Xmas is a time when expectations and tensions run high. It is always the same thing, my sister and I are accused of destroying xmas because we are vegan plus all the other exciting things we always seem to fight about at my parents house. I can remember a couple years ago when I wound up at a friend's house on xmas day crying my eyes out because things were so unbearable. I am happy to say that this year I got to spend xmas with my new family here in Toronto. With my boyfriend David and his boyfriend, Peter. For the most part it was quiet.

Strangely enough we all went to a church service on xmas eve. This was kind of bizarre for me since I had never been to a service for as long as I can remember and since I don't believe in god. We went to the Metropolitan Community Church service in this huge hall. The MCC is one of the queer churches in Toronto. It took place in a huge hall. I am not really sure how many people were there, but we wound up sitting in a balcony so it is pretty safe to say there were probably over a thousand people there. For me none of the religion stuff was important. It rang hollow. The important and moving part of the whole thing was seeing so many queers all come together in celebration. The people at the church were extremely welcoming. In the program they even mentioned that they have a leather group at the church.

On xmas day we spent time with David's parents who were also much more welcoming to me than my parents. It was a wonderful experience and I thank David and Peter for showing me that xmas doesn't

The Start Of Something New

Daryl Vocat



have to be horrible. Make your own families.

Props out to Felix and Attila.

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A few months ago, I took part in a non-violence training workshop. The person who gave the training was someone who has spent probably the last 15 or so years getting himself arrested for participating in non-violent actions, often civil disobedience. I'd have to say that he is probably one of the most inspiring people I have ever met. His 9-year-old daughter said that she wants to be just like him when she grows up.

Currently, I am involved with non-violent activism. I'm inspired by the idea of people working together towards change and equality and life without displaying any element of violence, even while violence is often being directed towards them and others they fight alongside.

In November, a huge and amazingly well-organized non-violent civil disobedience action took place in Ottawa as a protest against the government's inaction towards doing anything substantial about the homelessness crisis in Canada while continuing to needlessly support and fund the forces of war. This was an action involving a coalition of around 200 activists of all kinds from a bunch of different cities in Ontario and Quebec called Homes Not Bombs. The idea behind Homes Not Bombs is similar to Food Not Bombs. The government in Canada continues to spend millions of dollars on war while more and more people are going hungry on the streets everyday. Not only that, but in the past few years, there have been a lot of cutbacks by the federal government (as well as provincial and municipal governments) on social services. You know, the usual let's-give-tax-breaks-and-benefits-to-the-rich-while-we-ignore-the-poor bullshit.

Homes Not Bombs congregated outside of the Department of War (or as popular propaganda would have us believe, the Department of "National Defense") in the downtown core and proceeded to build a civil society, to build community. People built daycare centres, hospitals, and schools outside while a group of trained citizen's inspectors tried to enter the building to begin renovating it in order to transform it into the Department of Housing. Traffic was blocked for miles because the civil society was being built right in the midst of it on the bridge, and people scurried around talking to passersby and drivers and handing out flyers to let everyone know what was going on. Homes Not Bombs demanded that the government take immediate action to address the homelessness crisis by implementing something known as the 1% Solution which would go a long way towards drastically changing things in a matter of years. This solution requires all levels of government to allocate only 1% of their budgets to build affordable housing. HNB also demanded that the federal government stop spending needless tax dollars on war and pull out of what is known as Star Wars—a program that would require even more to be spent needlessly on war.

The government was informed about this action that was going to take place and so instead of truly listening to the people, they had cops in full riot gear out to greet the people that morning. The contrast between the cops decked out for committing violence and the peaceful anti-war, anti-poverty activists dedicated to non-violence was stunning. Over 50 activists who sat down and refused to move were arrested, some receiving blows from police batons for no justifiable reason. They were thrown in jail, most for over 20 hours, and refused any sort of humane treatment.

The mainstream media picked up on the story all across the country and while some did give (minor) coverage to the reasons people were protesting in the first place, many merely paid attention to the blocking of traffic without any other real context... so, as is often the case with CD actions, needless violence

was perpetrated by the state, the police, and the media.

I was not able to go to Ottawa to join in this action but I closely followed what happened, heard accounts from friends who went, and was inspired by what these people accomplished there without engaging in any violence. It was amazing.

I've been thinking a lot about this idea of violence and non-violence, and this was only amplified in the aftermath of the WTO in Seattle and what happened there. As I'm sure everyone knows, the mainstream media decided to focus a lot of attention on the "violent" acts that occurred in the form of smashed windows and other property destruction—even though a minority of the thousands of people on the streets of Seattle were involved with these acts—and most people in general seemed to agree with the media. Never mind the horrendous acts of violence that were committed by the police towards the people, most of whom were not doing anything wrong (but of course, the state considers it "unlawful" to exercise the right to protest and voice dissent). Pepper spray and rubber bullets flew into the faces of protesters regardless of what they were doing. Police boots and batons were received in the groin, in the chest.


The problem here I think seems to lie in the definition of violence and in the role of ideology and propaganda in perpetuating the idea of what is violent and what is not. Regardless of whether or not the destruction of private property in Seattle was effective, I do not consider it to be violence. Even putting aside my anarchist and marxist leanings, it's hard to deny that Starbucks and other corporations commit far greater acts of violence as they hungrily plunder and pillage the earth and its people in their attempt to garner as much profit as possible. Starbucks commits a great deal of violence when they profit off the sweat of not only their low-paid employees, but also the people in countries like Brazil and Columbia who must grow and produce the coffee for pennies, and in fact, all of the people who live in such countries who do not benefit under such an exploitative global economic system. The WTO is violence, free trade is violence, poverty is violence, capitalism is violence, police batons bashing protesters' heads in is violence... need I go on?

I've also been thinking about whether engaging in non-violent actions in itself demonstrates privilege. I mean, it seems as if most non-violent activists I meet are middle-class or at least have some sort of a safety net. I wonder how easy it is to pledge your allegiance to non-violence under all circumstances if in a wealthy country that is supposedly all about equality, you're a single mom who is subsisting and supporting your kids on welfare cheques, while also getting sexually harassed on the streets because you're a woman, and you're not able to land a good job because you're a woman of colour. Meanwhile, your kid gets harassed by the police everyday in his own neighbourhood because the police target poor areas like yours and eye people of colour with suspicion. Under such oppression (which is violence), how easy is it for you to be non-violent? Sure, you can argue that being able to stay non-violent under such circumstances might demonstrate greater strength, but at the same time, it can also be argued that violence can be a way of coping, of staying alive.

Frantz Fanon was a revolutionary writer who argued that violence was also a way of empowering oneself in the context of colonization, and as a necessary step towards fighting back (check out his books *Black Skin, White Masks* and *The Wretched of the Earth* to find out more). Revolutionary marxists argue for the necessity of violent struggle if any real change is to occur. In all these cases, violence is something originally brought on by the exploiters (the rich, the colonizers, etc.), and so violence is seen as the only thing that can bring those who suffer from exploitation towards truly changing their situation. I don't really want to get into a discussion about revolutionary violence right here but I just sort of wanted to throw out the idea that perhaps non-violence may also be a demonstration of privilege. It's also certainly dependent on circumstance, context, and historical situation. If anyone reading this wants to

discuss the issue of violence further, please get in touch. Let's communicate about this because I certainly don't have all the answers and am just throwing ideas around in my head.

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 DEST RUIR Y CREAR.
MIKE AMEZCUA

I realized how long it's been since I've seen a "how to" DIY resource column in the pages of HaC, you know, such as "how to put out a record," "how to silkscreen," "how to scam free copies at Kinkos," etc., etc. So I decided to give it a shot and write my own, it's actually more along the lines of "how to book your own tour." But on this one I'm gonna make it a bit more specific and call it "how to book your own tour... in México."

Over the years I've noticed that a lot of the US bands that are able to tour either tour the country and do parts of Canada, or head straight to Europe or Japan. I always wondered why they overlooked México when it's just as close to us as Canada. Maybe it has something to do with not being able to make as much money as in the other countries, maybe bands wonder if they've even been heard of down there, how much of a problem the language difference would be, or aren't even sure if there's a DIY punk/hc scene in México. There are many reasons as to why bands from here don't go there but what I think this all comes down to is pure and simple communication or the lack of.

Last summer I was lucky enough to tour along side with not only one of my favorite bands but also five amazing and dear friends of mine, the Former Members of Alfonsín. We traveled a big part of both the US and México. And I am happy to tell those of you who don't know that there is huge DIY punk/hc movement all over México and it's been there for many, many years. So what I'm gonna try to do here is list some basic general info that helped us with our travels and can possibly do the same for you, along with some current contact addresses of honest and reliable people who have dedicated themselves to help organize shows in their cities. Most of the people mentioned here were a big factor to the FMOA tour being as great as it was. So here I go.

HOW TO BOOK YOUR OWN TOUR... IN MEXICO

Legalities

When you get to the border crossing or if you fly into a city in México you will immediately need to get a tourism pass at a Mexican customs office. You can obtain one by presenting a passport or birth certificate, and they're not very expensive. But don't forget to get one, officials set up checkpoints for them on highways that go from city to city and if you look like a foreigner which most likely you will, then you're gonna get questioned. Plus if you're caught without one you might have to pay a fine or worse. Get one.

Transportation

First thing you'll need to decide is if you're gonna take your touring vehicle across the border or take buses to each city. Most people I've talked to who have gone through this experience would rather just take buses. It might be less of a hassle. If you take your vehicle across you might have a lot of difficulty with the Mexican Border Patrol when they question you on things such as instruments, merchandise, auto insurance, etc. Another thing is that if you drive you're gonna end up spending a lot of money on México's highway tolls, which will add up to a lot if you travel the whole country. If you take buses you should pack lightly. Only carry the necessities such as an extra pair of clothes (keep the weather in mind), a sleeping bag, and you may want to take a book or walkman with you for the long bus rides. Obviously bus prices will vary depending where your going and what level of comfort you want. For example some buses have restrooms, TV's and reclining seats while others don't. But all are decently priced, and any group of people that can afford to tour the US can definitely afford to buy these bus tickets.

Music Equipment

At most punk shows in México the bands will share their equipment, so you won't even need yours unless



you're all picky about your "sound."

Records and Merchandise

You can probably bring your records/CDs with you to sell if you can get them past customs officials but you might not want to be luggin' all that junk around with you everywhere you go. Remember, most likely you will be traveling in buses. If you plan your tour with time you can possibly release a cassette (which is what is mostly used there) of your songs and mail them all there or have someone there help you put it out and maybe translate your lyrics too. You can also make a T-shirt screen while you're there and screen shirts as you go.

Contacts: a.k.a. "the fuckin' kids"

The people listed here were kind enough to allow me to print their contact info for all of us to make good use of. A lot of these people helped a great big deal with the FMOA tour and some have helped other bands tours as well. They're all very dedicated. Show them respect and kindness as they will towards you. Here they go: —Robert Flores/1009 Claveles Dr./Laredo, TX 78040; (956) 722-5773 or (512) 392-9136. My man Robert lives in a border town in Texas and if you're going through his area you can arrange to leave your van with him while you travel through México. He's very nice and he listens to digital hardcore.

NUEVO LEON

—Fernando Lozano/Apartado Postal 1946/CP 64001/Monterrey, N.L./México

—Miguel Valladares/Apartado Postal 1879/CP 64000/Monterrey, N.L./México; kitsch@sdm.net.mx

TAMAULIPAS

—Mahaleel J. Velazquez Reyes/Calle Hidalgo No. 1001, col. Vergel/CP 89150/Tampico, Tamps./México; mahaleel.v@usa.net

GUANAJUATO

—Juan Martin Anda Lopez/Apartado Postal 1-798/CP 37000/Leon, Gto./México

QUERETARO

—Jose Antonio Aguilar/Apartado Postal 1-566/CP 76001/Querétaro, Qro./México

JALISCO

—Benjamin Quirarte/Constitución #470/Colonia Unidad Republica/CP 45140/Zapopan, Jal./México; lacomun@yahoo.com

MEXICO CITY

—Cruz V. Luis/Apartado Postal #16-052/CP 02011/México D.F./México; cons_internacion@hotmail.com

—Pedro Cruz Olivera/Calle 13 No. 29/Colonia Estado de Mexico/Ciudad Nezahualcoytl/CP 57210/Edo. Mex./México

PUEBLA

—Said S. P./Apartado Postal 359/CP 72001/Puebla, Pue./México

OAXACA

—Abraham Ramirez Cruz/1 Privada de Divicion Del Norte/#120 Colonia Santa Maria/CP 68020/Oaxaca, Oax./México

—Miguel Morales/México 68 #8/Infonavit 1 de Mayo/CP 68020/Oaxaca, Oax./México; brau97@hotmail.com

BAJA CALIFORNIA

—Paola Karina Jimenez/Rio Usumacinta 3256/Frac. Casa Blanca/CP 21390/Mexicali, B.C.N./México

—Manuel Verdusco/Calle Ing. Fernando Sanchez A./Antes (Michoacan) #7906 Num. Viejo (1716)/Colonia Zona Norte CP 22000/Tijuana, B.C.N./México

The states represented here cover a good chunk of the country. I know there are still more states with active scenes but I have yet to contact them. When you begin to contact people to set up your shows you should always let them know who's setting up shows in the other cities that way they can coordinate with them and figure out the best route for your travels.

Many of these cities cannot do shows during the week so take that into consideration when you're trying to figure out how long you should be there. I can't possibly cover everything but I have tried to include the most important parts of touring México. If you still need more information you can write me and I will try to help out as best I can.

I thought up a few questions bands might have about what I've written so far, such as:

They probably have never even heard of my band, so why go?

Who cares. You probably only have a demo out and are already planning your tour to Europe. Plus hardcore is more than just music right? So that shouldn't matter. Write with kids there, trade music, exchange ideas. Next.

None of us speak any Spanish?

Most of the people I listed here know English to a certain degree. Some speak it and others can understand it but all make the effort. If you meet them half way and practice your Spanish a bit you'll get by just fine. A lot of the people that work at the bus terminals you will be visiting quite often speak English too so that won't be a problem. A quick thing I wanted to point out is that most of these workers are required to learn English in order to keep their jobs to accommodate "American" tourists. But over here Spanish-speaking folks tear their hair out trying to order some tickets in English because no one will accommodate them. It's that "English only" mentality, fuck that.

Will we make money?

Probably not enough where the tour can pay for itself. In fact, judging from my own experience and what other bands have told me, you will probably lose some money. Kids there put a lot of hard work and money into the shows. Renting the show space, music equipment, buying food or what have you usually doesn't leave much money for the bands. If you're looking to make profit then don't even bother with this column.

After doing a little investigating I realized that only a few punk bands have toured México using the DIY network (not counting the bands from there), in fact I can probably name them all. Dogma Mundista (CA), Naked Aggression (CA), Los Crudos (IL), Fleas & Lice (Holland), State of Fear (MN), Huasipungo (NY), Sin Dios (Spain), Deathreath (TN), Last Chance (AR) and Former Members of Alfonsín (CA). I probably missed a couple but that's still very few. By doing this, these bands have represented what hardcore truly means to me. Stepping out of the herd and taking a chance on something different. For wanting to express what they sing about on different territories no matter what language they sing it in. Actions will speak louder than words, always. As the US tightens up its borders more and more towards México the hardcore scene here follows along in its footsteps, adding only to how the US already treats the unnoticed neighbor. Shutting out what could potentially become another great network of friends as this movement has created in the past between the US, Canada, European countries and Japan. It would be great to freely and on our own terms tour México and in return help bands from there come over here. That would be a big FUCK YOU to racist politicians like Pete Wilson, Ron Unz and the next dipshit to sit in the White House for the next four years. The last thing they want is a bunch of Mexican kids in this country telling their youth what their daddy's company is really doing in México.

Mike Amezcua/PO Box 18198/Los Angeles, CA 90018/USA; miguelgnito@hotmail.com

Punk is my hobby. It is not my life. That is not to say that it is an insignificant or trivial part of my life. However, it is not the whole of my existence. Often I have heard friends and acquaintances reject the idea of hardcore/punk as a hobby. I have heard many steadfastly proclaim, "Punk is my life!" or "Hardcore is everything to me!" I think this is a misguided position. And while I realize that my position on this matter flies in the face of many reading this column, I intend to illustrate some potential problems resulting from punk as "way of life" or "lifestyle." But before I plunge into these controversial waters, let me first prepare my lifeline.

The American Heritage College Dictionary defines hobby as "an activity or interest pursued outside one's regular occupation, primarily for pleasure." I would like to adjust that definition so that it may specifically apply my assertion of punk as a hobby. A hobby is an activity or interest pursued outside of, but not apart from one's regular occupation, primarily for pleasure. My addition may seem insignificant, but it warns against the assumption that my hobbies are somehow disconnected from my "regular occupation." Punk is not my only hobby. I am also a devoted fan of the television program "Homicide: Life on the Streets."

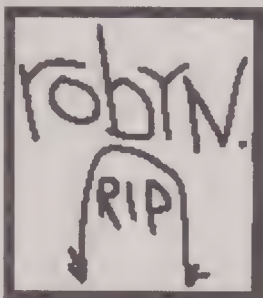
I spend hours reading books, browsing the internet, and seeking out other "Homicide: LOTS" addicts. "Homicide" is another hobby. But is it possible to compare punk rock to "Homicide"? I think so. Both are activities. Both demand plenty of time and energy. Both require some scrutiny and critique. Both inspire and facilitate my "regular occupation." Both put me in touch with others who share my interests. Both provide bases for dialogue. Neither provide me with any financial assistance whatsoever. In fact, both demand a portion of my income.

Punk is a subculture. To be punk means to participate in that subculture, whether in the form of publishing 'zines, distributing records, booking tours, or attending shows. Punk is sustained by the activities of its participants. Punk is as diverse and contradictory as the sum of these participants. Given this, I want to challenge the view that punk, as an actually existing subcultural group, is a state of mind. A state of mind is obviously not a hobby. It is an internal disposition, motivation, or inclination. What does it mean to have a "punk attitude"? Does that mean one likes to fuck shit up? Precisely what shit must be destroyed? Must one be into punk rock to be punk? Consider those individuals who seem to best embody the punk spirit or punk state of mind. Are they all punk rockers? I doubt it. So, while it may be useful to describe the rebel, outcast, subversive, or freak as "punk," such usage does not necessarily describe participation in punk subculture. Sadly, punk subculture itself appears too often to superficially celebrate subversion and rebellion, without articulating positive channels of resistance and sites of subversion.

Furthermore, punk is not political ideology. While many within the punk/hardcore scene may share political ideology, the subculture itself is not the embodiment of that ideology. If it is argued that punk, most fundamentally, is anarchism, how might one explain the existence of anarchists before and apart from punk subculture? How might one explain the existence of punks who are not anarchists? And how on earth does one explain 90% of hardcore? My political commitments are my life. They shape almost everything I do. Many of my conscious decisions and activities reflect continued consultation with my politics. Political commitments are not my hobbies. Rather, they push me towards certain hobbies and occupations, and away from others. Consider, as an example, the punk rock nihilist. Nihilism is her state of mind (if she even acknowledges something called a "mind") or her political disposition. Punk rock is her hobby. I hope she has other hobbies. Otherwise, she is extremely uninteresting. A nihilistic punk rock stamp collector? Nice.

You exclaim, "To call punk a hobby makes it sound so frivolous and superficial!" And I am sensitive to this criticism. Yet I think hobby is the appropriate word, as my (slightly-altered) definition seems to correspond perfectly to punk/hardcore. And what is all of this nonsense about hobbies as trivial pastimes? Hobbies are, more often than not, more important to hobbyists than their "regular occupations." Does that mean that our "regular occupations" must remain wholly detached from our favorite hobbies? Of course not. For the devoted hobbyists, that is not even a possibility. Our "regular occupations" will no doubt reflect the values and commitments that facilitate our participation in punk subculture. And if we are unable to secure occupations that promote these values and commitments, we can rely on punk rock for some nourishment. Does this mean that punk rock cannot qualify as a "regular occupation"? This is the difficult question. This is the question for which I have no definitive answer, but hope to offer some considerations and reflections.

Before I begin to address the complicated issue of punk (participation in punk subculture) as a professional endeavor or career, I want to explain why attempts to transform it into "a way of life" should be resisted. In *HeartattaCk* #24, a young man wrote a provocative letter suggesting that "feminist bullshit within our movement" can only corrupt and destroy the punk scene [italics mine]. I want to address this type of sentiment, as I think it emerges from the tendency to regard punk rock as one's life, as a state of mind, and as a cohesive movement. Feminism as "bullshit" need not be explicitly addressed. I think the ignorance of the statement warrants little attention. But the notion of punk as "our movement" is an interesting one. First, to call punk a "movement" is either to refer to musical



and artistic trends (and how might feminism interfere with art and music?) or to confuse punk with politics. I am not about to conflate my politics with your average punk or hardcore kid. Therefore, I see the distinction as important. Furthermore, regarding punk as "our movement" ignores the multiple hierarchies within the subculture that furnish a select few with the influence to define the style and standards, likes and dislikes of the scene. Perhaps it is misleading to regard something as "ours" when, in fact, many never enjoy the opportunity to participate in the definition and redefinition of it. Furthermore, it is even desirable to regard punk as something so homogenized into a "we" or an "our" that any attempts to challenge and reinterpret punk invite the label, "fascist"? Finally, if punk is uncontested movement, does that imply that one can simply sign up and passively join the crusade? Must punk remain immune from internal criticism? If anything seems to contradict the so-called punk spirit, it is the idea the punk itself must remain undisputed and stagnant.

If punk is not "our movement," is it our "way of life"? This, too, suggests a degree of conformity and homogeneity. A "way of life" seems to imply a prepackaged identity that one can embrace and make her own. I'm not even sure what a "way of life" would entail other than what we ordinarily call "lifestyle." And lifestyle seems so inherently conformist, consumerist, and image-driven. Lifestyle functions on the basis of appearances and superficiality. Lifestyle replaces creativity with consumption, expression with commodity, resistance with uniformity.

When I argue that punk rock is not and should not be a movement, way of life, or lifestyle, I do not mean to suggest that it is merely a role in and out of which one slips depending on her situation and surroundings. My participation in punk rock obviously shapes the kind of person I am. Even as I sit in my graduate seminars, watch "Homicide: LOTS," go record shopping, read philosophy books, and write for 'zines, I am pretty fucking punk (although that is debatable). Similarly, when I go to punk shows, I am also a graduate student, a "Homicide" aficionado, a record collector, and a 'zine writer. All of my activities shape my personality. And my personality shapes my participation in various activities. My "way of life" (if it even makes sense to think in these terms) is the product of my own unique preferences, contradictions, interests, passions, strengths and flaws.

Punk/hardcore is my hobby. It remains a part of my life, but not comprise the whole of it. To argue for punk as a hobby, I am not simply suggesting that one should engage in political activism, intellectual pursuits, and physical activities. I am not claiming that one should limit the amount of time or energy one devotes to punk rock. I am simply stating that punk and hardcore kids should have more going on in their lives. We should not limit our social group to other punk kids (as the subculture itself is hardly a model of diversity). I am beginning to catch a glimmer of hope and possibility that beyond the confines of punk and hardcore, a whole lot of kick-ass people are doing some pretty kick-ass things. And if punk rock consumed my entire existence, how could I enjoy the opportunity to learn from them?

Punk/hardcore is my hobby, but more importantly, it is not my profession. When we begin to think of punk as our lives, as our whole existence, we devote all our time and energy into its success. Perhaps we have some personal incentive, but mostly we do it because we love it. After all, it is everything to us. But as soon as we begin to devote everything to it—all of our time, money, energy, resources, skill, and emotion—we begin to expect something in return. We want a little bit back. First, the desire for some compensation is met by recognition from other members of one's scene. But what happens when recognition is not enough? Some may want some financial reward. I mean, after dedicating so much time, so much money, so much energy, etc., doesn't the full-time punk rocker deserve to make a living from it? And wouldn't it be great to make a living from something one loves as much as the full-time punk rocker loves punk rock?

I am not necessarily opposed to people making money off of punk rock. Actually, I haven't

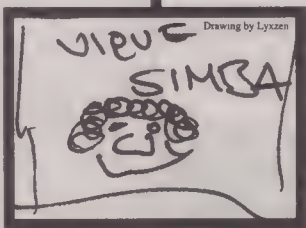
really made up my mind about the matter just yet. But I think it is worth some reflection. And if I do end up opposing punk rock as a career opportunity, it is not based upon some romantic notion about punk rock as antithetical to profit. It may prove important to preserve punk rock as a hobby, as something open to a variety of participants without ever being fully dominated by the "professional punks." Punk as a hobby may promote its democratic, non-hierarchical potential. I have heard two important and compelling arguments for profit in punk: 1.) People are not altruists. One cannot expect individuals to contribute the time, money, energy, etc. without some financial compensation, and 2.) If someone loves punk rock, why shouldn't she try to make a living off of it? Shouldn't we be supportive of the rare instance in which someone has made a career off of what she loves to do? These are tough questions. I make no attempt to refute their validity. But some brief points to consider...

Regarding the first point, I do admit that people are not always altruists. But subcultural participation is also not charity. It is not supposed to feel like painstaking work for which one must be compensated to avoid the drudgery of alienation and exploitation. One participates in the scene precisely because she loves it, because it is not work, but hobby. Hobbies may require some work, but their incentives are not paychecks. And it seems difficult to attempt to put a price tag on subcultural participation. How comfortably should someone live off of punk rock? As comfortably as possible? At what point does one cross the income threshold and revoke her punk license?

To the second question, I have little response. Intuitively, I answer affirmatively, "Yes! To make punk a profession is to fuck with the system! It is to tear down barriers and allow individuals to pursue that which they find most rewarding and enjoyable." And so I love how professional punks fuck with mainstream culture. I just don't know how much I appreciate the consequences within the subculture. More often than not, professional punks exert disproportional influence over the subculture—what bands are heard, what 'zines are read, which people are admired and emulated. And I think that interferes with the democratic and egalitarian potential of the subculture. I have heard and witnessed many kids hand themselves a big pat on the back for all that they do for punk rock. My response: "Job well done. But chill out! This is youth subculture—it comes with the territory. You're supposed to work your ass off."

I am not sure of my opinion on these final points. Mostly, I am hoping to generate a discussion relevant to the increasing professionalization of subcultural participation. Through dialogue, I might learn from the experiences and opinions of others. I am fairly certain, however, that people who allow punk to devour their entire lives—who eat, sleep and breathe the "movement" or the "way of life"—are doing themselves and punk/hardcore a disservice. Perhaps welding. Or other subcultures. Or rock collecting. Or Planned Parenthood administrative assistance. Or Tai Chi. Or film. Or baseball. Or "Homicide: Life on the Streets." If you choose this last one, we could shoot the shit. All thoughts, reactions, and responses are welcome and greatly appreciated. All hate mail and death threats will be thrown into the box labeled "hate mail and death threats." Robyn Marasco/PO Box 13445/Berkeley, CA 94712-4445; hereinhell@aol.com

The death toll is as such:
Jan 1st 1995—Valerie Martin—mother—dead—cardiac arrest



Jan 2nd 1998—Mabel Wilkes—paternal grandmother—dead—natural causes
June 25th 1998—Alan Martin—father—dead—suicide—hanging
Jan 6th 2000—Angelina Dubin—maternal grandmother—dead—natural causes

Five years and five days—too much death for one person. I think anyone would agree with that. Five was always my 'lucky' number when I was little—always the number I would pick anyway. Doesn't seem so lucky now. Not much feels lucky these days.

I remember being small and learning about wars. Learning that people lost their whole family over the course of the second world war, or suchlike.

Wondering how people coped. Wondering how they go on. Wondering.

I no longer wonder, for it is my reality. It is the 10th of January today. Only four days since my Nan died, and I am doing well. I am coping. My friend Denise imagines me as a warrior, wearing a viking helmet. My friend Dave as a rubber ball, always bouncing back. I don't know. I cope, it's true. But I have to. There is no other choice.

That's how others cope with death—because they have to. Because there is no alternative. Because the alternative is being dead yourself. And it is true that it makes you tough. Keeps things in perspective. But it makes me so many things other than tough. And they aren't good things.

It makes me lonely. It makes me vulnerable. It makes me sad. It taints all joy and happiness as there's no family to share it with. It makes life so much harder than it should be at my age. And I cope, yes, but I yearn for the times when life was more than coping. Or for time in the future when it might be more than that again. I am hopeful, but I don't place any bets. The odds aren't good enough.

My Nan's death was the last of direct generations above me. My grandfathers both died long ago. I know that we all must grieve for our grandparents and I know that it is normal and the way that things should be, but it still hurts. I am not hard on myself for taking her death hard, even though we were not close, because it is about so much more than her. It is about the last of the people that raised me leaving. It is about the last of the laps that I remember sitting upon as a child being gone. The last of the people who gave me nurturance and unconditional love being lost.

No matter how much someone loves you as an adult it is not like the way someone loves you as a child. Not like being a daughter or a grand-daughter. Nothing is like that. There is no relationship that can ever replace the emotions felt or the love received/given. There is no-one alive whose lap I remember sitting on when small. No-one who helped to cut my food or do up my shoelaces. It's not about my Nan per se, more about all of them you see. It's about all of the attachments made as a baby/child. All gone.

I remember my Nan sitting on the wall in my back-garden on a Sunday afternoon in Brighton. She would always bring me a big bag of boiled sweets and yet I was not old enough to be allowed a whole one. She would bite it hard with her teeth, holding it in her fingers as she did it, and then give me a half or a quarter at a time. I liked the red ones best.

I remember how my Dad would always tickle my back for me when I was tired or sad. He would put his hand under my T-shirt and tickle with just his finger tips, slowly and softly. It was my favourite thing. It still is. My Nan would do something similar—she would do it on my arm though. And she would rub the same spot over and over again until it was almost sore, and it felt so good.

I was really really loved as a child. I had parents who loved each other and their children very much. I was planned and wanted and always felt so very loved. My Nans both loved me too—I know this. And I know how lucky I am for that. I am grateful for having had this love. Some people never have it. I had it for so many years, I am lucky. But why don't I FEEL lucky? Why do I feel robbed? Why am so sad that I don't still have it? Why can't I look on the bright side? I try to, and most of the time I do, I'm just being silly now. It's understandable, I know. It's only been four days.

And friends? I have so many. I am so blessed. Some are especially wonderful. I have this one friend, his name is Jason. He shares his family with me. I just spent my third Christmas with his family this past month. And when I called to tell him about my Nan he was so lovely. And when it was time to go he said to me that he loved me. And that his mum and dad and his grandparents loved me. I said to him, "Thank-you for sharing your family with me." His reply was, "Thank-you for being part of my family." Oh. How lucky I am. When I was there at Christmas I felt loved and safe and secure. I appreciate feeling like that and being loved by them SO much. But I wish I felt like that always. I wish I had my own family. I wish, I wish, I wish.

All the wishing and all the tears won't change my life or my situation I know. But talking/ writing about my feelings and my fears helps greatly. I

don't write about this stuff so that other people can understand or so that I gain their sympathy. I know people can never understand what others go through. And I don't want sympathy. I have a good life. I am fine. I am good. I write so that perhaps it will influence how others live. I want to reach out and shake people who don't appreciate their family. When I was 23 and spent the last Christmas at home with my family, before they all started dying, I did not anticipate this. I was 23 years old. You only get one family. You only get one life. Please treasure your family. Please ask all the questions I didn't get to ask.

Ask them everything. Ask them for all the memories that they never shared with you. About when your parents met, when your grandparents met. How they felt when you were born. How they felt when you started school or the first time you smiled or said their name. Ask it all. 'One day they will be gone and you won't be able to ask any more. And tell them. Tell them everything that you want to or even what you don't want to. Tell them how you feel and tell them your dreams and your ambitions and what you hate about them and what you love. Talk to them. Share with them. Spend time with them. They will be gone and you will be left with regrets.

I try not to regret—I don't look back, only forwards. I am lucky that all of my family knew that I loved them. It was actually the last thing I said to both my Dad and my recently deceased Nan. Those words "I love you" were the last that passed my lips to both of them. I am glad of that. And I know that they all loved me. This I never doubt. But that doesn't actually lessen the loss—just the pain.

I know you will never understand until one day your parents and your grandparents are all dead. And maybe you will think back and think of me telling you how much it will hurt and you will be glad of my advice. Treasure your family. No matter how much they drive you crazy, they are the only family that you will have, and you must love them. For you will miss them when they are gone. I was not particularly close to my Nan. She used guilt to manipulate. She didn't reach out or ask questions. She had purple hair. But she was my Nan, and I loved her.

I won't miss her per se really, as I saw her so rarely. But I will miss what she stood for. She stood for stories and sweets and someone to come as a pretend customer to my shop when I was eight years old. Grandmothers also stand for something else. They stand for the person that you know will take care of you if anything happens to your Mum and Dad. They are the safety net if the worst fears are realised.

When my Mum died I made the conscious decision not to be too close to my grandmothers, as they were both in their eighties and I was scared of their deaths. I had to—self-preservation. But at the back of my mind I knew that they were there should I need them. They were too old and frail for me to turn to them for most things. But if I needed love they were there. If I needed to be reminded of where I came from, they were there. And now they are not.

And I am okay with it. I mean, this is life. Life includes a whole shit-load of death and I have come to terms with that. I just feel so helpless to insist that people learn from the situation that I am in.

That people don't complain about their parents' inadequacies, their grandparents' annoying qualities or the inconveniences that either cause. They won't be around forever. Treasure them. Please.

Sitting atop the ocean side bluff I am warmed by the morning sun. The sky is clear and the Channel Islands are visible. The tide recedes from the base of the bluff, revealing the eroded lines of rock that were once part of the cliff. Some water remains within their crevices and hollows. These tide pools will provide refuge for crabs and sea snails and other ocean life stranded until the ocean waters return. The tidal ebb and flow shifts as our moon revolves about the rotating earth and both circle the sun. The interactions of each pull the water of the oceans through the tidal cycle and reveals a bit about the working of our planetary system.



Steve Snyder

At my garden all the summer crops have finished producing and have dried out, lost their leaves, and returned to the soil. Tomatoes, beans, pumpkins, corn grow in the long and warm days of our dry season. Winter began on 21 December and we are well into the cooler wet season. In Southern California that means the days are shorter and a little less warm and the nights are a lot cooler. We will get most of the year's precipitation in these four months, November through February. Peas, onions, garlic, broccoli, and cabbage prefer the short days and the cooler temperatures of winter and they are coming along as the winter solstice leaves and the summer solstice approaches.

The solstices are events that mark a specific point in a cycle. After the winter solstice there is a shift from earlier sunsets and later sunrises to earlier sunrises and later sunsets. Consequently the days get longer and nighttime shortens. The motion of our planetary neighborhood in its various orbits and rotations is quite predictable. The order inherent in the cycles of seasons, days and nights, tides, eclipses, and other celestial events provides an environment in which life can evolve and flourish. These cycles directly interact with life on earth through weather cycles and patterns of freshwater distribution. All living things are somehow affected by the cycles of our ecosystem. Some undertake migrations from one climate to another; some hibernate through seasons of scarcity. Humans developed an agriculture based on growing seasons and the flooding of rivers.

Our bodies are made of cycles. We breathe in and out. Blood cycles throughout bringing nourishment and removing wastes. Other body cycles have strong connections to planetary cycles. Some animals are active at night and sleep during the daylight, other follow the reverse cycle. Alertness of senses, digestion and other body functions follow those schedules. These cycles and functions form patterns that define our lives and provide a basis for interacting with the world. Day and night and seasonal change create easily discernible structure in the world. Interactions will vary—the clouds the sky, how many animals are drinking at a stream, the quantity of fruits on trees, and fires are examples. But day fades to night fades to day forever. (Of course the far north and south of our planet experience much longer days and nights.)

Our planet experiences its own bodily cycles. Mountains rise from ocean floor and are eroded away by rain, which is part of a water cycle. Wind erodes as it flows from high pressure to low pressure areas. Earthquakes and landslides are not predictable within life spans of animals but probably make sense to the planet.

Humans have imposed a concept of times on the cycles of seasons and days. Different cultures construct calendars to record their aspirations and activity and to provide immediate structure to the things we do amongst ourselves and on the planet. The beginnings and the ends of these calendars are arbitrary and all the milestones within as well. Over emphasis on specific points can make those points seem of great importance taking attention away from the expanse of lifetimes. Everything we do, no matter when we do it, is equally important to our lives. There are no days more special than others are. Each day has its own events and concerns and collectively the patterns of our lives appears. Everything we do affects other lives and other living things. Appreciating the importance of every day could be a step toward establishing a stronger relationship with the place we live. Maybe we could make friends with some trees that play a role in our lives, or acknowledge the various birds and insects who share our world or touch a stream or river near where we live. These are small celebrations of being alive performed with the knowledge that the cycles or our earth will continue just about forever.

"So tell me William, how do you handle stress?"

I had to struggle to contain my laughter. What did she think I would say? "Well, I like to beat my cubicle walls and then I chuck my coffee mug at co-workers and if I'm really wound up tight, I smash my computer monitor with my fists, all the while frothing at the mouth and hurling obscenities at all who dare come near." And what the hell did she think this was, an interview or psychotherapy? I should have expected such a routine question, but I didn't

prepare and really, I didn't care. This was just another in a long, long line of pointless job interviews. The Interviewer Woman may have said she was different from the rest, but she didn't fool me, no not for a second. I knew her breed. They wear that phony smile and those high heels and that handkerchief/scarf thing my high school teachers wore. And they open their mouths and that corporatespeak oozes out. They say things like "We're all a part of the Team here" and "I like to make sure we're all on the same page." How do I deal with stress Ms. Corporate America? By not taking you or your Team as seriously as you do.

There comes a time a young person's life where they gotta make a choice: work or don't work. Well, like any good middle-class white kid, I wasted my parents' money on a college education and figured I owed it to them to hunt for employment that utilized my higher education. It is a horrifying reality—needing to work to make money to survive. Yes, there are other means of survival in these United States of Consumers, yet I idiotically chose the common method for sustaining existence—work. Oh yes, it does run counter to instinct. No sane animal would willingly labor for another while receiving meager benefit and copious abuse. But that's what makes humans human—we are a creature that thrives on self-mutilation. And during the first half of 1999, I beat myself silly engaging in petty and pretentious banter with a score of companies in a half-assed bid for an entry-level job in any institution that allowed me through the doors.

I didn't really want a job at some corporation and they didn't want me, yet I convinced myself to keep fighting the good fight for a shitty job due to economic necessity. So I browsed through piles of those "How to Get a Job" books at a nearby Barnes & Noble, tearing out a page here or there when it seemed appropriate. I whipped up a resume based on notes I took from those "How to Make a Winning Resume" books and I thought I was set to take on the work world. This led me to the interview with the woman mentioned previously. She was the assistant editor or associate editor or editor something at a big, prestigious publishing company. I fired my resume on over and wouldn't ya know it, those hours at Barnes weren't for naught after all. I got a call back and the interview was set.

I biked it on over to North American Publishing one fine, crisp, windswept morning. The building stretched way up in a race to touch the clouds. I wandered through the revolving door and set foot in a long hallway, with a dozen elevators to the left, a convenience store to the right. Men and women clad in the finest corporate duds hurried about, like characters in clips of those old '30s movies where everything is sped up. A large man with a striped tie and a walkie-talkie approached me, eyeing me suspiciously, saying without saying, "You don't belong here." He opened up his wide mouth: "Can I help you son?" Now that was a serious blow to my stab at looking mature. "I'm looking for North American."

"That's on the seventh floor."

So up I went with two men reeking of Drakar and armed with briefcases and cell phones—the finest in corporate weaponry. When the light dinged on 7, I hopped out and at the end of the hall stood the magnificent glass doors emblazoned triumphantly with NORTH AMERICAN PUBLISHING. It was as if I died and here I was about to walk through the pearly gates of business heaven. I went in.

"Hi there!" chirped a small, perky receptionist. "Can I help you?"

"Yes, I'm here for an interview with (I have no idea what her name was)."

"Have a seat and fill this out. She'll be right with you."

She handed me a clipboard and I crashed on a comfy couch. I looked down and a job application stared back at me. What the fuck? I thought. Wasn't this a real job, one where my resume would do the talking? What's with the application? I scribbled away and then peered about the office. A big-ass ugly painting ran across the wall behind me. A glass case held dozens of magazines, which I presumed they put out. Everything from very technical journals to dull looking business-to-business catalogs. After what seemed like hours, a young woman, probably barely past 30, greeted me.

"William? Hi, I'm (I completely forget her name). Come with me."

I began to sweat. This was it. The inquisition

Dressed For SuckCess by Casey Boland

was about to begin.

Every interview I had the joy of experiencing before and after followed the same formula: ice-breaker bullshit introductions > explanation of company and position > the questions ("I just want to know a little bit more about you") > last words. This one was by the numbers. She led me to a conference room, since the rest of the mile-long office consisted of cubicles, and commenced the interview. I spat out my answers quickly and haphazardly. She even said, "Wow, yer zippin' right through these." Was that a compliment or a criticism, I wondered? She then told me about the job. It sounded about as exciting as hitting the return key on a computer keyboard for eight hours straight. She ended the interview saying, "I will definitely call you back, whether you get a second interview or not" (ah, the second interview). "I like to tell everyone one way or another. I hated when interviewers never called me back. I'm young enough to remember that." She never called me back. I didn't shed any tears. I left that office, wandering through that immense maze of cubicles, looking at those unfortunate ones caged within them, and knew I didn't want this. I didn't want to become them—living on coffee and chuckling at Dilbert cartoons.

Then came the interview with the lovely folks over at Fresh Fields Whole Foods Market. It wasn't exactly anything requiring a resume and a tie, but it was a health food store. That meant DISCOUNT. What a glorious day it was when I discovered they were hiring (little did I know at that point that the Whole Foods part of the name was actually a massive corporation that owns many "health food" stores). I went inside, purchased some nectarines and lo and behold a thing of indescribable beauty graced my eyes: a big sign announced that Fresh Fields needed NEW TEAM MEMBERS. Wow, I could be part of the Team too? I should've been keen on the new hiring tactics of modern corporate America. Yes, we're all a team and we're all on the same page, equals united to work harmoniously for a better country, a better way of life, even though you're the boss and you still tell me what to do and make a hell of a lot more money than me. Yet I was brainwashed into grabbing an application. The PR people won me over.

As part of the hiring process, Fresh Fields held biweekly "open interview sessions." So the day of the session I peddled over there as fast as possible. Of course this is the beginning of summer, so I get there drenched in sweat. So much for making a good first impression. I approached the customer service desk. "Hi, I'm here for the open interview."

Unbeknownst to me, some other job seekers gathered behind me. Addressing us all, Ms. Customer Service said, rather annoyed by our interruption of her phone conversation, "Put on these name tags and go through the backdoors and then go upstairs. There should be some chairs." Each of us scattered up different aisles. No sense of camaraderie or even friendliness among the unemployed. This is capitalism and competition is deadly.

I wander up the steps and see two men and a woman sitting with waiting applications in their jittery mitts. A woman came out and called for the woman and one man. I sat and waited. And waited. Whenever I find myself caught in a situation of painful idleness, I desperately seek diversion. I can't sit there and stare at the wall or strike up a conversation with whoever surrounds me. Never! So I rifled through my bookbag, aimlessly, hopelessly. Then a new girl sat down next to me, as the other woman and man left. The new applicant shattered my isolation.

"Are they always hiring?" she asked.

Her words didn't register in my brain, still fixed in screen saver mode.

"Huh?" I blurted.

"Do they always have job interviews on Tuesdays and Thursdays?"

Why the fuck are you talking to me, my brain shouted, irritated by this most unwelcome disruption.

"Oh, I have no idea. I don't know."

Silence so suffocating I could hardly breathe erupted. I searched frantically for a word or two I could offer, some piecemeal gift to relieve the anguish of our company, but nothing would come. Then, when the awkward tension was about to crack me into a screaming, frenzied madman, a woman called my name. The interview was about to begin.

I thought the agony was over but no, it had

yet to begin. A short, African-American woman, older, probably in her forties, had me sit down on a creaky, small purple plastic chair. I noticed another man interviewing the poor victim that went before me. Now it was my turn to be interrogated. How cruel! Conducting two separate interviews simultaneously in the same room. I heard the young man fire off responses as quick as he could. "Um, well I uh, yeah, I work real well with other people." I did not foresee a scene as surreal as this. Then it was my turn to go under the knife.

Right away things went wrong. She spoke so softly and quietly that I could barely make heads or tails of what she whispered.

"So, tell me a little bit about yourself."

"What? Excuse me?"

"Tell me a little something about yourself."

"Tell me? What? Uh... oh, oh, tell you a little bit about me?"

"Yes."

Annoyed couldn't begin to describe the look smeared like gaudy make-up all over her face.

"Yeah, OK."

Then it all rushed out in a torrent of words like I'd snorted a mountain of coke an hour earlier.

"Um, uh; I-graduated-a-few-months-ago-and-I've-been-living-here-in-Philly-for-a-few-months-and-I'm-a-shopper-here-and-I'm-a-strict-vegetarian-and-I-think-good-food-places-should-be-supported-as-alternatives-to-the-big-food-places," I ejaculated like a hot and heavy bout of spank the monkey gone awry. My words slipped out past my tongue and tripped over one another, falling flat on their stupid faces. I felt sick and hopeless. I panicked and felt like I was drowning in her interrogation. My interlocutor threw neither rope nor life jacket. Instead she pushed me further under.

"What could you bring to the team here at Fresh Fields?"

"Uh... what could I bring to the Team?" I trembled.

My brow glistened with sweat. I was done for.

"Well, uh, I am a vegetarian and I know a lot about—I have a lot of knowledge of health foods, so I could bring knowledge." Score one for the gipper! "I'm a hard worker and I work hard, so I could bring hard work, er... and I get along well with others. I'm a team player."

It was a pitiful sight to behold friends, yours truly babbling like a drunken idiot begging to be shot and put out of his misery. I was going down in flames with no water to douse out the inferno. With the previous question fired point blank between the eyes, she concluded the interview, saying she was grading my "performance." Her eyes screamed YOU FAILED. I weakly attempted to salvage whatever shred of credibility I may have had left by asking her if they always hire and if new stores will be opening, and then I lobbed this kicker at her, straight from a lame how-to book on job interviews.

"Well I guess the only last thing I'll ask is, do you enjoy working here?"

And suddenly it was as if the clouds parted and the sun sneaked a ray past the unrelenting wall of grey. A meek ray of hope shone on our narrator.

"Yes," she said with an introspective pause.

"Yes I do. I've been here since it opened, back when this place was a shell. That was back in '97."

And she went on describing herself as a happy member of the Fresh Fields Whole Foods Team. One thing I learned from these job interviews was that my interrogators liked to talk about themselves. I supposed that's a human quality, though most interviewers seem less than human.

I got up, shook her hand, marched down the dim hall, lit by the grim florescent lights at the other end. As I neared the stairwell, I saw the girl I shared a brief moment of wretched discomfort with earlier and said "Good luck." I walked down the steps and out of the store, crumpling up the stupid nametag. Defeated, I biked the long ride home against the wind. I never got that job at Fresh Fields, but I do believe I have seen that girl there, slaving away behind the register, ringing up eager yuppies stocking up their organic milk for Y2K.

A week later I had a run-in with two more job possibilities, or shall I say, they ran into me. I rolled the dye in the crapshoot of employment at two interviews in one day. Thursday the stakes were high. The first arose from a casual skim through the classifieds:

EDITORS NEEDED. Hot diggity damn I thought. Yet no other info was given except for a number. I impatiently dialed and within seconds I landed an interview with Dana. Just Dana. No surname, so I suppose she's right up there with Madonna and Cher and Tiffany—the pop diva of employment. There was no mention of what the position was or the name of the organization. It all struck me as quite shady. Could it be some lewd and lascivious porno ring? A front for a mob-run money laundering scheme? My curiosity could kill cats, so off I went to the interview.

The office was located smack-dab in the middle of the hustle and bustle of Center City on Walnut Street. I go into the office building and make my way past the women dressed in that office chic, with sneakers of course, puffing on those cigarettes like they'd breath new life into their aging and tired bodies. I enter the office. It's small. A man hands me a clipboard with an application. This one is long. It includes a proofreading test, along with a computer knowledge quiz. Fuck. I knew I should have studied. So I answer as best as I can, which isn't saying much. I'm not the sharpest of proofreaders and my computer knowledge is pretty minimal. I finish. And the receptionist has disappeared. No one is in sight. I wait a few minutes, and wait a few minutes more. I look down at the application. I know I am scoring no A+'s with that sucker. I sprint for the elevator and flee the unknown that awaited me.

I grinned with demented mirth like a kid that just pulled the school fire alarm for fun. Leaving that office was somehow liberating. I felt like I really did control my life. It also felt like a proper fuck you to the world of office employment. What would they think when they came to call me in for the interview? "William? William? Mr. Boland?????" I envisioned that receptionist in shock, stating, "How dare he walk out.. We'll see how far he gets with an attitude like that!" Some things are meant to be. That interview was definitely not.

I then walked twenty or so blocks to my next interview down on South Street. I must confess, it was at a business most unsavory to independent culture loving folks like myself. But I was desperate. I had to grasp for whatever they dangled in front of my hungry eyes. I had an interview at Tower Records. Oh yes, tis a most odious monument to commodified art and music. But a temporary spell led me into its evil clutches. I went to meet Kathleen. After a long fucking walk, I went inside and realized how over-dressed I was for Tower. Everyone there either wore black or drenched themselves in tats, piercings, and leather. Since I wore none of the above, I doubted my chances of procuring employment even here.

So I go up to the second level to meet Kathleen in an office so tiny veil would have more space to move in their confinement. She looked every inch of the Tower manager—short black dress, long black hair, and surprise surprise, tattoos covering most of her body and enough piercings to rival a scrap yard. She got right to the heart of the matter, the tough question sure to gauge my suitability as a Tower employee.

"Why do you want to work at Tower?"

I shat out a dumb reason like "I love music."

And she said I had the job! Yes! I would work again! Then she gave me the bad news.

"You'll be paid \$5.75 an hour—that's an extra 25 cents than normal cuz 'a yer experience. And I need ya to work Saturday and Sunday nights, 4pm to 12am."

This was not music to my ears. Then, as if to make up for the shitty hours and shitty pay, she babbled on about the possibilities of making my way up the Tower corporate ladder.

"There's so much room for advancement. Hey, you could even be the head of a music section!" I smiled and pretended to really give a fuck about the bullshit she shoveled into my ears.

I left dazed and frustrated. I agonized over what to do the whole weekend before my first day. And then that first day came—on one of the hottest motherfucking days Philly has ever known. I awoke that morning to the suffocating heat, crushing my chest and squeezing my skull. In the immortal words of The Clash, I continually asked myself should I stay or should I go? As the clock hit 9:50, I decided to lug the bike down to the street and head on down—I had about fifty blocks to bike in 100 degree heat, and in ten minutes. I figured it like this: if I got there before 10:15, I'd go inside and work. If I got there after 10:15, I'd jam. I

got there, sweating like a pig caught in a sauna, at 10:21. I did not become a Tower employee.

I rode around South Philly and realized, I like not working. It's fun. But I couldn't avoid the inevitable. I could keep running but I knew they'd get me. There's nowhere to hide. At least I could give them a run for their money and in the end, that's what it all comes down to.

For more true life tales of having fun with the powers that be, check out *I Defy* Number 10. Not available in Tower Books. Write me at 614 S 48th. St. #2R/Philadelphia, PA 19143 or; rscb@earthlink.net

Shutting Down the WTO and Opening Up a World of Possibilities

"The people, quite simply, spoke. A wide fusion of radical environmentalists, labor activists, human rights advocates, and social justice workers made the WTO listen when for five years it had adamantly refused. The terms of the free trade debate have forever been changed; no amount of tear gas or police harassment of demonstrators after the fact changed the bottom line. For one day, a ragtag army of nonviolent global citizens spoke—and the world listened." —Seattle Weekly 12.02.99.

I had been standing, arms linked, with members of my affinity group by my side in a street blockade for several hours on Tuesday afternoon, when word was passed along that all WTO meetings for the day had been canceled.

The day had started early—5:30am—my affinity group joined thousands of people at the park to begin actions that truly felt historic. The Longshore workers had shut down the ports up and down the West Coast. Actions against global capital were taking place in dozens of countries on every continent. And we were going to try and shut down the WTO.

We were part of the Cowborg cluster—clusters of affinity groups had been formed to take specific actions to use non-violent direct action to shut down the WTO. The city had been divided up into 13 wedges—pieces of pie (named from A-M) and ours was Key Lime. The Cowborg cluster was one of several clusters in our wedge alone. There were hundreds of affinity groups and dozens of clusters, organizing on such a scale that I had never before participated in, the excitement was intoxicating.

The Cowborg cluster had a large cow puppet with BGH (Bovine Growth Hormone) written on its side representing the grotesque use of hormones and chemicals in factory farming. We were to take an intersection and a dozen people would lock-down while 30-40 of us would protect them with our bodies and hold the intersection as long as we could to help tie up downtown and prevent any movement into the convention center where the WTO ceremonies were to begin. We marched with thousands into the downtown and then moved to our location. We took our intersection and within minutes we could see other intersections occupied as well. Communications people on bicycles zoomed by announcing which intersections had been taken—the hotels are surrounded, clusters are taking their sections everywhere, the police are disoriented and can't keep up with us—we were told.

We danced, we chanted, we sang, we celebrated. A street party had begun several blocks up from us. I went to check it out and soon found myself helping blockade the delegates from China. An organizer began speaking to the delegates in Chinese and there in the street, international talks were taking place between grass-roots activists and representatives from nations around the world about human rights, social and environmental justice.

The Cowborg cluster—recognizing our utter (no pun intended) success left our intersection and marched triumphantly around downtown joining other blockades and street parties. Downtown was ours—everywhere you looked, the beautiful faces of activists realizing their dreams shined brightly.

The first announcement came—the morning sessions had been canceled, the opening ceremonies were off.

I could hardly believe it—we shut down the WTO! We hugged each other, we shouted, we cheered. One of the most powerful organizations on the planet

had been brought to a stand-still.

We rested and then returned to the blockades for the afternoon. Groups of activists were everywhere holding intersections. We joined a blockade and stood in solidarity with thousands of other activists working to keep the WTO shut down and then again the messages came that the entire day had been canceled—shortly thereafter we heard the concussion grenades and saw the tear gas.

A group of hundreds several blocks down from us were being fired upon with rubber bullets and tear gas. What I saw would continue and get worse. The police were relentless. The defenders of power and privilege had to punish us for what we had accomplished.

The next few days were consumed in marches, blockades as well as military action by the police. A state of emergency was declared by the Mayor, the national guard was called in, a curfew was put into effect, a no protest zone was created around downtown and the tear gas was flying everywhere, the pepper spray was indiscriminate, the sound of the concussion grenades and helicopters flying above was a constant—echoing in my mind long after they stopped.

We marched on Wednesday with the Steelworkers and thousands of unionists—alongside grassroots activists from all over the world, organizing around multiple issues and standing in solidarity with one another as a broad movement. We were fired upon by the police and my affinity group was engulfed by tear gas. As we tried to get out of there, I looked back and saw a comrade from our affinity group buckled over on the street completely surrounded by tear gas. We carried each other out of there, each of us in a different state of trauma and pain. We regrouped and made decisions—as we had been throughout all of the actions and police madness—as an affinity group using consensus process (we were not unique in doing this).

Being tear gassed in the streets with thousands of amazing activists brought so many emotions to the forefront—anger and profound sadness seeing people you love squirting lemons in their eyes to get the pain of tear gas out, tears running down their face, an undeniable sense of solidarity with everyone who is struggling in the streets to resist corporate tyranny and standing up to state violence.

As a movement of people we were unstoppable. The lock-downs, the blockades, the marches, the organizing continued until finally the WTO ended in total disarray—the negotiators of corporate power and profit oriented policy were left bankrupt by a movement of people who represented a radical coalition of activists who came from around the world and mounted an unprecedented campaign of non-violent resistance.

on organizing

People were amazingly well organized. Every night there was a spokescouncil meeting where all of the affinity groups sent a spokesperson to discuss and agree on strategy for the next day. Affinity groups are anywhere from 4-20 people and are generally formed because everyone shares something that brings them together—common politics, common activism, common identity (queer, women of color, transsexual, etc.). My affinity group was made up mostly of Food Not Bombers from San Francisco. Each affinity group chooses a spokesperson to go to the spokescouncil meetings. Our affinity group tried to rotate this position. These spokescouncil meetings and others that took place regularly were excellent examples of what we can do—of how we can operate as a strong yet decentralized movement that can come together in massive numbers and still operate as small groups. The organizing demonstrated how effective it is to operate under the principle that we are all leaders, we are all organizers, we are all participants in this struggle.

The actions were creative, the jail solidarity was brilliant. Work groups were formed to do jail support, media, first aid and a lot of other important work. These work groups operated well and allowed people to focus, share common work and utilize skills and resources effectively.

Furthermore, it must be remembered that actions against globalization and corporate tyranny took place all over the world on November 30th—in the Philippines, England, Italy, Switzerland, India,

Australia, South Africa, and beyond. The organizing model utilized—the Global Day of Action—helps develop international solidarity and a decentralized global movement connecting many different issues impacting many different communities.

on anarchist involvement

While the media obsessed over anarchists who destroyed property—the real story was that anarchists were simply everywhere doing a hundred different things. Anarchists were doing jail support, media work, making meals for thousands, doing dishes, facilitating strategy meetings, leading workshops and discussion groups. Anarchists were doing medical support work, security at the warehouse space, communications between affinity groups and clusters, organizing marches and blockades and lock downs and tripod sits and forming human chains. Anarchists were making puppets, banners, signs, leaflets, press releases, stickers, and costumes (like the lovable sea turtles). Anarchists were starting chants, designing posters and newspapers, playing music, negotiating with the police and jailers to get our comrades out of jail. Anarchists were squatters occupying an empty building and attracting national media to the issues of property, poverty and homelessness. Anarchists were held in solitary confinement for being such effective organizers of mass non-violent civil disobedience that rocked Seattle and ignited the imaginations of the world. Anarchists organized child care!!! And yes, anarchists targeted corporate chain stores. Simply put, anarchists significantly contributed to one of the most effective mass actions in recent US history.

on property and resistance

As a movement we need to think critically about how our actions and our messages get interpreted by the rest of society. Some of the people who engaged in property destruction were very clear and left messages "anti-sweatshop" that were easily understandable—however, there were also people who genuinely looked like they were just lashing out randomly and unthoughtfully (which might be justifiable, but not necessarily effective in making social change).

However—as a movement we also need to recognize the difference between property destruction and violence. I remember watching—years ago—thousands of people hammering away at the Berlin Wall that stood as such an obvious symbol of political oppression. I did not once think that those who were smashing the wall were violent. It was a jubilant and inspiring moment. Nor do I think that those who were toppling statues of Stalin in Eastern Europe are violent. Again another obvious symbol of oppression. In the United States, under corporate capitalism, the symbols of oppression are the golden arches of McDonald's and other corporate stores that are destroying the planet and amassing enormous power at our expense. While we need to think strategically about our tactics and be open to debate and dialogue, we also need to put things into perspective. While I advocate non-violent direct action, I understand where others are coming from and hope that we can discuss these issues as a movement that is diverse and vibrant.

The issue of violence is squarely upon the state as it attacked protesters and people in the neighborhoods and demonstrated an uncompromising willingness to aggressively assault non-violent demonstrators.

the future

Seattle was truly amazing and it was made possible because of all of the organizing that we do day-to-day, the often unglamorous work that makes social change happen. Our ideas of what is possible have been greatly expanded. I have heard many people say that it will take them a while to process all that has happened, and I feel the same way. Hopefully we can share our ideas and think hard about what we did and what we can do so that our movement will grow. We need to think critically about how we, as organizers and activists, communicate our messages to the broader society. How can we speak radical politics in a way that will not only be understood, but will be appealing to vast numbers of people who are negatively impacted by global capital? There is another question that we must all think about: how to develop a multiracial movement?

Since the days of resistance in Seattle there has been a growing discussion about race and the fact that activists in Seattle—especially with DAN, were predominantly white. A race conscious analysis of globalization must include how global capitalism not

Chris Crass



only impacts people of color in other countries but also in the United States. An understanding of global economics and opposition anti-capitalist politics must be connected to an analysis of white supremacy and patriarchy. The movement in Seattle was truly amazing and now anarchists must seriously think about multiracial, feminist organizing that connects the issues and builds broad coalitions and alliances. The struggle against global capital opens up enormous possibilities for us to organize for global economic and social justice.

Bryan Alft

Part 1.

I've written about self-employment and DIY life-choices before, but it isn't until recently that I have realized how important having as much control of my life as possible is. I have also begun to realize how few people really take steps toward furthering their independence.

I ended my three year stint as a self-employed house painter almost a year ago, and have since been training to be a printing press operator. For the first time in years, I have a full-time job working for someone else. I am a pressman and am learning the skills necessary so that I can eventually return to self-employment with the founding of my own print shop. To attain this goal, I have had to make some sacrifices and am now stuck in a 40-hour-a-week job with too many bosses and too little pay.

I realize that the majority of people in this world handle the standard employment situation just fine. I can too, I guess, but why would I want to do this the rest of my life?! Sure, financial obligations, benefits, security, all come into play... I still would give those up for a little more freedom and self-determination. To be able to set your own schedule, to decide how much compensation you will demand for your labor, to decide what kind of work you will do and for whom—all these things are stressful and difficult, but also very liberating and rewarding. Having done it, I know how I want to live my life: The pursuit of income will revolve around my life, my life will not revolve around the pursuit of income.

Most of my projects don't pay the rent, but they are the most important to me—the things that make life worth living—and so why should they be on the back burner, wedged around obligations that are dictated by the profit-earning of someone else's business?! I do not find a life under the thumb of others fulfilling, and the prospect of spending the rest of my days "working for the weekend," counting my vacation hours, tabulating my retirement funds, and kissing the bosses ass is enough to make me ill.

Having returned to the world of the 40-hour work week with great hesitation, I am amazed at how easily my co-workers—and most people in this world—swallow what is given (forced upon?) them. I see people who started boxing paper at the age of 20, who are still doing the same monotonous task 30 years later. Perhaps they are happy—more power to them—that is all anyone should really ask for. I can't help but think they want—or wanted—something more. I am terrified of such a prospect for my life. I want control. I don't want to bust my ass everyday for pennies of a dollar earned for someone else. And I don't want to beg permission to use my day the way I choose.

What I guess is fairly obvious, but never really sinks in until you are around it first-hand, is the degree to which we are trained from birth to have low expectations for our adulthood. We dream of being rockstars or the president, but we are made aware that the odds of reaching those goals are slim, and that some day we will settle into an 8-hour-a-day, 5-day-a-week slot that is just waiting for us. Once there, we will repeatedly do the same tasks, at the same location, more times than anyone wants to count or remember, in order to receive the same measly paycheck once a week. We are taught to temper our dreams away from bigger things and into smaller, more acceptable goals. We learn to settle on the arrival of each paycheck and settle on using this lousy bribe as the down payment on a life of debt

pursuing the dream of home ownership, of driving a new car, of a couple weeks of vacation a year, and of a nice retirement filled with lawn care and golf.

Furthermore, what is especially frightening is how much these more acceptable and "realistic" dreams and goals become completely ingrained and integrated into one's life. The notion of not working for someone else, of not being stifled by debts, of not being told when you can take a day off becomes almost inconceivable. I see this in these kids I go to school with—18 years old, just out of high school, and already planning these predictable steps out. They look at me incredulously when they find out my plans to do my own thing and to be independent. And, as if entering a time warp, I leave school and go to work with guys who graduated from the same school 20 years earlier who made those very same steps of the wife/kids/house/car. I will not look down on them for their choices. But I hear them talking, and they hate their job, they obsess over calendars, marking their vacations and weekends. They are trapped by debt and obligations to things financial, as well as parental, things I sometimes wonder if they even wanted. They cannot seem to comprehend the notion of me going out on my own and away from the pressures of a boss and a schedule. Occasionally, they will talk to me about my hopes for the future, and say that they had thought about doing such things, that maybe they still will. Deep down, I don't think they understand at all that I would bail on this job in a heartbeat—benefits and vacation time and all—when I grow to hate it just enough, or when the time is right to move on to my own ambitions.

I will try my damndest to avoid falling into this trap. While others may, in the end, be happy with where they land when they just slide into their "station" in life, I will not. The importance of the Do-It-Yourself ethic is that it instills an understanding of the possibilities in our lives, if we chose to seize upon them. Society is forever developing ways in which we can be more and more dependent on it. DIY is a way of stepping back and reexamining those things in our life for a more direct, self-reliant path. It isn't always easier, but I would argue that it is better.

Part 2.

I rarely write about music or records—even though I spend a lot of time involved with a label and a record store, because I generally think enough is said about such things by everyone else. This time, I need to say something... I am completely tired of record gimmicks. Punk rock is not stamp collecting, and I am sick of all the bullshit surrounding the production of records!

What I am talking about is odd-sized records, picture disks, etched records, 1-sided records, etc. Why make such a big deal about this? I have three reasons:

1.) In my humble opinion, punk rock has a lot to do with spreading a message and communicating. When you release a record that is smaller than the average size, or that doesn't utilize both sides of the record, then you are wasting resources. Utilize what you invest in! Fill that fucking record up! Tell kids something important!

2.) Records are made of petroleum and covers are made of trees—you are wasting resources. Ever hear of global warming?!

3.) And, my biggest complaint is that the production of these specialty items—all the picture disks, and 5" records, etc., cost more to make, which means you usually sell them for more. What happened to accessibility and affordability? You are selling less product (and message!) for more money. Talk about exclusionary and ridiculous.

I understand that creativity is important in this scene, but do we really want to make punk more of a gimmick than it already is? I just think there are more important themes in punk rock than who can come up with the most pretentious and useless and expensive petroleum-based product.

Part 3.

I am trying to locate/contact the following people. Anyone who can help me out will be owed a big favor!

—Jimmie and the folks at Music Dimensions Rec. in

Oklahoma City, OK.

—The Basement Children Distro Collective in Chicago, IL.

—Chris Ortiz from Merced, CA.

—Tomasz from Shing Rec. in Poland.

—Simon from Class Rec. in Glasgow, Scotland.

—The Passivivist Rec. people in Savannah, GA.

Thanks. Contact me at: *Contrascience/PO* Box 8344/Minneapolis, MN 55408/USA; balfit@isd.net

Since the recent events in Seattle, in response to the World Trade Organization conference, there has been a lot of talk about actions carried out by anarchists, specifically, the property destruction that is inaccurately

being characterized as "violence." Subsequently, there's been (in DC, anyway) a lot of talk about "violence" and "non-violence," and what "works." What's really upsetting about this is that so many people involved in such discussions have little to no background in what non-violence is, or the history of how and when it has worked. What's even more upsetting is the implication that statements supportive of genuinely violent tactics hold: ultimately, if you're going to talk about when it's time to pick up a gun, if you're genuinely

concerned, at all, with democracy and liberty, you have a responsibility to also talk about when it's time to put the gun back down. Clearly, the Bolsheviks and the FSLN never really engaged in that debate. For them, entertaining the former was enough. It saddens me that so many are willing to imitate that behavior and encourage such short-sightedness.

I went to visit my mom in Hawaii for the holidays. While I was there, I spent one day with Professor Mike Long, who at the University of Hawaii, who also happens to be one of the editors of *Anarcho-Syndicalist Review* (a worthwhile publication, to say the least). We talked about a number of things, but one thing that Mike kept driving home was the need to establish financially viable cooperative ventures in areas that already are in high demand.

For Hawaii, specifically Oahu, one example was landscaping. Given the climate of the area, and the lush vegetation that results, there is an almost infinite demand for such an industry. This poses incredible opportunities for establishing truly viable cooperative ventures. First of all, landscaping is not capital-intensive, it's mostly labor-intensive. The equipment necessary to do such work, minimally, would run one about \$800. The rest is essentially labor. Given the demand for such services, such an effort would hardly fall on its face. Furthermore, any worker brought into such a cooperative venture is going to earn more, and have more control over their work, than in any other setting. Therefore, such an undertaking is appealing to average workers in that field, and not just marginal radicals or anarchists.

DC poses similar interesting possibilities. Anyone who has spent any time in upper northwest DC has more than likely seen working class women of color carting around the children of affluent white folks. Given the high numbers of Salvadoran refugees who flooded into the city during the US proxy war in El Salvador during the '80s, home child care has become a haven industry for undocumented refugees, to say the least. It goes without saying that because of their vulnerable position, these people are ripe for exploitation. Again, a shot at a cooperative environment peeks out at us. Child care is also a labor-intensive, low-capital industry. One example that Mike and I discussed was getting a mortgage on a row-house in a somewhat accessible area of the city, and then renting several of the rooms upstairs to activists for well under the market rate for such space (thus easily generating enough money to pay the mortgage and providing incentive for stable occupancy). This still leaves potentially two floors of the place to be used for any number of things. Conceivably, a cooperative day care center could be established in the remaining space, with the same economic implications as the aforementioned hypothetical in Oahu.

These aren't pipe dreams, or far-fetched in the slightest. These are really viable opportunities that open so many doors and generate so many incredible



possibilities, and these scenarios are not limited to the two geographic locations I've mentioned. I would even like to point out that anarchists in Philadelphia have been doing truly amazing things in this vein for quite some time, now, with impressive results (to put it mildly). Furthermore, these are non-violent forms of resistance, period.

My point? While radicals of all shades are sitting around debating the utility of non-violence and in many cases defending the notion that A) The master's tools will dismantle the master's house (to borrow Audre Lorde's terminology) and B) That a resort to violence in resistance to the very institutions which maintain the monopoly on it makes any sense whatsoever—truly viable non-violent forms of resistance are going untouched, and even without thought. It needs to be said that while the State will always have the monopoly on violence (as will private tyrannies which rely on State violence to ensure their interests), as “the people” we will always have the monopoly on creativity. What's more is that creativity is an infinite well. Not to be cliché, but the possibilities really are endless.

It seems to me that all the debate about whether or not non-violence is effective or viable is a lot of wasted breath and, in many cases, a poor substitute for meaningful resistance and the real work that it implies and requires of us. While many in radical circles seem to have their lips firmly planted on Ward Churchill's ass, there are people out there doing really meaningful work, that often goes unnoticed, and is truly effective and promising. Moreover, our ideas about what non-violent resistance looks like are reduced and confined to an army of people dressed up like sea-turtles (which I think was brilliant, by the way). We forget that the miracle of a general strike that took place in Seattle just after the turn of this century was not a violent act. The health care network that was established by strike committees was not violent. The food distribution for the city and striking workers that was established literally in a matter of hours was not an act of violence. Workers brought that city to its knees, and it didn't rely on guns. I know of few anarchists or radicals who would denounce workplace direct action and organized labor struggle as ineffective or meaningless—yet such tactics permeate the work of people like Gene Sharp, who wrote *The Politics of Non-Violent Action*—precisely the strategies being denounced so frequently.

My suggestion is twofold: First of all, anyone at all concerned with resistance or interested in this debate over tactics of a violent or non-violent nature would benefit greatly from actually researching the wealth of information out there on the strategies, history, and tangible manifestations of non-violence before just assuming out of hand that it is ineffective and “an artifact of privilege.” Howard Zinn once referred to direct action by saying that the most immediate form of resistance we can provide is to throw a wrench into the machine, only many of us cannot afford the “wrenches,” so we must throw our bodies instead. I challenge any advocate of the position that non-violence is reserved for the privileged to uphold such a conviction in light of Zinn's suggestion. Secondly, put up or shut up. There is so much to be done. And there are truly so few doing it. If the endless wealth of creative possibilities that are out there is honestly ineffective and useless to us, prove it. Prove that we cannot begin creating the world we want within the shell of the old. Prove it. Put up, or shut up. End of story.

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A fireworks factory: the perfect place for mischief. With wood staircases, and wood floors, and wood walls. All tender, brown wood. You could step outside of the place and end up in the middle of a forest. No wait, maybe an abandoned factory area. But who cares where you would really end up if you opened that small rickety door.

In one corner lies a big, haywire pile of empty boxes. Out of a few pop some stray fireworks. The ones that never made it past the assembly line. And the boxes, well, you would have to be pretty pathetic to be a box unfit for doing your job. You are made in a flash on the assembly line, and that is all. Where in that simple process do you go wrong? How can you possibly be such a screw up that you ended up as a useless defect

of some sort, wasting away in the pile in the corner with the rest of the ones that had the same thing happen to them.

And a few fireworks here and there.

Did a few fireworks get stuffed into you before they realized that you were a reject, therefore in your miserable fall, the only one you will ever have, you took some innocents along with you? Innocents that had a bright future ahead of them. Much brighter than you would ever have, no matter what. Well wait, there is the possibility that after you've done your duty of dejectedly sitting aside from all the fun, getting the only useful thing about you pulled out, you would be burned. Burned in the name of boredom, pleasure, whatever. Now that would be bright.

Or were those seemingly innocent fireworks crawling out of you actually fallen angels? (Or demons). Their once hopeful future destroyed by something that is their fault, not yours. Something inside them was wrong, and they either were incapable of exploding as they were supposed to, or they exploded too early. Hopefully they took a finger off in the process!

The fun is not going on in that corner, so why dwell on it. It's a fireworks factory for gods sake! What fun could be had at a fireworks factory sitting alone in the forest (or wherever) just waiting for some kids to run into it and wreak their havoc.

Would an up and running fireworks factory have a dejected pile of waste sitting in the corner?

On a side note: my cat died yesterday. It always takes a death that is close to you to get you to think about it. Death, that is. All I can think about is my cat's personality and all the little things she would do, and now that personality is gone forever. How she would scratch on my door and meow a bunch of times so I would let her in. She would almost always do it at night, and lots of times even in the middle of the night. There were probably tons of times when she scratched on the door at night but I didn't wake up.

I was in the car with my family on the way back from Oklahoma for Thanksgiving and we were only about four hours away from home. My friend who was watching our house for us called on the cell phone and said right away that he had some really bad news. Then the phone lost its connection so we were all on the edge of our seats for the next minute, waiting for him to call back. My mom talked to him since she wasn't driving and he told her the story of what happened. The only thing that gave us any indication of what they were talking about was when she asked, “which cat was it?” Then she told us it was Tabitha a few seconds later and both my sisters started crying. And I rolled over from where I was lying in the back of the car and covered my face. We hardly said anything for the next four hours until we got home.

When we got home, Ben the housesitter told us the whole story. Our neighbor came to our door and asked if we have a grey and orange striped cat. And then she said that it was in her garden. Ben, of course, waited for her to elaborate. But she wasn't showing any signs of telling more, so he asked her if anything was wrong. She said, “It's dead.” Keep in mind that this lady is not in the least sympathetic. She's a crab who hates animals and kids, and she lives there with her husband who works, and she apparently doesn't do anything useful all day. The only thing that my family thinks she does with her life is sweep her precious driveway. She does that probably two to three times a day, and she occasionally vacuums it.

Anyway, Ben was freaking and he ran over to the neighbor's garden. Our dog Samson followed him over and she flipped out and started yelling at Samson to go away. So Ben runs Samson back home real quick. She claims to Ben that Tabitha had been lying there since yesterday and she just thought Tab was sleeping. Ben says to us, though, that Tabitha was sleeping on my chair in my room the night before. Ben asked her for a bag to put Tabitha in, and psycho-

lady grudgingly got him one. Then he asked for a shovel or something to pick her up and she got one in the same manner. Then my neighbor said that she was leaving and drove off.

Cause of death is completely unknown right now. The body was very stiff, though, when Ben picked it up, so maybe that means something. Nothing on her body showed signs of anything. She could have been hit by a car, or ate rat poison that my neighbor may

have had out, or many other possibilities. She was only about four years old and in good shape as far as I could tell. She was a runt and pretty skinny, but she was always like that. She's getting an autopsy as I write this. Personally I am ready to kill my neighbor, and if I don't manage that I am going to cover her driveway with leaves and dirt, spray paint Cat Murderers on her roof, and maybe throw some potted plants through her window. And yell at her of course. But maybe I'm jumping to conclusions. Still, that is one of the only things I can think about right now.

It's so sad to think that her one life is over. I'll never have to shoo her away from sticking her paw in my water glass, or put food in her bowl, or have her sleep on my stomach at night. I'll never be able to defend her when Samson comes along and tries to beat her up, or my family calls her a mean cat because she only likes to be petted a certain way and I was the only one who knew how to do it. She would make weird meowing noises when people pet her wrong or picked her up for too long, and then she would usually try to attack them. But of course she was harmless. And there's the weird plastic garden in our living room and she used to lie down inside it and she bent all the plastic flowers and grass in one spot on it. And that was the last place I ever saw her alive. I petted her and said goodbye and she probably made weird meowing sounds when I gave her a big kiss on the head. I remember always watching her walk out of my room when I would open the door and I always thought it was funny because her back legs seemed to be all stiff and you could tell she thought she was queen of the world. If someone walked by her she would rub up against the wall, not to look cute and hope to be pet, but to avoid that person because she didn't want anyone touching Her Holiness. She won't get in my way anymore when I'm typing on the computer and she is lying on my lap and trying to lick my fingers. And I would pet her head while she is on my lap. Or sometimes I would push her off my lap if she got in the way. And if I moved a leg half a centimeter while she was sitting on me she would jump off quickly. Only to jump back on a minute later.

She had a better personality than any cat I have ever met, probably because she was so much the same as me. And I was the only one she would seek out to be with. Tim O'Brien summed it up well in his book *The Things They Carried*. Two of them are picking up dead bodies in Vietnam and heaving each one together onto a truck. One of them says, “Hey, man, I just realized something.” “What?” He wiped his eyes and spoke very quietly, as if awed by his own wisdom. “Death sucks,” he said.

Death sucks. I would dare to say that it sucks even more when it comes unexpectedly. Death isn't fair. Where is the grim reaper that tells us when death is coming? That's just a way to make death a little easier, associate some fantasy with it. But there is no fantasy in the world, no magic. Things are pretty straight forward, and soon there will be almost no secrets left, there will be almost nothing left that we can't understand. But still, I think there are things that we will never understand. Sometimes I wish there was some magical place where we would all go when we die, including animals. But there's not of course, and I won't pretend there is. My loving cat was in the prime of her life is gone, just when I was loving her more and more each day. I want Tabitha back.

It probably doesn't matter to you what the autopsy conclusion will be, so I won't tell it when I find out. If I'm not here next issue and I'm in jail for attempted murder or something like that, well, then you will probably know what the conclusion was. If I am here, you can bet that there's a quiet road that cars barely drive on, most of them drive too fast.

This was a cat that was always running around outside, and it seems in the last six months or so it was in the house and in my room a lot more. Neighbors from our last house gave her to us after they accidentally gave away one of our other cats to some friends of theirs (long story). She was seen by them running across Milpas Street, a busy business and shopping area. They thought she was a rat because she was so small. And they picked her up and gave her to us. Sometimes she would meow in a tree like they do in cartoons, except when I would climb the tree to bring her down, she would playfully attack my hands when I tried to grab her, and she wouldn't let me bring her down.

I could have saved her if I had only known.

Ryan Gratzner

Her death will always be a mystery, so the only story is the one I want. I want blame. Not an unknown driver but a psycho neighbor that I can yell at in my mind and murder everyday. Of course, I'll always blame myself. I shouldn't have gone to Oklahoma for Thanksgiving to see my relatives. I should have been there to hear her meow when I happened to walk by my neighbors house. Then I would find her and rush her to the animal hospital. I would try my hardest to save her. But she would die on my car seat on the way there. I shouldn't have been eating breakfast at a Days Inn, or listening to music in the car, or spacing out. I could have saved her if I had only known. There is no justice in the world.

When we came home, and she was in a box on the driveway, I still went into my room and looked under the bed, and I still looked in the place in the plastic garden where she messed up the fake flowers and grass. I hope my mom doesn't fix those fake flowers. And the more I think about her, the worse it gets for me. So maybe I won't think anymore. Or maybe I'll keep thinking.

"And cats eat birds so they can fly." —
Constatine Sankathi
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Barbara, CA 93103

Most everyone knows at least a few general death penalty facts, but how often do you hear about how it affects minors? The following is just an informational column on the executions of juveniles here in the United States. I personally am a strong advocate against the death penalty and capital punishment and provide this information in disgust. State sanctioned killing is a disease. It is, in the words of Martin Luther King Jr., "society's final statement that we will not forgive." It is inhumane and I believe the column below backs an argument that could go on forever.

In 1642, Thomas Graunger of the Plymouth Colony in Massachusetts became the first boy to be executed for committing a juvenile crime here in America. In over three and a half centuries since that time, a total of 357 people have been executed for juvenile crimes. They have been imposed in thirty-eight states and backed by the federal government. Thirteen of these 357 executions have taken place since 1985.

They have been the executions of: Charles Rumbaugh (white Texas) convicted: age 17 executed: age 28 (9-11-85) • J. Terry Roach (white S. Carolina) convicted: age 17 executed: age 25 (1-10-86) • Jay Pinkerton (white Texas) convicted: age 17 executed: age 24 (5-15-86) • Dalton Prejean (black Louisiana) convicted: age 17 executed: age 30 (5-18-90) • John Garrett (white Texas) convicted: age 17 executed: age 28 (2-11-92) • Curtis Harris (black Texas) convicted: age 16 executed: age 31 (7-1-93) • Fredrick Lashley (black Missouri) convicted: age 17 executed: age 29 (7-28-93) • Ruben Cantu (latino Texas) convicted: age 17 executed: age 26 (8-24-93) • Chris Burger (white Georgia) convicted: age 17 executed: age 33 (12-7-93) • Joseph John Cannon (white Texas) convicted: age 17 executed: age 38 (4-22-98) • Robert Carter (black Texas) convicted: age 17 executed: age 34 (5-18-98) • Dwight Wright (black Virginia) convicted: age 17 executed: age 26 (10-14-98) • Sean Sellers (white Oklahoma) convicted: age 16 executed: age 29 (2-4-99).

You'll notice by looking at the above list that in the ten month period between April '98 to February '99, four juvenile offenders have been executed, making this issue more important than ever. The United States remains the only country in the entire world that still officially follows this practice. Currently, several states continue to sentence juveniles to death. This is due to the greatly fluctuating number of arrests of juveniles for potentially capital crimes like murder and drug dealing. For instance, the arrest rate for juveniles for intentional homicide has increased by 90% during the ten-year period from 1986 to 1993. But one has to question why that is.

Since 1990, kids have had a greater access to guns and in many states juveniles are police force targets. Both have led to more arrests and more homicides between teens. Federal crime prevention policies have been publicly displayed has providing education and social opportunities like youth clubs and other organizations. In order to prevent crimes at an earlier age, educational programs like DARE have been

put in grade schools. Though this looks pretty on the outside, the majority of funds have been placed directly into the police force who are looking to get all the "bad apples" off the streets. Instead of prevention, they attempt to contain the problem. This just leads to more of the same problem.

Similar measures have been taken on the adult criminal. The Federal Justice mentality has been consistently non-progressive and ruthless. Their idea of crime control is building more, larger prison complexes and filling them with more people for longer periods of time. A good 80 to 90% of criminals in federal prison are non-violent offenders and yet there are still very few rehabilitation programs. The US government just breeds more crime. Many local and state government use the media to gain support for harder crime control and capital punishment. So far they are getting the support. In the past few years, 4 states have reinstated the death penalty.

Here is the legal context of the juvenile death penalty: In 1988 in *Thompson v. Oklahoma*, the Supreme Court held that executions of offenders age fifteen and younger was unconstitutional. In *Stanford v. Kentucky* in 1989, the Supreme Court held that the 18th Amendment does not prohibit the death penalty from crimes committed at the age of 16 and on up. Currently, 39 states and the federal government use the death penalty. Fifteen have a minimum of 18 years of age, four have decided on the age of 17, and the other 20 use age 16 as the minimum age.

How does this compare to other countries? Well, the death penalty for juveniles is almost uniquely American, just like baseball and mom's apple pie. All over the world the practice seems to be nonexistent due largely to the express provisions of the United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child, along with several international treaties, some of which the United States is apart of. Article 37 of the UN convention states, "Neither capital punishment nor life imprisonment without possibility of release shall be imposed for offenses committed by persons below 18 years of age." The United States is literally the only country in the world that has not yet ratified the agreement. Only six foreign countries have executed minors since 1986 (Iran, Iraq, Nigeria, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen) and none have executed a minor after 1993. Again this is just another instance of the US showing its true colors. Though the government radiates this international image of moral world protector, they are the modern imperialist power, answering to no one and sitting comfortably in all of its splendor.

Not only does the US kill and starve with its armies, embargoes, and bombs in foreign lands or murder and enslave its citizens through capital punishment, it murders its youth without rehabilitation and without remorse. Think about it. Do you really believe in giving the government the right to kill? I sure as hell don't.

To expand on this issue, along with the whole issue of capital punishment and the inhumanity of the death penalty, I recommend checking out two records. The first is the *I Can't Live Without It* comp LP on Mountain Co-op Records. The booklet inside is extremely well done and informative. The record features bands like Botch, In/Humanity, and Amber Inn. There is also a split 7" with Pezz and Remus And The Romulus Nation on Soul is Cheap. It also has an informative booklet and the record itself benefits TCASK, the TN anti-death penalty coalition. No Gods No Masters.

Moving on and away from the above topic, I just want to say a few things. I write this column because I think education and the exchange of ideas are incredibly important. Politics, from personal to global, are more than just ramblings and heated conversation. They are a tool for change, they are everything that is happening around you, affecting you. While you are sitting at home on your bed listening to your new punk records, people are dying, ideas are being forged, injustices are happening. That's real fuckin basic. To live your life without fighting and caring is an injustice within itself. So basically I just try to present information about things I think are important and hopefully create discussion about what I present. I just thought it might need some explanation. I'm sure I'm being repetitive, but I have reason to believe some people

just don't understand.

So thanks to every band that is actually about something, every person that is active in some form or fashion, and everyone who cares. Thank you, you all inspire me.

Thanks for reading, letters and opinions are always welcome.

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Als Ich zuletzt in Deutschland war, bemerkte Ich wie oft Ich *HeartattaCk* bei Konzerte, oder bei jemand in der Wohnung, sah. In der (zu der Zeit) neusten Ausgabe, die überall verbreitet war, hatte Ich ein Artikel geschrieben,unzwar zum Thema Y2K und das kommende Ende der Welt. Ja, scheint jetzt ganz Witzig, wo nichts Passiert ist (Wenn Ihr tatsächlich diese Worte Lest, bedeutet das, daß die Menschheit Überlebt hat; Im Moment schreibe Ich diese Worte am Weinachtstag 1999 und

Weiß also nicht genau, was eigentlich passieren wird—mein "Ja, scheint sehr Witzig, wo nichts passiert ist" ist mehr als nervöser Versuch des Optimismus gemeint), doch in den Monate bevor der Jahrtausendwende schien das ein ganz zutes Thema, denn zumindestens waren alle hier in der U.S.A. gespannt, ob etwaß Katastrophales passieren würde.

Das Problem, daß Ich bemerkte, nachdem meine Meinungen gedruckt waren und verbreitet wurden, ist das Ich in Realität überhaupt nichts von Technologie verstehe, und Ich habe, werde Ich Zugeben, vieles Übertrieben und die meiste Statistische Information einfach erfunden. Ich dachte, vielleicht wenn es eine genügendliche große Panik gibt wird die Weltekonomie zusammenstürzen, und wenn Ich dann Fühlen könnte, das Ich da irgendwie mitgemacht hätte, wäre das, wie man hier in Amerika sagt, "sehr Cool."

Meine Band ging kurz nach der Erscheinung von diesem Magazin auf einer USA-Tour, und da bemerkte Ich ein weiteres Problem: alle wollten mit mir nur über mein Artikel Reden, meine Fehler, Übertreibungen, und Erfindungen Korrigieren, oder weitere Fragen zur Diskußion Stellen—Es ist erstaunlich, wie leicht man "Expert" werden kann, einfach indem man seinen Namen auf Zeitungspapier Druckt. Ich bin von Natur aus sehr Obsessiv, und habe immer ein paar Themen, über die Ich endloss Reden will—für ein paar Wochen war's Y2K, aber bis der Artikel darüber erschienen war, war das schon längst alles vergessen und Ich hatte bis dann irgend etwas Neues entdeckt, worum Ich Neurotisch sein konnte. Und, wie gesagt, kann Ich wirklich nicht ein Komputervon ein Toaster unterschieden. Also haben mich die ständigen Fragen doppelt Genervt.

Als wir nach Europa Flogen, um da unser Tour weiterzumachen, merkte Ich diese selbe Magazine überall, und dachte, jetzt gehts wieder los, aber diesmal sogar in einer Fremdsprache. Das wird schlimm. Aber die erwarteten Fragen und Statistik-Korrekturen kamen nicht. Das konnte Ich nicht verstehen—*HeartattaCk* ist doch genauesgut, vielleicht sogar besser, verbreitet in Europa als in der USA. Ich fragte Ingo, unser Tour-organisierer, warum er meinte, daß Ich keine Reaktion bekam.

"Ja, Ich habe dein Artikel gesehen," Meinte Ingo. "Ich habe versucht, es zu Lesen,aber dein Englisch ist ein bisschen, ehm, Kompliziert." Ingo kann sehr gut Englisch, besser als Ich Deutsch, und wenn er es nicht verstehen konnte, wurde mir Klar, konnte bestimmt fast niemand, der nicht English als Hauptsprache spricht, etwas damit anfangen.

Ich habe mein Artikel wieder durchgelesen, und habe festgestellt: tatsächlich, mein English können sogar die meisten Amerikaner nicht verstehen, so vertehrt und grammatisch Scizoprenisch ist es. Für jeder, der mich auf der USA-Tour ausgefragt hat, gab es bestimmt Fünf Leute, die nichts zu Sagen hatten, weil sie nichts kapierten! (Obwohl Ich zugleich zugeben

muß, daß Ich die Idee, daß Ich klarer schreiben könnte, und dadurch Fünf mal so viele Leute mich bei Konzerte über das kommende Ende der Welt Anschreien würden, ziemlich grausam finde.)

Außer das mein Schreibstil unlesbar ist, habe Ich auch etwas anderes gelernt von diesem Erlebnis: Es gibt eine große Europäische Audienz für dieses Magazine und der Szene, von der es darin handelt, und nicht alle können English Lesen. Das scheint mir ungerecht. Mein Deutsch ist nicht so gut wie mein English (und dieser Toaster, auf dem Ich gerade Tippe, hat keine automatische Rechtschreibungskorrektur Programme für Deutsch, eine Funktion die mir in English sehr hilft, denn Ich war in der Grundschule ziemlich beschäftigt, mit—wie sagt man? Unakademische Interessen? Und hatte dadurch nicht viel Zeit, Rechtschreibung zu studieren), aber Ich kann mich einigermaßen Ausdrücken, so das diejenigen Leute, die nicht so gut mit English sind, mich vielleicht in der anderen Sprache verstehen können. Also dann, warum nicht auf Deutsch schreiben? Die Idee, die dahinter steckt, überhaupt für *HeartattaCk* zu schreiben, Zines oder Schallplatten herzustellen, oder die Welt herumreisen um Konzerte zu Spielen, ist doch um mit anderen in Kontakt zu kommen, etwas zu kommunizieren, Ideen zu Verbreiten und Neue Anzunehmen.

Europaer scheinen mir eigentlich mehr begeistert für die Hardcoremusikszene, und mehr interessiert in den Ideen, die dahinter stecken (oder dahinterstecken sollten) als die meisten Amerikaner. Vielleicht sollte Ich immer auf Deutsch schreiben. Wenn meine Ami-Mitbürger es nicht verstehen können und sich deshalb beleidigt fühlen—Na ja, mein English konnten sie auch zum meisten sowieso nicht verstehen. Stell dir vor, Ich könnte mich öffentlich über Kent McClard lustig machen, und er würde nie wissen; Er würde es sogar Drucken! Das könnte Lustig werden.

—Al Burian/307 Blueridge Road/Carrboro, NC 27510/USA. Man kann mich auch elektronisch Erreichen (da Luftpost Briefmarken ja so teuer sind), aber Ich antworte nicht immer darauf und mach es meistens ziemlich kurz, denn Ich bin überzeugt, daß man vom Computer-Bildschirm Gehirnkrebs kriegt und sitze nicht gerne davor(mein neurotisches Thema für diese Woche). Die adresse ist alburian@hotmail.com. Wenn Leute gut reagieren, kann Ich gerne auf Deutsch für *HeartattaCk* weiterschreiben, oder sogar wenn Ich demnächst in Kalifornien bin Ihnen vorwerfen, daß sie Italienisch, Französisch und Swahili Kolumniste finden müssen.

"All your life, you were just waiting for this moment to arrive." —The Beatles
December, 1980

I am only 4. The headlines are ablaze: a man has been killed. Well certainly as one is being killed right now, but this time in 1980, time stood still for a generation. Shot outside his home as I recall. In Manhattan—only a 20 minute drive from us.

It was only Mom and I then. We watched the broadcasts together. ABLAZE. I saw archive footage of the blaze only 2 years ago and it was as overwhelming as it was live. Just the public grief—I mean people were crying and SCREAMING in the streets... and all for one man.

December 8th, 1980 is the first clear day that I can recall learning and trying to comprehend human grief. When I asked Mom what was happening and why these people were wailing together in the streets of our city, she told me only, "A man was killed." And so this would also be the first time I would learn of death and what it means to DIE. I asked how it happened to him and she said that he was shot to death. What does it mean to die anyway? Means over—the end! I was bewildered; couldn't fathom it at all.

And what a horrible thing to happen to this man who looked like Jesus to me. From the near traumatizing public out cry, I could see that he was loved by so many. I demanded to know why someone would kill someone so loved. Look at what has been taken away from all these people! I asked, "WHY was he killed—why did somebody do this to all these people?!" I just couldn't stop asking. I needed something concrete to justify my wonder and all the grief—which was also

becoming my own.

My mother's response to a 4 year old (numb albeit) remains as bizarre now as it always did then. I'd be afraid to ask today because maybe it really touched her, as it did the world then. Because he wasn't the president or anything like that sort of public icon. I only know, I think, that the impact then came from the fact that he was a prophet to the young and the leader of a generation of dreamers. Taken from them all.

Her response to my worries was very simply, "Because he wanted peace, Jenny." (!) And he was assassinated.

Seeing the archive footage again reminded me so vividly of my first experience trying to comprehend why and HOW we all feel grief and also the emotions that overwhelm us so profoundly that tears (in sadness or in rage) are the only release sometimes (and keep in mind I was 4), just to exhale emotionally what we can't feel, grasp or find sense in. How they can overcome your being. It's amazing.

Provoked by hundreds of strangers in the streets together, all grieving for the loss of a voice and visionary, some holding their heads in their hands, screaming, "John Lennon can't be dead!" He can't be dead!

Those memories still overwhelm me. My world was frozen for reasons obviously devoid of this individual's influence. How profound the impact of one man's life and visions and sharing them with the world the way that he did is what still amazes me. How much love became for one man who defined the way they were all feeling...

Over, shot dead on the cold Earth, just like that. It remains to me, the child, still a moment frozen in my being and has left an indelible place in my heart. The first day or time when all at once I learned to feel the causes of our emotions, justifications, of life and death and everything in between that makes us feel, dream, wonder, cry, heal and be. Nothing else. It's just quite a day for me to recall and quite a landmark for me to remember it by.

I'm still filled with the same wonder of age 4 upon hundreds to witness just how incredible the influence of one human being can be and even more incredible, how it was snuffed out with such irony. I feel very fortunate to have experienced this.

Jen Hate; jenhate@hotmail.com

In a column printed in *HeartattaCk* #23 Helen Luu asked why punk rock was so white-male dominated. It got me thinking and I believe that one of the major reasons is because there's this really stupid arrogance in which punks deliberately seclude themselves from everyone else. I also think that this isolated mentality encourages them to be ignorant on what is going on in the real world, even though it's being discussed through music. Before I go on though, I would like to say that I think he has some good merits about it. Simply because of its conceit it's not living to its full potential. The practice of people supporting each other in various scenes around the country should be extended and popularized. After reading this column some people will probably think that I have nothing but contempt for the scene, but there are a lot of values that I've discovered that he thinks are greatly admirable and I've tried to apply some of them to my life. I even think these values should be practiced by the population-at-large. In order for that to happen though, punk has to make some drastic changes and let go of the superiority complex that's holding it back. Read on...

Part 1: Punk is some exclusionary Country Club nonsense
Probably the first 'zine I ever read was *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*, which was about 4 years ago. I got into 'zines big time after reading this and I read MRR regularly for a little while. But after a few issues this got really boring. In this mag, along with many other punk 'zines that I've read and collected, the exact same topics were discussed over and over. So much time, energy, and creativity were poured into these publications making up rules for what is and what isn't punk. So much whining about underground bands

signing to major labels or even bands not being punk because they charged an extra \$1 on their 7", didn't ride to a show in a shitty van, or asked for a guarantee. Guess what kids, there's a very, very simple solution if you have a problem with a band: don't buy their stuff, don't go to their shows. If you don't like the business practices of a certain label, don't deal with them. Here is an entire community that is talking about all these great values they have and practice... what purpose are they serving by constantly complaining about bands in the scene? Out of all the bullshit we deal in our personal lives does it really make a big difference if an underground label prints up nice catalogs on glossy paper? Out of all the fucked up shit that goes on in this world does it make a huge impact on your life if Blink 182 has a video on MTV? Like I said, don't support a band or a label if you have a problem with them... then move on with your life! I remember reading a few years back about how Jello Biafra, lead singer of Dead Kennedys, was beaten by a group of people at a show because he "sold out." I admit this is an extreme example of punk rock stupidity, but here were a small number of individuals so vehemently dedicated to their lifestyle that is supposedly superior to what is practiced by society-at-large that they were actually willing to hospitalize someone who violated their values. They didn't beat a child molester or a rapist, they beat someone who didn't adhere to their punk ethics (I use the word "ethics" loosely here). I wonder just how stupid, *privileged*, and disconnected from the real world a person must be to only target people in the scene for insignificant bullshit. What's funny is that the scene has these rules ONLY for people involved in music. People who get a career going in comic books, film, or any other non-music art forms and can actually make a decent living aren't criticized. For some odd reason, punk musicians, distros, and music labels are expected to not make money and maybe even go into debt for their creativity and dedicated efforts.

Part of this absurd mentality comes from the snobbery that runs heavily in this scene. I was guilty of it for a while when I first got into this genre of music, that is that only punk and its ideas should be enjoyed by "punks" and no one else. For example, some people hate bands like Offspring, Green Day, or even Earth Crisis, because they're on major or semi-major labels. Fine. But at the same time many hate them simply

because non-punks are being exposed to their music. Basically if someone doesn't follow the punk dress code, engage in punk activities, or are not considered cool by all the "real" punks then that person has absolutely no right

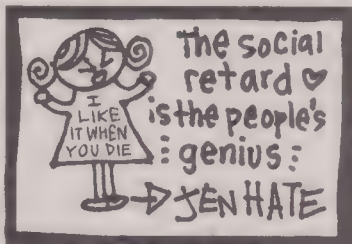
to enjoy the music. (Replace the word "punk" with "rich & white" and the word "music" with "Country Club..." well you can figure it out) Instead of showing what DIY is about to those who have no clue about it, or why hardcore kids choose to only support indie bands, they instead shun mainstream people in an attempt to feel superior. There's a word for this: ELITISM. I guess it's much easier to judge everyone else unlike you then to actually show others that maybe some of your ideas and some of your lifestyle practices may actually do some good. Unfortunately, the same immature, high school mentality of "conform or be ridiculed" is strongly prevalent in the scene. It's very ironic considering that many hc/punk kids are made fun of by society for being different. Now they are the ones mocking people within their own scenes who don't follow their rigid guidelines.

If punk is so open-minded and better than the mainstream, where are the ethnic kids who should supposedly be feeling welcomed? Maybe it's because hc kids are too busy excluding themselves, making up stupid rules that scenesters should follow, and thinking that they're better than everyone else. It's no wonder so many kids lose hope and grow out of this when they see how the real world functions.

Part 2: The Enlightened Honky Syndrome

When I hear females talk about being degraded by other men or dealing with sexist bullshit I'm not gonna pretend to understand what they're feeling. I'm male and I don't know what it's like to be treated that way. At the same time I don't expect people who are white to have the same outlook on racism as I or any other person who isn't lacking melanin in their skin; since they haven't experienced it they're not gonna have the same viewpoint. When I said punk rock was exclusionary and elitist I can think of a good example

Ravi Grover



of this coming into play and influencing people's attitudes. I had two separate conversations with people deeply involved in hardcore on the subject of racism. I told these two individuals that when I moved to Alabama from Seattle a few years back I didn't get along with most people in my high school because almost all of the kids were blatantly racist. I know what you're thinking... people in the South... racist? Yeah, it's hard to believe, isn't it (please note my sarcasm). Anyway, the two that I talked to were both white guys. And their reactions were exactly the same, words by two white punks raised in Dixie: "What?! Why would people be racist towards you??" That makes no sense." Since I didn't expect them to have the same perspective as me, when I heard their response (which made them sound like they're saying racism doesn't happen or that somehow I provoked the racism) I did not fire back and call them on their ignorance. When I asked the second guy why it was he had that reaction he told me: "Maybe it just means I'm enlightened." ENLIGHTENED?? What the fuck? When I thought about it later I was insulted. Here are two punks claiming to be progressive minded and radical. One is heavily into animal rights and the other is into various leftist politics. They both have gone on tours with their bands, DIY style, and apply punk values to the best of their ability. Even when they are "open minded" and "educated" they still have a hard time believing that what they read or hear about in their music can actually happen to someone they personally know. I believe this is largely in part because they live in the scene bubble which dictates to separate yourself from society and only embrace people that fit into the dogmatic requirements. Punk and hardcore do encourage people to think about subjects that the mainstream has chosen to ignore, but will these kids comprehend what they discuss and hear about outside of the scene? In the end THEY ARE STILL IN THE EXACT SAME MINDSET THAT THEY HAVE BEEN BROUGHT UP WITH BY MAINSTREAM SOCIETY. They are simply fooling themselves into thinking they are more informed just by being part of a separated counter-culture scene; they are still just as out of touch with the world as the mainstream they despise. I doubt that the two guys I mentioned (along with most other white punks) are going to acknowledge that their perspective on racism is much different from that of a non-white. They'd rather just hang out with other white punks and maybe talk about how racism is a bad thing. Maybe they'll read about it in 'zines and listen to bands sing against it. Some may even go so far as to insultingly compare the harassment they face for being outwardly punk in appearance to that of having dark skin. (That's another subject, but it is in no way near alike!) Others might have one or more token ethnic friends to ease their conscience. But in the end they will still have voluntarily isolated themselves from the rest of society, never fully understanding much of the bullshit that real people must deal with. I understand that people will choose to only associate with those most similar to them; that makes sense and there's nothing wrong with that. But punk and its members are the only people that I know of that boast of how great, wise, and different its entire collective is. There are 'zines and records dedicated to ripping apart the rest of society by making punk look perfect and ideal. I've heard kids talk about how punk saved their lives, how it's their safe haven from this sick world. At times it seems that hc is mimicking fundamentalist organized religion, believing that this way is the only way and those that differ from the hc mentality are completely lost. Those punks that choose to not live in the narrow confines of the hc religion and accept some of what mainstream society has to offer are ridiculed. Like arrogant Southern Baptists, punks are the ones who have the right answers and the right lifestyle while everyone else is ignorant. The only difference is punks choose to say "fuck you" to outsiders instead of trying to reach out. You have to ask yourself: just how revolutionary is it for someone to only talk with other punks and ignore the rest of society because they think they're too good and flawless to communicate with the outside world (the real world)? Sounds very anti-progressive. Honestly, how appealing do you think it would be to a person of color when he/she hears a large group of white kids who've never had to deal with racist bullshit say that they're combating racism by being "enlightened"? With this type of condescending bullshit attitude punks should

expect a hostile reaction.

To relate this to another subject, if we say whites represent the mainstream of America then I'm really glad that Hip Hop culture is easily accessible, somewhat ingrained and largely influential with mainstream youth, and not underground like punk. I'm glad that there's been a huge explosion in the Latino music scene. I'm glad that there are a lot of popular movies and TV shows that are not coming from white male-oriented perspectives. This is forcing the mainstream of America to recognize people that normally have no voice. This is forcing people to hear about experiences that they will never have. This is forcing mainstream white-America to acknowledge that there are different value systems and beliefs, whether they be negative or positive, that exist in this diverse society. The fact that rap music and alternative programming even exist for us to see is only because these artists and their supporters have been fighting an uphill battle for decades just to be acknowledged by the American mainstream. And if, like me, you'd like to see some of the ideals that are talked so much about in hardcore being practiced by society, then STOP SEGREGATING YOURSELVES. There is nothing to be learned or gained from this type of attitude. Instead, people need to stop shunning the mainstream and give up this childish elitism. People need to realize that hc is not superior to the rest of society and open up to a diversity of people who don't fit the Country Club punk rock stereotype. Then maybe we'd actually start seeing more kids that are Asian, Black, Native, and Hispanic listening to punk, going to shows, and doing 'zines. Maybe the world would even improve a little when we start seeing members of mainstream society practicing some of the better values that hardcore has spawned!

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Quick notes & a sales pitch of consumer goods you need: —Read "Abolish the White Punk" in the last issue of *Profane Existence* if you haven't already. It's essential reading for everyone; don't read it if you think you're enlightened (ha ha, just kidding). Also check out an article by Scott Ritcher in *Nothing Left* #9 pointing out the many contradictions in hardcore.

—I'm working on a newsprint cookbook type pamphlet explaining vegetarianism and veganism; in it will be info on human health and biology in relation to herbivores, brand names of meat alternatives, info on the environment, global and cultural perspectives, etc., and mostly recipes. This is geared towards people unexposed to the veg. diet so I want to print up several thousand copies of this 'zine and give it away at colleges, high schools, book stores, churches/temples/mosques, record stores, and grocery stores. This is the largest project I've ever taken on, please help out. I need recipes to be contributed!! You'll get credit and some copies if your recipe(s) is printed. I'm also taking ads from eco and animal rights groups to help out with costs.

—My 'zines *Strife* #4 and *Indian Attack* #1 are still available for one buck and a stamp. I have a distro I'm trying to dismantle also, ask for a free catalog if you're interested. *IA* #2 is still in the works.

—T-shirts reading "Animal Liberation A peaceful society must begin with a peaceful diet" are available for \$12. They benefit environmental group Earth First! and come with literature

—Folks in the Dirty South, I have vinyl "Dixie Punks" stickers available, same design as the tape cover with red background. \$1 or 3 stamps.

I have been thinking a lot lately about my role as a "political activist" and whether or not being an active volunteer for Food Not Bombs in my city actually constitutes me "working to confront global corporate domination and world poverty while simultaneously working for fundamental social change" as Chris Crass states in his position

paper on Food Not Bombs. I always hear of the conflict between police and FNB in the big cities around the US, but what about the small towns that have FNB chapters. Are they also fighting for social change or are they just disguised charity organizations run by a bunch of hippies and punks instead of the local church?

When I heard of couple kids wanting to start Food Not Bombs in my town, I was excited to volunteer. I didn't really know the political purpose behind Food Not Bombs, except that punks supported it and it was

about feeding the homeless. Out of skateboarding, going to school, and hanging out endlessly at a coffee shop (I don't even drink coffee!) I felt I needed to do something productive in my life. I figured 3-4 hours of volunteering a week is a not a lot to ask from privileged punk kids living in suburbia. So the cycle was set in motion and we started serving in the downtown park. The city was raising rent for downtown businesses at the time and bringing in more upscale businesses while the decade old business owners were moving out. So it was natural for the city to object to our cause since we were attracting the homeless and scaring away possible shoppers and tourists. We went to the local newspapers and they did a story on us, portraying us as the harmless teenagers with a cause who the cops were harassing. Caring citizens wrote the papers in our favor and the cops never harassed us since.

I have been actively volunteering for a year and half now, and have constantly been trying to figure out what our purpose in this community actually is. Every town has different needs but it is obvious that poverty and homelessness exists in almost every town you go to. We have always seen FNB from a big city perspective where there is not a lack of volunteers and maybe even more "organized," but what about the small towns scattered around America. How does FNB operate in these towns, where you might not have the knowledgeable activists, but a few energetic kids ready to act? My knowledge of the purpose of FNB has grown over time and lot of my ideologies built from punk and anarchist ideas has also made me look at FNB in a different light. Chris Crass stated in his article the collective vision statement of how FNB should operate, and I want to state how far/close we really are from that vision to becoming a reality. Here are a few "problems" I see with FNB in my town and maybe even other towns.

1. Everyone that eats our food either walks or rides a bike to the park, because they cannot afford to own a car (or refuse to). Cars are a symbol of the status quo, never mind the pollution and noise that is associated with cars as well. People without cars are labeled as second class citizens. Do the homeless perceive us as one of them (part of the struggle) or just a bunch of privileged kids blessed with daddy's car? Are we part of the problem when we drive 3-5 cars downtown each week when we can easily ride our bikes (with bike carts, of course)? How can we be self-reliant when we "need" our cars? It seems like the volunteers without cars are also relying on people with cars to make the day successful. So much responsibility comes with a car, when you are the only one available to drive the food downtown. Sure the buses are also available but they run once every hour unlike bigger cities with mass transit. How do we make FNB more visible in our communities? I believe that bikes are one solution. There's nothing like the feeling (haven't actually felt it yet) of riding a bike on a sunny day with a big FNB banner (Food is a right, not a privilege!) for all the passerby's to see.

2. Why does FNB feel the need to personally serve the homeless instead of just leaving the food and bowls for everyone to grab? In big cities this might be a problem of unsanitary conditions, but in small settings there is no need for this (unless there are disabled or drunks). FNB should not be policing the food. People constantly ask for permission to eat our food instead of being able to grab the food themselves. The questions might be out of courtesy but still it feels like we have claimed ownership of the food. Feeling the need to serve people seems like an act of charity (or pity) to me. It should be a picnic not a chore, right?

3. Where does FNB choose to pick up their vegetables from? We have been getting our vegetables and bread from the same people for the last year or so. We do it out of convenience, so we don't have to drive around asking stores to donate items. Are we actually using food that is going to be wasted? I really don't think so. The people at farmers market donate food because they can afford to, not because it will be thrown away. We would love to go around and find stores that can donate but a few people can do only so much till they feel burnt out. How do we even out the chores amongst the volunteers? A lot of people come to cook but never deal with other important responsibilities like picking up food, passing out flyers for donations, and serving. There is automatically a hierarchy when we have the people who take charge making all the decisions because the rest do not want to (or feel the need) take responsibility.

Amal Mongia

4. Is there actual consensus in the group or any kind of honest communication amongst the members? Do people feel comfortable expressing their opinions without feeling ignored? Sometimes the more established, "responsible" members end up making the decisions without consensus (sometimes silence means approval) and it has a direct effect on others whether the person knows it or not. We don't want leaders but that's exactly what we have. These people end up leading (sometimes not wanting to give up power) till they get burnt out and the rest feel helpless and soon the whole organization collapses (then you get people at shows going "yeah dude, I used to do FNB a few years ago, now I just work and drink beer").

5. This is where I lose my calm. I have been pointing out all the "problems" that I see so far, but what about the even greater problem amongst the people that don't do anything in this town. Talk is cheap, with your punk wardrobe and ice latte mocha in hand. The town is full of "punk" kids, but why is it that for the last 15-20 months, only a few individuals have felt the need to volunteer with FNB. If we had more volunteers, most people wouldn't feel burnt out with "activism" since it would even out the responsibilities and maybe even be able to serve every fucking day! I know I am excluding the average person who could volunteer also (radical politics can be scary to an average person, but fuck! our attire and hair is the only radical thing we have), but I feel pretty sad, when I see these kids listening to so called "political" music and not doing anything in their communities (this lifestyle is just a hobby, till you turn 18, do I sound pissed off? Yes, I am fucking really pissed off).

6. What kind of impact do we actually have on the homeless? Over the last year we have individually formed different bonds with the homeless people downtown. Talking to them as friends, learning of their past and present pain, sorrow, helplessness, and even happiness, but is it really just on a superficial level (instead of a punk show, we are at the local park)? Do people actually enjoy our company and food? I constantly ask myself this question. It is not a matter of appreciating our effort or not but whether or not we have actually broken through these superficial barriers that society conditions us to. Christmas time rolls around and charities go to work fixing up big dinners for these people, once a fucking year they do this, not every week. When the people we feed choose these big dinners over our food and company, I start to wonder if we actually had an impact in their lives. Are we different from these big charities? Sometimes I don't think we are except we use vegetables instead of meat and choose to serve at a park without any permits.

7. We need money for expenses like spices, reusable bowls and utensils, pots, bike carts, etc. If you're not too keen on stealing these things from the local supermarket or cannot get donations, FNB raises money usually through shows and records. Aren't there other means of raising money rather than putting out thousand records and CDs and shows so a little bit of the proceeds can go to FNB? What about all the consumer items sitting in your garage and friends' garages just rotting away. Why not hold a garage sale in your community with literature available for citizens to become aware of what FNB is doing? Raising money and recycling old consumer items, instead of putting out crappy/good bands on some guy's record label (if he/she really cared about FNB, then they would volunteer, instead of promoting the label and band disguised as a benefit for FNB). Bake sales are not bad either at the senior citizen bingo tournaments or something, you decide.

I keep mentioning these folks that are or will get burnt out by "activism." If it isn't obvious by my writing, I am actually one of these people. I feel that FNB in my town has been an awesome experience and I encourage people to start chapters in their town, but I don't think we have fully practiced the principle ideas set forth for everyone. I understand that people have different motives for why they choose to cook food and I do not feel like I am doing anything "political" or remotely close to what Chris Crass stated in his article, and I do not want to continue this as just an act of charity, because this town has enough of those. I think what we have accomplished as a group of "punk" kids is great, but some chapters do not really define the principles of how FNB should be and are really just a disguised

charity organization, and calling it Food Not Bombs is just defeating the whole purpose. I know this discussion is only directed towards the punk/hardcore circle/community, but that is what the majority of the FNB members relate to, including me. I would like an open discussion on the things I have stated and would like to hear experiences from other people, chapters and ex-chapters about how effective FNB has been in their towns. Please do not try to find arrogance in my sarcasm and "humor," and seriousness, my words are sincere. I am angry with every aspect of my town/"scene," and do acknowledge myself as part of the problem, but most of all, I am just confused. Please write to HeartattaCk or me personally. Thank you for reading.

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Allow Me To Kick Myself Again

So the whole fiasco started about a week ago when my girlfriend's friend Diane called her up and asked her to go see Luscious Jackson and Ben Lee at a place a little ways away from where she goes to school. Knowing that it was relatively cheap, and was something to do on another boring Friday night, I decided to go (don't laugh) just for the hell of it. My

only knowledge of Luscious Jackson was that they were once on the Beastie Boy's label, and I think I heard them once or twice before somewhere. Ben Lee on the other hand I knew was the significant other of My So-Called life starlet Claire Danes, his music I was even more unfamiliar with, but like I said before, I could sit home and twiddle my thumbs, or actually leave the house. So I opted to go. That was my first mistake.

It took a little over an hour, but after sitting through stop and go traffic, and three stops at numerous gas stations in search of an air compressor to fill the tires with, we finally get to the venue. When we arrived I noticed the

shady looking club, which is located in the wastelands of New Jersey. This place was pretty sketchy if you ask me. So we all got in line outside the doors, and I noticed the scary number of alterna-teens and gen-x'ers. This is the name I have given to kids that look the stereotypical hip alternative part. I'm sure you know what I mean, big baggy pants with the bottoms hacked off, big chain wallets, cheesy shirts with even lazier slogans. I guess this had to be expected to some degree, and besides I can deal with that. To each his own.

So after about an hour of waiting outside in the cool October air, they finally let us in. We walk up the stairs, and behold: a rock club. This is all pretty foreign to me, having only been to one other "concert" in my whole life, but I've seen Wayne's World enough times to know what a rock club looks like, and this is one of the. Sound guys with tight jeans and long hair, a bunch of different bars, a stage with tons of lights and fancy sound equipment, and enough cigarette smoke wafting through the air to make me want to gag. Oh yeah, and huge meat head bouncers wearing tight fitting shirts with the word "staff" written boldly on the front. No, this was definitely not like ABC No Rio, that's for damn sure.

At this point I'm still trying to keep an open mind, so we stand there waiting. And we wait some more. This extravaganza was supposed to start at eight o'clock, but that hour had already long passed waiting outside in line. I would say we waited about an hour and a half more, listening to very bad rock music on the sound system, breathing in headache inducing cigarette smoke, and watching these college kids drink beer and talk it up with one another, and most importantly being "hip." I felt very out of place, with my "XXX Crust Punks" patch on my pants, and studded belt. All the while my patients were growing shorter and shorter, my mood growing darker and darker. The thing that bothered me was that there was nothing to wait for, from what I could tell. There was no one setting up gear or shit on stage, everything looked to be already set up. My only take on it was that Mr. Rock Star Ben Lee wasn't going to perform for us until he god damn felt like it. Us being the inferior imbeciles that we are.

Finally the jerk off decides to come out. He looks frighteningly similar to Woody Allen, maybe even a scrawnier. I thought to myself, "this guy is Claire Danes' boyfriend? He must have to strap a board to his

ass when they have sex so he doesn't fall in." Now this guy proceeds to perform. Personally, I thought every song sounded like the typical college radio crap that I have grown to despise. I sat down on the floor after about three songs, put my hood over my head, cursed myself, and tried to muffle the putrid sounds emanating from this man's guitar.

His set went on and on. This guy was only the opening act and his set was really long, and I just waited two and half-hours for this. I thought that if his set was this long, Luscious Jackson's would be even longer, since they are headlining. I was not looking forward to this. So finally Mr. Rock Star finishes his set with an acoustic cover of "Skulls" by the Misfits. Judging by the way he sang it, I think he was mocking them. Fuck you man. You come to Jersey, the home of the original Misfits (not those phonies trying to cash in by calling themselves the Misfits without Danzig, cut me a break) and you have the nerve to mock them? I hate your guts.

Now I wanted out, I was going insane, and was very angry. We agreed (?) to leave this place and I was relieved. The fresh air outside was a welcome relief from the choking depths of hell that we just emerged from. "I should have known better," that's all I kept telling myself. I'll know better next time to stay the hell away from rock clubs and rock bands that I have no interest in seeing or hearing, and I urge you to do the same. I'll take sitting at home watching Back to the Future on cable any night of the week then deal with that shit again. Yeah, allow me to kick myself...

Welcome to my first column for *HeartattaCk*, my name is Ruth Abernathy and I'm an old punk rocker from Hollywood, California. I've been writing for various 'zines in LA for years, but recently I've felt the need to broaden my audience. The shit some people are trying to get away with these days is ridiculous. With that said, on to this month's business.

Fuck Sub City records. The scam is up. The punks are onto you (not that anyone punk buys any of your releases). But fuck, you make me sick! For those of you who don't know what Sub City is, it's an off shoot label of the famous jock rock label Hopeless Records. The label that brought us such fine meathead acts like Guttermouth, 88 Fingers Louie, Mustard Plug, and the Nobodys. You know the type: baggy pants, bug sunglasses, and a snowboard in the back of a lowered but, not "slammed," pick up truck. Does Hopeless think they're fooling the punks with this pathetic attempt at saving their label now that Jock rock doesn't sell as well as it use to? Hasn't Hopeless done enough damage to us commercializing our scene to every wet-dick with a goatee and a tribal tattoo? But wait! Sub City donates part of its profits to non-profit organizations. B.F.D. Guess how much they donate. A whole 5%! Why not just send a homeless shelter a Happy Meal and call it a day, you cheap fucks! And to tell you the truth it doesn't make a difference how much you donate because your motives are clear. I know you think making something a benefit is gonna give you some kind of scene credit but, you aren't pulling shit over on this punk. I could smell your bullshit from the get go. Wow, you signed Fifteen to your bullshit label, big deal. Fifteen sucks, and Jeff Ott's not even a punk. He's just another hippie trying to cash in with watered down Green Day riffs and a holier than thou attitude. Fifteen's nothing more than Steely Dan with a distortion pedal and an anarchist cookbook. How can a label like Hopeless who recently put out a Nobodys record entitled *Greatest Tits* have the nerve to change gear and try to act political. Wait, I forgot, they did the Sub City *Anti-Racist Action* CD compilation. Very impressive. I guess it's okay to be sexist, but just don't be racist or homophobic—you fucking assholes make me irate.

Lets not forget that Hopeless isn't the only label guilty of trying to save themselves now that their money making cock rock is dying out. Take a look at the development of Fat Wreckers side label, Honest Don's Recordings. Some labels aren't even trying to cover it up with a subsidiary label. Epitaph finally realized that they could only push so much rehashed "ohhhh, ahhhhhh" bands on the steakheads before they moved on to the next craze, so Epitaph signed Tom Waits. Look at Fearless Records, the label that brought us such bro rock as The White Caps and Glue Gun are

now moving on to the emo side of things with At The Drive In—who I just found out signed to a major, what a surprise. Hey Fearless, how convenient of you to jump on the next wave and cash in. Korn seems to be selling pretty well these days, when should we expect the “Doing it for the nookie” tribute album?

I hear a lot of talk from the punk scene but not a whole lot of action. We sit and bullshit about the things in our scene that are killing it from the inside but, no one wants to take matters into their own hands. I’m tired of going to shows and seeing the people I despise infiltrating our space. Last time I went to a show the closest thing I saw to a hawk was a Fantastic Sam’s spike job. I’m sick of going to shows and seeing pagers and cell phones, and kids rolling up in a Toyota 4-Runner decked out with “mean people suck” stickers. Is this what punk has come to? By the way, a brand new Misfits shirt and an ugly mug do not automatically grant you token entry into the punk scene. You’ve got to have some heart, you’ve got to be ready to fight for what you believe in and stand up to “them” at all times. Don’t these labels represent everything we as a scene we are supposed to be against? It’s time to take matters into our own hands.

My band, The Lilypads, have taken action first hand plenty of times. I remember one show we showed up to this summer that was promoted as a punk show in the spirit of ‘77, but when we got there it looked more like the Warped Tour side stage of ‘97. It made me sick to see all the people I’ve spent my whole life fighting against in the crowd “moshing” to my band. So I just stopped playing and started talking shit to the crowd letting them know what I thought of them, then started showering them with spit. Our bass player Cindy actually ended up punching some asshole in a Gutter-mouth T-shirt for saying “show me them titties.” We fucked shit up that day, and it wasn’t the first time. And it won’t be the last, cause I’m not going to have my scene turned into a high school keg party full of shit-stains who think they’re part of something punk. And to a lot of you this may be counter-productive, starting confrontations and speaking your mind. But it has to be done, we have to let “them” know they are not part of our scene. And they are not welcome in our scene; they are not punks, and they will never be punks. I know they will think twice before coming to the next punk show in their area. And hopefully they’ll realize no matter how fast they play that shiny new guitar and no matter how many times they say the word Fuck in a song, it don’t make them one of us. They’ll think twice before trying to say the word punk to describe their band cause they got a taste of the real side of punk.

And the thing that gets my goat is that labels like Hopeless, Fat, and Fearless are putting out music that caters to the whole meathead, sexist, jock mentality that is poisoning our society, not to mention our scene. And now they’re even changing the style of music they put out to keep up sales and nobody’s saying shit. I’m tired of seeing a label like Hopeless trying to change gears and act political now that sales are slowing down. (By the way what’s so political about having your releases sold at Best Buy? We’ll come back to that in another column sometime.) These labels don’t give a fuck about us. We’re the people who actually keep punk alive and start the trends they try to package and market to the next wave of rich kids who want to feel rebellious for the weekend. So what are we gonna do about it? Are we gonna sit back and let the fuckers that sold our scene out stick around? Just because they’ve reinvented themselves with a new slogan like “we support non-profit organizations”? Bullshit, fuck that! I have more faith in the punks than that. Let’s not buy into their scam, and let’s start taking back what we created. I can be reached at 1420 N Alta Vista #320/Hollywood, CA 90046; lilypads666@hotmail.com

Remember how you used to go to a show on a Friday night, and be overcome with ‘zines? You know the crappy ones that it took hours to make at Kinkos. The ones that talk about feelings no one gives a shit about, or even understand. It would take me approximately 1 minute to get a headache from the cut and paste layout and the poorly photocopied Assfactor 4 picture. Ever wonder why you don’t see any of these ‘zines circulated anymore? Ever wonder why the review section for ‘zines in *HearattaCk* is smaller each issue? It’s because of Technology. With

the Internet becoming more and more used in our society, you see more and more of personal webpages instead of ‘zines. Kids go build their ‘zines online instead of on real paper. Most of which I have seen lately consist of journals and fancy pink backgrounds.

I would trade hours of migraines to get cut and paste paper ‘zines back. There was so much more to them. It took more to sit hours at Kinkos putting together text from ms word or a type writer. With these new webpage ‘zines there is not really any personality to them at all. You can’t put anger and emotion into HTML script and a cool rose in the background.

There are some positive aspects to Net ‘zines though. Anyone can pull up the site anytime, and from anywhere. Not everyone has the net though. And not everyone knows how to make these sites, but it is not hard to learn. I taught myself basic HTML in an hour and I had a site up and running the next day. It’s free and kids from all over the world can see it. No postage necessary. Hell everyone has their own webpages now, even Ebullition.

There is so much more to paper ‘zines than net ‘zines though. They look better, and sometimes they are more fun to read. You don’t have to worry about a mouse or the “back” button on your browser when looking at a paper ‘zine. You can stick it in the back of your pocket and look cool at the next show(!). You just can’t get that with net ‘zines. Well lets think here for a second though, of course paper ‘zines are going to lose. I’m just sort of mad. That’s why I am here writing this. Over time more and more kids will learn HTML and have their own sites talking about how much the Get Up Kids rock. I’m not looking too forward to the future. Something to think about.

Justin “bring back blood ties fanzine” Jarboe/5967 New England Woods Dr./Burke, VA 22015 P.S. FUCK E-MAIL! But I have an address: jjarboe@erols.com

Why Ending Sexism in the Hardcore Community is Men’s Responsibility

I should probably preface this article by apologizing for doing the typical white, male action of going into oppressed people’s space and speaking for them. It is despicable to watch white men holding the agency for the minorities and women that they, by their very existence, exploit. Having apologized for that, I want to offer my explanation for submitting this article: feminism concerns all people. It is not just a woman’s issue. In fact, sexism is more of a man’s problem as men created it. These same men enjoy a certain amount of privilege as a result of the system of oppression. These men (you and I) could have ended sexism long ago if we had gotten together and just decided to. The reason for that is that men (especially white ones) own pretty much everything and, consequently, hold all the power in our society.

Before I go much further I should probably clarify my use of the words sexism and patriarchy. Throughout this article, I will use sexism and patriarchy to indicate an ideology synonymous with racism, classism, and hierarchical domination. I choose to address sexism because any close look at history shows that the development of patriarchy and the development of a class structure are inextricably linked. One of the benefits of class and gender inequity to those in power is the creation of surplus wealth. This same surplus wealth also leads to xenophobia and racism. It’s the classic ruse of divide and conquer that we still see today. I know that I’m oversimplifying things here, but bear with me; I am writing an essay on eliminating sexism within the hardcore community, not a people’s history of civilization.

Having established that sexism is the first of all forms of inequity, I’d like to describe some of the ways sexism manifests itself both in mainstream culture and the hardcore subculture. Probably the aspect of sexism that men are most familiar with is homophobia. From the time we’re old enough to be told to “be a man” and “stop acting like a sissy,” most of our male mentors have been making it very clear that the one thing a man isn’t is a fag. This militant homophobia is responsible for the recent deaths of Matthew Shephard and Billy Jack Gaither, as well as the ongoing incidents of fag-bashing that occur every

day in cities across the country.

In addition to violence, homophobia serves another wonderful function to patriarchy: it is used to widen the gulf between genders. We men are so concerned with not being girl-like, woman-like, or sissy-like, that we overcompensate by demonizing all things female identified. This is especially true in the hardcore community. In fact, even the current definition of hardcore implies that it is “chaotic, brutal, violent, and unrelenting.” Sound vaguely male? So what are the female values that are demonized? A few are nurturing, caring, sharing, tolerance, community, and solidarity. Compare those with traditional male values: violence, war, strength, aggression, and individualism. Now what sounds more like the current punk community, what should we strive for? Personally, I hope that punks start demanding more nurturing and caring from their spaces.

I am not going to go into a great deal of depth about how sexism affects women in our community because this issue of *HearattaCk* is full of women’s stories, which tell that story much more eloquently and personally than I, as a man, will ever be able to. I am going to describe some ways in which sexism is manifested in shows and ways that I see to eliminate it. In addition to the homophobia I mentioned earlier, the hardcore community perpetuates sexism by not encouraging female performers (saying it is not punk enough or technically proficient); creating threatening environments (through pornography and sexist language); and by not creating spaces which address the needs of women (by not providing childcare at shows or dealing with women’s issues such as reproductive issues).

At this point, I’m sure that a lot of the HaC readers are thinking thoughts like “why should I care about this shit, I’m a man” or “fuck this, he’s asking that we start encouraging pop-punk bullshit.” If you are thinking these things, I will ask you to examine the status quo thinking that prompts that kind of thinking. It probably comes from the same church leaders, teachers, cops, and parents that you, by your very presence in the punk community, are questioning in other areas of your life. If you think that punk or hardcore is just good music and doesn’t accompany an ideology of questioning authority and inequity, you need to get the fuck out of our scene. Knowing that punk is about challenging authority, isn’t it time that we challenge

traditional roles and wisdom about gender? I think so. I’m sure that many of you reading this are saying to yourselves something like “Gee, Patriarchy is really fucked up and I want to fight sexism, especially within my circle of supposedly progressive friends, but the problem is so big I don’t know where to start.” Well, I want to suggest a few practical things that we can all do to make the punk community more attractive to womyn. First, develop venues and communities that don’t tolerate sexist comments, sexual assault, or pornography. A stellar example of this occurred recently in my hometown (Boise, ID): the Murder City Devils were scheduled to play with Modest Mouse. At the last minute, the Murder City Devils canceled because one of the members of Modest Mouse had allegedly raped one of their (Devils) friends. Sexual assault can’t be argued about or justified, just as pornography can’t. Pornography is also violence to women, so the punk community needs to adopt the same zero tolerance policy towards porn that it needs to develop towards sexual assault.

At this point, I want to interject that saying no to pornography needs to be done not to alienate people, but to educate them. Just as you wouldn’t just scream at a new kid in your scene that is wearing Nikes without explaining sweatshops, you can’t just demand people stop using the word “cunt” or stop consuming pornography without providing reasons. I suggest that you educate yourself by reading some of what Andrea Dworkin and Katherine MacKinnon have written on this subject. Znet also has a great article by Michael Albert simplifying Dworkin’s premises. This is available at www.zmag.org.

Second, men in the punk community need to constantly work to eliminate their own personal sexism and racism. Joining or forming men’s feminist groups can do this. It is a lifelong job getting rid of sexism and racism; you need the support of other men. Men who will constantly challenge you and your ideas,

Justin Jarboe

as well as provide love and guidance. While I find it ridiculous when men say that they are oppressed just as much as women by sexism, I do believe that it is very frightening and risky for men to reject and challenge male privilege, so take care of yourself by finding others who are doing the same thing.

Third, support and encourage female performers. Provide venues that are not threatening to female artists and that allow womyn to give voice to their experience without having to apologize i.e. female bands nights. The womyn's issue of HaC is a perfect example of this. I'll use another example from my hometown to show what shouldn't be done. Recently, Sleater-Kinney was playing at a local bar and the sound person (not the usual one, but a first-timer who was not familiar with the band or the bar's equipment) couldn't get the band's monitors to work. When the band asked again for the monitors to be fixed, the sound person said, "Listen Bitch, I'm doing the best I can."

At this point Sleater-Kinney did the righteous thing and said they were leaving. Rather than going to the owner of the club (who watched this and did nothing) and telling him that they had just spent their last dollar in his bar, the people at this show just begged the band to overlook it and play. Hmm, I guess women should be used to being called "bitch" for asking that they get basically what male bands do...

Finally, the punk community needs to be active advocating on the behalf of womyn who don't have a voice. Poverty disproportionately affects womyn, especially womyn of color. The recently passed welfare reform is one of the most racist and sexist pieces of legislation that our country has done since Plessy v. Ferguson. There are great welfare rights organizations such as the JEDI women of Utah, Welfare Warriors of Wisconsin, and Idaho Sisters in Solidarity (ISIS). These groups are always looking for help. Food Not Bombs is also always looking for people to help with serving or searching for food.

Punks also need to work with women's organizations that deal with reproductive issues as these primarily concern poor women (rich women have and always will be able to obtain birth control and abortion). The state has no business making women the prisoners of their own wombs, so it is essential that male punks fight to keep all options available to all women. NARAL, NOW, and Planned Parenthood are a few of the better-known organizations to get involved in.

I can't wait to meet you, my fellow punks, on the picket line as well as at shows. I want you to know that I love this community and find the hardcore community to be one of the few remaining venues available for radical discourse and youth liberation. In fact, this community has given me something to believe in for the last 13 years. Punk taught me how important a critical view of society and technology is. I believe we need to apply that same critical gaze to our scene. Only after examining the sexist and racist structure of our scene will we be able to change some of the disturbing statistics in the last *HeartattaCk* poll and start working together towards revolution.

Bring on the noise, Gabe Kristal/1413 S Denver Ave./Boise, ID 83706; mutantpop@hotmail.com

Between November 29th and December 3rd, you probably heard or even participated in the demonstrations against The World Trade Organization (WTO) meeting in Seattle, dominating the media around the world. The talks began a new round of negotiations to reduce existing barriers to trade. At the time, I was 6000 miles away from Seattle, at home in England, wishing I was one of the fifty thousand or so protesters demonstrating against the WTO. However, not only did the meeting spark the demonstration in Seattle, but in many countries around the world, planned to coincide with the WTO meeting.

I think it can be easy to think "why does this affect me?" After all, how can a few hundred men in suits have a direct impact on my life? The simple answer is that trade is part of all our lives, and the trade negotiations that were discussed are increasingly determining what we can and cannot do in our own lives. What happens in one country is having an increasing

effect on what happens in another as the world becomes increasingly interdependent. At present, this entire process is being controlled and determined by corporate power, who seek to establish control over every dimension of our lives. This process is surprisingly far reaching and is a means which shifts power even further away from people. The process influences a whole range of issues—what we eat, the changing nature of the workplace, our health, human rights around the world, the environment, our futures, and our ultimate control over our lives.

The World Trade Organization itself is an international body of bureaucrats whose function is to reduce "barriers" to international trade and capital. The WTO establish and enforce international trade regulations, backed by the consensus of Governments, to "free" capital from the "interference" of individual member countries and domestic regulations, such as local environmental laws for example. The rhetoric of the WTO say that they're a consensus organization with democratic participation by all member states, but have been exposed as a complete sham, blatantly illustrated during the Seattle talks. Developing countries were bullied, patronised and sidelined during the negotiations, but reservedly remained committed to the process, fearing the consequences of being excluded from potential foreign investment and trade. A classic catch 22 situation, where developing countries have no alternative other than to be enslaved into debt, dependence and consenting to the destruction of their domestic economies by undemocratic and secretive international organizations such as the WTO, The World Bank, The International Monetary Fund, etc.

The WTO has earned itself names such as The World Tyranny Organization because it enforces anti-people and anti-nature decisions to enable corporations to abuse the world's resources through undemocratic structures and processes, streamlining markets and resources. The WTO institutionalizes forced trade, not free trade, and enforce the rules of warfare against people and the planet. The only thing which is "free" about "free trade" is the freedom it gives corporations to deprive everyone else of their freedoms. It is becoming clear that changing these rules are to be the most important struggle of our times.

Seattle was chosen to host the latest round of WTO negotiations because it is the home of the likes of Microsoft, Boeing and Starbucks, and symbolises the corporate power which WTO rules are designed to protect and expand. Throughout the negotiations, people from all walks of life and all parts of the world were protesting against the round of negotiations that would accelerate and expand the process of globalization, with the aim of shutting down the Seattle negotiations. The brutality of the riot police and the National Guard, who were better armed than your average Storm Trooper against the demonstrators (and even mistakenly against some of the delegates) clearly illustrated who was protecting who. A state of emergency was declared, Martial Law was enforced, a curfew was declared each night between 7 and dawn. Protesters were brutally beaten up, sprayed with tear gas and arrested in the hundreds. Yet the alliance was solid, consisting of local people, workers, farmers, environmentalists, women's networks, students, human rights activists, indigenous peoples, anarchists, indeed everyone from the Wobblies

to the Church of the Underground Elvis(!), all recognising that the global capitalist system, based on the exploitation of people and the planet for the profit of the few, is at the very root of our social and ecological

troubles.

Around the world, protests against the WTO were arranged to coincide with the Seattle demonstrations. In France, 5000 farmers with sheep, ducks and goats converged under the Eiffel tower in protest against the impact of globalization. In all there were an estimated 75,000 demonstrators throughout 80 French towns. At the home of the WTO in Geneva, Switzerland, another 5000 protesters expressed their solidarity with the Seattle protesters scaling the headquarters and marching on the banking district. India saw protesters scale the World Bank building, covering it with posters, graffiti, cow shit and mud, while others

sang slogans and traditional songs at the gate. Here in England, London followed up an earlier 10,000 strong demonstration several months ago through the central financial district of the capital under the banner of "Reclaim The Streets," and saw over 2000 protesters converged against state privatization of the British rail network (yet another impact of trade liberalisation) ending with more riots and other demonstrations around the country.

It was this lack of grassroots consensus by ordinary people around the world towards the WTO that proved to be the downfall of the Seattle negotiations. The eventual failure of the WTO was significant. It demonstrated that the process of globalization is not an "inevitable" process which must be accepted at all costs, but a political process that can be challenged. By taking direct action, people make connections, they talk and communicate with each other, they break down the isolation and fragmentation of an alienated society. These connections are now spreading across the globe as people realise that their particular local struggles are part of a wider problem—the global economy. As globalization touches and transforms the lives of all of us, the divide between the people of the North and the South lessens. By joining together, diverse struggles are taking on a new and deeper significance, and is a process which essential to preventing the strengthening of economic institutions and corporate power around the world. Only by creating popular mass consensus against corporate rule can we hope to defeat the emerging economic order. Demonstrations and direct action against the WTO in Seattle proved highly effective in raising mass debate towards the issue of globalization and is a movement that is being built upon around the world.

Here are a few web-sites to check out if you want to know more: N30 <http://www.n30.org>, Adbusters <http://www.adbusters.org/>, Mid Atlantic Infoshop <http://www.infoshop.org/no2wto.html>, Global Exchange <http://www.globalexchange.org/>. All have good links to other related sites. For those with technophobia who prefer the book format like myself, a couple of recommended non-academic books are *Chaos or Community—Seeking Solutions, Not Scapegoats for Bad Economics* by Holly Sklar, or *Corporations Are Gonna Get Your Mamma* by Kevin Danaher.

Moving on. Since I'm loosely on the subject of the environment, something that has really been annoying me over the last few of years within the hardcore scene, is the apparent acceptance of using shrink-wrap on records and CDs. For a while, the practice seemed confined to the likes of Revelation, but now seems to be a widely accepted practice which is generally unnecessary and an incredible waste of packaging! Even record manufacturing companies here in the UK actively discourage the use of shrink-wrapping where possible in recognition of it being environmentally wasteful. For a supposedly ethical "movement," shrink-wrap is to me blatant hypocrisy.

Finally, my lack of columns in *HeartattaCk* over the last year or so have been caused by a real lack of time, since having to take a full-time job while keeping afloat my activities with my record label, mailorder, organising shows, and while doing my best to have a life! I'm beginning to free up some time so hopefully my column will again re-appear on a more regular basis, editors permitting... If you want to get in touch, you can e-mail me at: awa@ndirect.co.uk.

Kafā UgGfsfs

Heias! Jasfas as adiew asfg sdi, jdgpde dsdf, asej gfsdsg, sdghdj adshg gdkg. Ijdf kidf X dgj fggdpdw, fggpsdf. Jidgj dsjfg qwr pgoas, fkgpie dgjkg awirp. Fkfg dfsdf X asdf. X sdfd ffg ui as djsjd qworow!

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Richard Corbridge



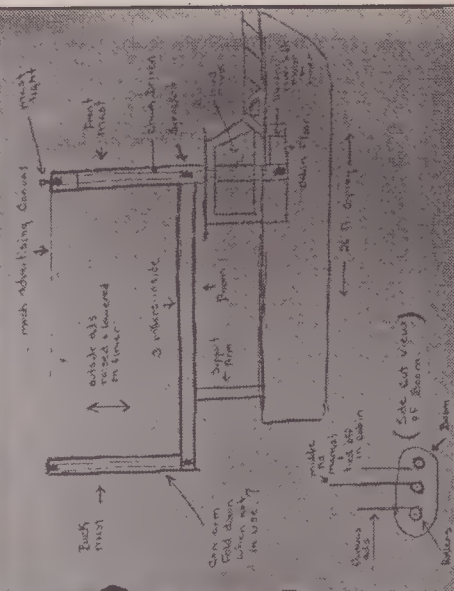
Heavily influenced by the likes of melodic power metal along the lines of Iron Maiden and In Flames, yet still maintaining the signature Kallak sound, *Thorn* and *Blackout* will serve as a fitting testament to one of the 90's most obscure and unimportant bands. Members of Harvest and Threadbare

NEW!!! The Casket Lottery/Waxwing split 7" \$3.50. One song from each band's upcoming album. Limited edition, numbered, & ten different colors.

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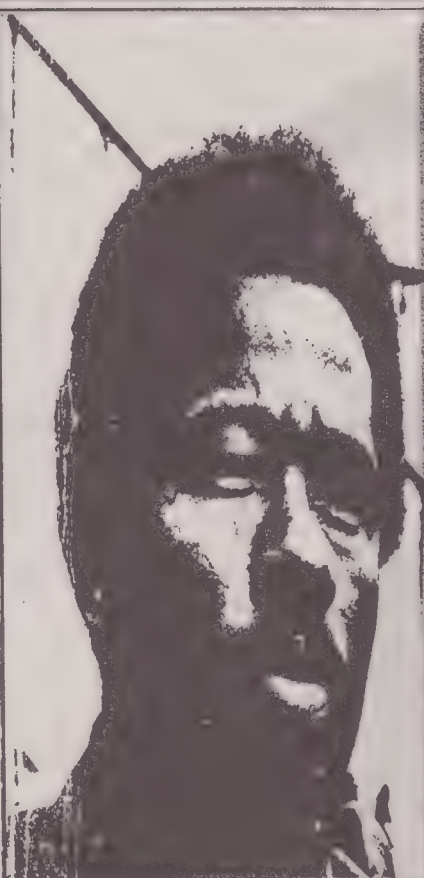
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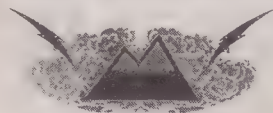
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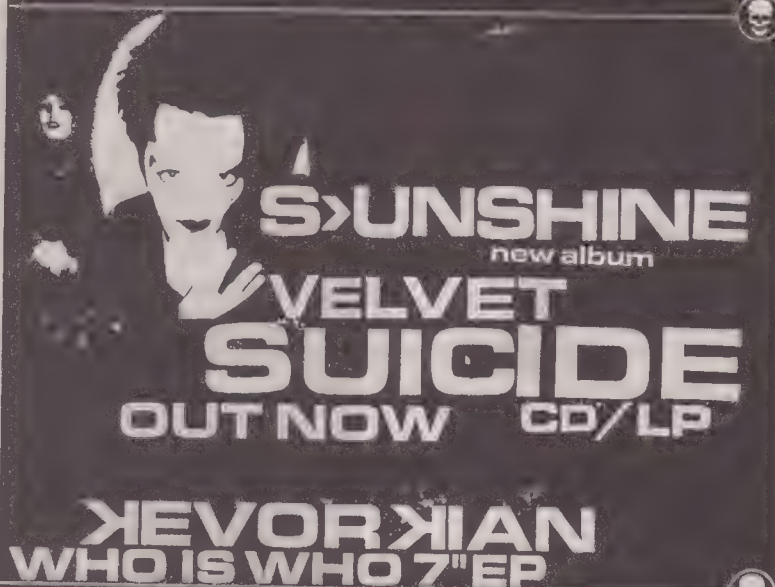
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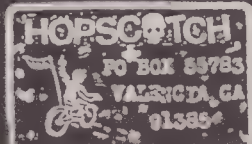
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Visual Stimulation
by Andy Maddox and Marianne Hofstetter

The first movie that we chose to discuss was Fight Club directed by David Fincher. It was released in the Fall of 1999 and stars Edward Norton and Brad Pitt.

Marianne: Whenever I get asked about Fight Club I first state that I didn't like it too much, and then I usually get attacked by the other person (generally a guy) asking me why? Why NOT? The thing is, there are a lot of things I thought were great about Fight Club. One thing that is really great is that it gives you so much food for thought; I don't think you could watch it and not be stirred by it in some way.

Andy: Exactly. I really liked it at first, and still do in some ways. I think that the movie was done extremely well visually it just happens that the story line is filled with a tremendous amount of negative inconsistencies.

M: I guess one of the reasons you and I liked it at first was the anti-consumerist thing in it.

A: Yeah, that is why I liked it at first... because of the whole anti-capitalism aspect (though to be fair, I always disliked the ending. I thought that blowing up a few buildings to erase greed/debt is laughable it is like throwing rocks at a tank). Also I thought it was interesting how they assigned value to everything (like how Jack was looking around his apartment and seeing everything with price tags from that catalog). It is as if the item does not matter, just how much it is worth.

M: Definitely. It's like that's what we've become—all that matters is our buying power. And if you are poor you're out of the picture. I really emphasized with the rage that Jack was feeling. Realizing that you are trapped in this materialist society... but at the same time I, as a woman, was completely shut out from the picture.

A: Yeah, and an example of what I was saying before... I enjoyed the whole idea of being so fed up with working as a corporate slave and life in general that you want to find something pure to feel alive. So I was like, "This is kind of cool," but then after really thinking about how they did it—showing how a woman is not able to feel this way like it is a man's situation—really changed my view on the film. And I know that I can not relate to this directly (because I am not a woman so I can not claim to understand it) but it just leads to an exclusionary angle that is really unnecessary, you know?

M: Yeah, the more I kept thinking about it the more I felt excluded and the more I felt like this was only

M: Absolutely. That's why I was quite offended by the fact that Jack destroys everything he has and goes slumming. It was a glorification of poverty. And on another level it's the same with the actors—I am supposed to cheer Brad Pitt for playing ugly? He can afford to do that. There is no risk involved.

A: Yeah. I never thought of that but you're right. His career is all set, so he can afford that risk. And if the movie bombs he is still safe because the "pretty" version of him will still be in the spotlight thanks to his relationship with Jennifer Aniston, so there is no risk.

M: It's crazy because there are so many levels of looking at this movie (which is why I would recommend it to anybody).

A: Yeah, that's why even though I don't like the movie I still do (I know that sounds impossible, but hey...). Another thing that I found interesting was that some of the men who were alienated into being into fight club did so because they had testicular cancer—like losing your penis defines your manhood—which I was a little troubled by.

M: Yeah, it's interesting, too, that the only guy that gets killed is Meat Loaf—the guy who has no balls and has physically turned into a woman.

A: Yeah, and he is overweight so he has nothing going for him physically.

M: There is this scary fascist undercurrent running through the movie—survival of the fittest and all.

A: Like ugly people are not needed in the new "perfect" fight club society, which is why the ugly version of Brad Pitt gets shot at the end.

M: It's like either you're manly and strong or you're effeminate and weak and you end up not even existing in the story.

A: Totally. Strong and manly is the ideal and if you don't fit into that you might as well not even exist. I like the point that you brought up a while back about the soap and how that was what the purpose of women was reduced to (that and Brad Pitt's pleasure).

M: Yeah, and it was also a cruel stab at women's vanities. Even though most women think that they can only get ahead in life by being pretty, which is already sad, the movie makes even more fun of them because first they mutilate themselves with liposuction and then their own fat gets sold back to them. I didn't think it was funny at all.

A: No, it wasn't, but I heard a lot of laughter in the theatre, which is sad.

M: I realize that not every movie has to be catered

definitely went wrong. You can go rock out with the guys at the Sunday matinee (or go to fight club) and then live off that adrenaline the entire week. Don't kid yourself—that's not living on the edge; that's one of the safest things you can ever choose to do.

The next movie that we chose to discuss was American Beauty directed by Sam Mendes. It was also released in the Fall of 1999 and stars Kevin Spacey.

M: So did you like American Beauty, and if so what did you like about it?

A: Yeah, I did. I liked the optimism that the characters had even though their worlds were falling apart... like they still had a little hope that this was going to be the best time and they were going to be happy, even if it was just in spurts. That and I really dug all the scenes with the roses (all Kevin Spacey's little nymphet filled fantasies). They were just so well done. Visually, they were incredible.

M: Yeah, even though the movie starts with Spacey telling you that he's going to be dead within a year, I didn't really find it too depressing. He tried to make the best of it, and so did all the others.

A: It was cool because the movie was definitely dark... but at the same time it was so peppy, like when he wrote that memo to quit his job I was like, "yeah, yeah, awesome," all happy for him.

M: I think it was great visually—there are the fantasy scenes that are just beautiful and stylized, the blue-ish everyday life and then the video shots. I guess the director (Sam Mendes) knew what he was doing.

A: Totally. I really wanted to be showered in roses.

M: I was definitely cheering for Spacey even though his whole obsession with the girl was kind of pathetic. I could, however, really identify with his attempt to bring joy back into his miserable life.

A: Exactly, like I felt like I should hate him—after all he is going after his daughter's friend—but I just couldn't because he was so miserable that he just said "fuck it" and did whatever he wanted.

M: Totally, the girl represented his lost youth and dreams and his hope that there was something more out there.

M: As far as theme goes, it was kind of similar to Fight Club, don't you think?

A: Yeah, it was similar to Fight Club but more focused, because they weren't trying to change anything outside of their own lives.

M: I agree. The story happened on a much smaller

catered towards men and then once you start thinking about that, you'll discover all these things in the movie that are totally anti-woman. You can't look at this movie and say that it is about all of us.

A: Totally. It didn't include everyone but it should have, because the exploitation that they were addressing does effect everyone, not just white-collar men like Jack. It is as if the poor and women are not capable of feeling that kind of rage and needing that type of release that they got from fight club. They could have done so much more with the movie. They had all the right elements (a good director, a talented cast, etc.) but in the end they sold themselves short and sold us out by making another macho fight movie that should have been so much more.

M: I was talking to a friend after seeing the movie and he said, "It's about how fucked up life is and how trapped we are." I'm sorry, but how big are the problems of a white-collar white dude really? I guess that if you are poor you are already living in fight club.

A: Totally. Fight club is a reality for you if you are poor so you don't need to be included. It only makes sense to be exclusive; after all, being a successful white male is an exclusive club already. And not to say that life is perfect for them, but they definitely are a lot better off than the poor or minorities who are exploited their whole lives. It just cheapens everything that those other groups have struggled for. They have worked so hard for any advancement that they have gained and the upper class white male wants to go back to "zero," start all over, and forget everything that they have done.

towards women and that's fine, but I think that this one wasn't just ignoring me, it was insulting to me.

A: Yeah, I don't think that every movie should cater to me either, but with this one the main theme of the movie, consumerism, affects everyone so it only makes sense that everyone should be included.

M: That's what you would think. I agree. I think there is one great line in the movie and it was, "What you own ends up owning you." That is so true.

A: Yeah it is, but most people don't realize that. And to paraphrase Fugazi, it seems that a lot of people do think that they are what they own.

M: I think spending power gives you the illusion of having free choice and free will but (to quote Man Lifting Banner), "Freedom is the margin THEY set for you." Fight club was an attempt to break out of that by doing something so completely anti-social that would free you from all these chains, and then somewhere along the way things went bad.

A: Exactly. That is what I was trying to say before. It was supposed to be so much better, but it just became so misguided somehow.

M: It did make me compare it with punk rock a lot, you know, the way we try to go for something pure, free of any corporate bullshit, free from societal pressure. Fight club reminds me of guys jumping on each other's head at Earth Crisis show. Slam-dancing or partaking in the fight club seems like a viable option if you're a healthy young male. It is, at the same time, totally exclusive of anybody who doesn't fit that profile. Something

scale, but the themes were totally universal.

A: But yeah, the theme was definitely the same. I just feel like it came across much better in American Beauty.

M: Fight Club was a real mess (that might have been intentional though) and American Beauty was so disciplined and well structured.

A: I think it was intentional for Fight Club to be chaotic, definitely.

M: Besides, American Beauty had real people in it, like the neighbor's son—what a character!

A: That kid was awesome... I really dug that film he made of the bag blowing in the wind because it totally represented the movie so well. That and all the scenes of him filming where it was all grainy were so well done that it really added a whole new dimension to the film... like this filtered reality represented the cloudiness of the character's thinking.

M: Yeah, that bag scene was beautiful. Maybe the only thing that is wrong with the movie is that it was beautiful and not threatening enough (I think it was threatening in its own way though).

A: I think it was threatening in its beauty... like underneath all this beautiful imagery things were just falling apart.

M: Actually, I agree. There's this really strong undercurrent of doubt and decay.

A: I mean, just think of the scene where the neighbor was staring at the dead Kevin Spacey looking for the beauty. It was really eerie yet surreal and peaceful at the same time. I think this totally sums up the movie.

VISUAL STIM

The third movie is *Magnolia* directed by Matt Anderson. It was released in January of 2000 and stars Tom Cruise and Julianne Moore.

M: After we walked out of *Magnolia* we overheard a couple people talking about the movie like it was total crap, like they didn't get it. I'm wondering: what is there not to get? Can't everybody take something away from that movie?

A: I don't get it. There was so much to get out of that movie, but I had the same experience when I saw it.

M: Even if you didn't like parts of it, how could you not be totally shattered by some of it? I mean, I thought some of the stuff with Jason Robard's dying was a bit long, but I actually liked it because it was true to life.

A: Yeah, I know what you mean. There were a couple times when I thought that Julianne Moore was overacting, but then after I thought about it I realized how much it totally reflected her desperation.

M: I think a lot of people were put off by Tom Cruise playing such a misogynist character but, you know, more power to him. And at first I thought the same of Moore but then thinking again later it made sense to me. Also with a lot of the characters it was difficult to like them 100%—which again is true to life.

A: Yeah, I liked the fact that I didn't always like the characters. I thought that lent itself very well to the story. Did you notice that the whole movie took place in less than a day?

M: I did. It was so well done. I'm in awe of Anderson. I have the deepest respect for him. He really knows and cares about what he's doing.

A: Did you notice any similarities between the characters? For example how Donnie could be Stanley when he grows up.

M: Oh yes. A lot of it was about repeating the mistakes of the past too, like you can't outrun your destiny.

A: Exactly, which is why it was fitting the way Tom Cruise was calling his dad a cocksucker (which he must have learned from him) after what he does at the Seduce and Destroy seminars that he puts on.

M: Totally. It was about how cruel human beings can be to each other and how hard it is too forgive. The thing is that nobody grows up to be pure or better, everybody's fucked up and will end up hurting somebody else.

A: Yeah, it definitely is just a cycle. Do you think the characters really wanted to forgive?

M: Oh, I don't know. I think it differed from case to

I think she painted the picture and attached that to it). I also think that Anderson put it in as a reflection of all the characters and their own individual situations that they were all trying to forget.

M: Right. It was really great how intricate and complex all the characters were—none of them perfect, just like real people.

A: Totally, which is why I think they were alike even though there was a real isolation to them all, yet they were not alone because there were others like them.

M: I was wondering why Tom Cruise was such a woman hater when in fact it was his dad who betrayed him, not his mom—he loved his mom. There was this weird moment when he told the reporter that she wasn't safe here—like he knew that it was all crap and he was getting these guys dangerously riled up and angry.

A: Yeah, I remember that. Like all the men would rape any woman that they saw or something, like that was his goal. It was really eerie.

M: I'm a bit confused about his character. I don't really know how big of an asshole he really was. But he was definitely as screwed up as all the other people.

A: Yeah, I don't think it is really an issue of whether or not he was screwed up, because obviously he was. I think it is more an issue of how justifiable it is, if at all.

M: You're right.

A: So do you think it was? I'm not sure, like I feel wrong if I say it was because I don't want to excuse his behavior... maybe justifiable is the wrong word, and maybe I mean to say I can at least understand why he is how he is.

M: Oh boy... no, I don't think it was... I understand why but it's not good to behave like that. I think with his stupid program he probably started an entire chain reaction in other people's lives. I understand why he does all these fucked up things but it's still not right.

A: Exactly, which is what I just said (kind of)—it is not excusable at all, it was totally wrong, I just wonder if we were supposed to feel sorry for him or not because we have some insight into why he is like that.

M: That's a really interesting question. How helpful is it ever to feel sorry for somebody... it's not a productive thing to do. I guess it's better to confront people with what you think they are doing wrong (easier said than done).

A: Yeah, I know what you mean, but are you supposed to be sympathetic ever, or do you just across the board condemn a person? I know it can never be cut and dry like that, but in theory...

M: No, no, I'm definitely sympathetic and I know how easy it is to screw up. Life is mostly a grey area, and everyone who thinks things are black and white is just a fool. Nothing is that easy.

A: Yeah, I am too, but I mean there is screwing up like we do and then there is brainwashing a whole room full of males to be womanizers you know? So are we ever supposed to feel sympathetic in those extreme circumstances?

M: Probably not.

A: Yeah, life is all grey, but we still seem to strive for that ideal that does not really exist, as there are too many variables in life... and I think that it should be like that. I don't want life to be that predictable.

M: I agree.

A: And how much blame should society at large have for people like Tom Cruise's character. I mean, after all, there is a reason his program is so successful.

M: Those negative feelings were already around—you're right. Tom just seized the opportunity to make some cash.

A: Totally. I still don't excuse his behavior but I think it is too easy just to condemn him. I think society needs to change too, so people like him don't get that powerful.

M: Right. I think that the thing with the game show kid was the most depressing to me. I think the kid was one of the purest, most beautiful characters (probably because he was still a child) but these assholes didn't even see that.

A: Yeah, totally.

M: They showed no respect whatsoever to him—everybody's totally caught up in their own little drama.

A: Definitely, which I think is good lead into *Nil by Mouth*, which is filled with people dealing with their own dramas.

Nil by Mouth is written and directed by Gary Oldman. It's the one movie already on video that we chose to discuss.

M: To me *Nil by Mouth* is mostly about families (which, to me, is one of the most fascinating subjects). It is mind-blowing what you will do or have done to you within the confines of a family.

A: Totally, I had forgotten just how grizzly *Nil by Mouth* was; it was like chewing glass watching some of that. And yeah, I agree the family relationship was at the heart of it all.

M: You watch it and there's this mother giving her son money to shoot up in her car and calling him a "motherfucking bastard" and then one day later she'll take him under her wing again.

A: Exactly, and the scene with the son shooting up in the car the mom wasn't like, "don't do it" or whatever, she was just like, "don't do it in the front seat, go in the back and do it."

M: With family (unlike with friends) it's so much harder to walk away—you'll just lower the bar. It'll be okay to call each other cunt, it'll be okay to hit somebody. It'll be normal to joke about your son/brother going to jail.

A: It's weird how much you just accept because, unlike your friends, you can't choose your family, so you just let things slide and tell yourself that it will get better.

M: Totally. That was, in fact, one thing that I didn't completely love about the movie—the wife walking away. How big are the chances of that in real life?

A: Nil, but I think Gary Oldman realized that that's what people wanted to see—they wanted to see her leave him, even if it wasn't reality.

M: I agree. Weren't the actors amazing? I wouldn't even call it acting. Like that guy (the abusive husband), Ray Winstone. What a presence. I know he is an actor, but if I ran into him in the streets, I'd shit my pants.

A: Yeah, the actors were great. I was glad he used "nobodies" in the movie, so they all really did seem like a real dysfunctional family without any egos/personalities getting in the way.

M: The woman who plays the wife is actually pretty

REpetition

case. I would say that it often seems impossible to forgive and it was probably impossible for some people to do. Why should the cop's girlfriend ever forgive her father? But you have to think about it, I guess. We're all screw-ups.

A: Yeah, I know what you mean... I guess maybe forgive isn't the best word, but it is an obstacle that needs to be overcome in some way in order to move on with life.

M: You have to make your peace with it somehow.

A: Do you remember when they showed the painting in the daughter's apartment that said "but it did happen" at the bottom of it?

M: Yeah I do, that poster... I don't know... I totally believed that it DID happen, but this seems to have put a question mark behind it.

A: I was thinking more that it was a reference to the characters' lives, as well as the whole abuse issue. I thought it summed up the whole past notion—like no matter how much you try to run and forget, there is no denying that the past did happen.

M: That's a good point. I was only thinking about the daughter and I was wondering if she really had been abused—but I'm almost 100% sure it happened.

A: Oh, I think it definitely did happen. I just think that it was another aspect of life that they couldn't believe happened to them, you know? Like everyone was asking, "why me?" and not realizing that everyone has faulty shit happen to them (granted not always to those extremes). That's what makes life life. But yeah, I think on the surface it was about the daughter (actually

big in the United Kingdom. She does mostly comedy—imagine that! But the rest of them—yeah amazing, it seemed like a documentary, like you were peeking through a hole.

A: Really? I didn't know that. I just assumed that she was a nobody... but Gary Oldman has some pull in Hollywood over here, so I am sure that he could have gotten much bigger actors if he wanted to.

M: Oh yes, but that would have been a really stupid mistake.

A: Yeah, that's why it was so grizzly. It's like you were thinking, "they can't fake that, that really is happening..." which is the sure sign of a good movie. I was also really into that scene where the little girl, Michelle, let the balloon go—symbolizing the lost hope and innocence of childhood floating away.

M: Oh yes, families have this pattern of repetition—it's an ongoing cycle and it is hard to break out of that. You are right about the balloon thing, too.

A: I was also thinking about the scene where the tattooed friend was watching *Apocalypse Now*, where he was mimicking the movie, saying "Life isn't through with you yet," totally summed up the movie.

In closing we would just like to say that we welcome any correspondence, so feel free to write either of us with questions or comments. Thanks, Marianne "the mole" Hofstetter (marianne_sundowner@yahoo.com) and Andy "the video slave" Maddox/66 Holly Lane/ Meriden, CT 064501; infinitetransition@hotmail.com

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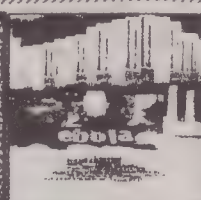
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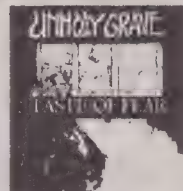
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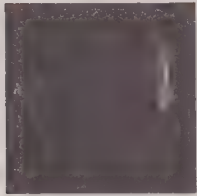
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Pichon: What do you think are the causes of the war in Kosovo?

Ivan: Well, that's probably the most delicate question of all since the whole historical and political situation in the Balkan is very complicated and hard to understand for outsiders. To be honest with you, I don't understand it completely myself. I know that Albanians are one of the oldest nationalities in the Balkans. Their forefathers were here much before Serbs or Croats. Kosovo was not always a Serbian entity in the past. That is why there are more Albanians than Serbs in Kosovo. Kosovo got some kind of autonomy after WWII, but that autonomy was removed abruptly in the early '90s. The fact is that Albanians were neglected and oppressed through many years and the one that is guilty for today's situation in Kosovo and Serbia is definitely

Milosevic (yes, the main guy!) claimed it and created a police state in Serbia, not to talk about Kosovo. So he kept the crisis "in control" with a firm hand rule there, as well as here (March 9, 1991, there were big riots in Belgrade and there were thousands of policemen and fights). I don't know what exactly happened in Kosovo at that time, but this region helped Milosevic cheat in every election and stay in power for 15 years—all because nobody knew how many Albanians lived down there in the first place. Anyway, this is when the World stepped in. Boris put it nicely. He said, "It's like when sharks smell the blood..." That's what it was and, like in the case with Iraq, political agreement couldn't be made. Everybody made sure of that, so they "had" to use the terminal

community from the Albanian side. Yugoslavs didn't understand Albanians; Albanians didn't want to be understood. The oppression of Albanians has a long history; so does their resistance. The first tensions in all of socialist Yugoslavia started at Kosovo. That's where it all began. Hopefully that's where it'll all end. For years, Albanians used to non-violently oppose this oppression. At the same time, some militant factors within the Albanian minority were aggressively preparing for the war. For example, they used to enforce a secret tax for all Albanians working abroad. This was almost a blackmail for all of those people. They had to pay whether they liked it or not... so that's the origin. Then you had rising Serbian nationalism, and at the same time strong Albanian opposition. No dialogue, no wish for a solution. A typical Balkan scenario

KOSOVO

Interview by Pichon

Slobodan Milosevic, the current president of Serbia (Yugoslavia). The majority of people in Serbia are normal people just like you and me, but those who follow this fascist president are way more visible, so the whole picture of the situation over there is misinterpreted. In a way I don't support NATO bombings, but Milosevic's tyranny has got to be stopped some way. If you ask me, he should have been executed in the first place. Maybe the whole situation would be different without him. I guess there is too much national pride in this area, and that is one of the major problems.

Stasa Pavlovic: I think that causes go back as far 100 years ago. I don't know how deep should I go with this, because I noticed that sometimes people don't know anything whatsoever about the history of this country and the history of this conflict (which is totally understandable, don't you think?), so the media has the opportunity to create its own stories and lies and rewrite history

force all in the name of protecting one nationality that is being oppressed by another. Nothing can't be black and white like they want us to see... and KLA, they dare to call themselves Libertarians, they dare call themselves revolutionaries. Please, they are working with the "sharks" as far as I'm concerned. It is estimated that thousands and thousands of refugees, Kosovo Albanians, left the region when the bombings started and all the world was weeping, and now when the KFOR is there as many Serbs left the region, and the ones that stayed got killed, but nobody fucking cares... just as many brutalities occurred when there was no KFOR and now when they're "protecting" people. The border between Serbia and Albania is not protected and you can only guess that all the crooks are using the opportunity to rob and steal, and vice versa. Serbs robbed Albanian houses when they were in refugee convoys and stuff. But let's get one thing straight: there's no room there for the honest people of all sides!!!

I would say. Reasons for the conflict between Albanians and Serbs can be classified as cultural, religious, economic, and just plain stupid. The other part of the war is the NATO aggression. I believe that this intervention from their side was for economic reasons and that they wanted to put themselves in the position of a world cop, once and for all. They obviously wanted to deal with the Russians through Serbia (when I say NATO I think about USA).

Rasha: This is a bit hard to answer. There are multiple reasons, but generally speaking it's mostly the lack of tolerance among people. Ethnic and religious hatred among people living in Kosovo has been helped by the state for a very long time—at first secretly by Tito's regime and recently by the USA and other European countries. Also, Milosevic's regime helped this a lot with its strongly nationalist propaganda and lack of initiative in solving the problem. First, serious riots in the Kosovo area occurred in 1981. Right after Tito died, occasional problems continued through the 1980s. Also, there was a wave of refugees from Kosovo (mostly Serbian) in 1987 and 1988. Problems in the area have intensified in the early '90s, and government did almost nothing to prevent this from escalating into a war in the summer of 1997. Since then thousands of people were killed, many had to flee their homes, and everybody suffered regardless of their nationality or religion. In the spring of 1999, America decided that it is time for a NATO intervention, and what happened after is generally well known.

Marko Rusjan: That's a pretty difficult question. There are huge books about this problem. There are two different nations down there—Serbs and Albanians—who are not very similar. They have different religion, different social life, different culture. They don't mix with each other. So if one of them has the majority, the other one is scared. There were 90% Albanians and only 10% Serbs. Kosovo is very frustrating for Serbian

"When I was 10 my father got killed, my mother burned. A guy called Rankovic he was the one who set me to live alone without no home, without no parents and love..."

—extract of a lyric of the Kosovar band Jericho Walls

and all that, and nobody doubts them. I'll try to simplify everything. Albanians are the big majority in Kosovo, which is an autonomous region in the Republic of Serbia. Serbs and Gorans and Turks and Egyptians and of course Roms are the minority. There was always hostility between the two nations and to explain it would be like talking about what came first, the chicken or the egg!!! Although Serbs are the minority, after all this is their country and so Slobodan

Marko Vukovic: Serbian-Albanian conflict emerged from what was before a cultural conflict between Yugoslav nations and Albanians. After the 2nd World War, many Albanians used to come to Yugoslavia illegally, and they settled at Kosovo. They came in search of a better life, and Yugoslavia let them stay. However, there was always this conflict and misunderstanding. Some sort of racism came from the Yugoslav side, and a very closed, patriarchal, tribe-family type of

nationalist feelings. And you have to understand that Serbian nationalism is very strong and very difficult to fight. After the second world war the socialist Yugoslavia gave the Kosovars huge autonomy, especially the Constitution of 1974. Kosovo was equal to any other republic, like Slovenia for example. In 1981 there were Albanian nationalists who went to the streets. They wanted Kosovo as republic. That would mean a secession from Serbia. The Serbs didn't like that. When Milosevic came to power Serbia got a new constitution which destroyed the autonomy of Kosovo. It came under Serbia. That's where all the wars in Yugoslavia started. After the disastrous defeat of Serbs in Croatia and Bosnia, Milosevic returned to the beginnings. He needed a conflict on Kosovo. Lots of political analysts warned western countries that this will happen, but they didn't care. They were making deals with Milosevic. Another important factor is the economic crisis which helped to such disastrous war.

Pichon: How does the war affected your lifestyle (if it affected you)?

Ivan: Basically, it hasn't affected me at all. We discussed it sometimes but that's it. We had a war in Croatia a few years ago so the whole situation didn't surprise me at all.

Stasa Pavlovic: I think it's not that my lifestyle is affected, but I think it's my Life in the long term of that word... it's like there's no fucking future here! For anybody. The economy is ruined, the country is fucked up, people are fucked up with their outlooks and there's no political life, people around the world hating your guts and so on. Lifestyle is changed just a bit. Public transportation is fucked cause there's no fuel, so we tend to walk instead of wait, and the city is big. But the real problems will arise when the

Thursday, 10 June 1999

Tonight the peace treaty has been signed in Kumanovo. It has been done by the same man who has repeated the slogan from the subject after Dayton. With this kind of president the pacifists can jump together from the Branko bridge. I cannot explain the atmosphere of this town to you tonight—cars are driving around madly playing their car sirens, shots from pistols, heavy machine-guns, heavy artillery does not stop. Serbia has won morally once again! Till when, I am asking myself! Even my most pessimistic dreams about remorse and catharsis of this nation weren't this black.

I am having a really difficult time. I have been furious for the last week, since they started meeting in Macedonia regarding the peace agreement. The last two days I have not been able to control the hatred I have been radiating while walking through the streets of this town... and everything surrounding me just supports even more in this position.

Greetings to you all, —Natasa

winter comes—fucked up electricity, no heating, no nothing. During the bombings it was strange. We didn't have a life, and there were no days and months and we didn't move around that much so both me and Boris got really fat during those 3 months. Then constant stress; you don't fear that much but when the bomb hits the ground it's pretty shaky and loud. It's not normal, so how can you stay 100% normal after that?

Marko Vukovic: I am not sure what war are we talking about. The one in Kosovo or the one that was in Croatia. The war in Kosovo couldn't affect

my lifestyle as it was 800 km away. Still I have many friends in Yugoslavia, and for sure I was worried. Furthermore, because of the war experience we had in Croatia I kind of knew how the war can screw you up, so we started working on a newsletter to support our friends from Yugoslavia. Anyway, that's a long story, and maybe we shouldn't go into it. Of course the war changes your lifestyle. Everything around you changes. The worst part is that it actually blocks you mentally and physically and that it's very hard to remain creative in these times.

Rasha: My lifestyle had some changes during the period of bombing. I had to stay indoors most of the time for first few weeks, and I didn't go to school. Many things were closed down for the period—public transport didn't work after 10 p.m., and there were electricity and water shortages. Now my lifestyle is back to something close to normal, although I doubt that things will ever be the same as they were before bombing.

Marko Rusjan: It doesn't affect me. I live far away. Only thing that affected me was the planes which were flying over my head.

Pichon: How has the war affected the policy and economy of the country where you live?

Ivan: Well, I'm not so much into economy and that stuff so I'm not the right person to ask, but I think it effected Croatia a little because everybody thinks that the whole thing is happening in our backyard.

Stasa Pavlovic: It affected it in the worst way. We are fucked. Our unemployment rate is now estimated at 50 or 60%. I'm glad that my parents still have a job. We'll have as much to eat but that'll be all. No fun and stuff, for me at least. I know that some people are desperate of this living large, but not me. About the policy, I don't know.

Marko Vukovic: I suppose we're back to Kosovo now. It affects economy, because Croatia depends a lot on tourism, and tourists don't come in a war area. It's as easy as that. Also, air and sea transport becomes more expensive because insurance companies claim more money for something they call "war risk."

Rasha: The effect on the economy is tremendous.

I went to the shelter tonight. It seems that shelters are the only true NATO weapon, because in the shelters you can find only old people and parents with children. The atmosphere is unbelievably tense; they all speak how tonight it will be their end. They have all heard how some villages in Kosovo and some cities in Serbia were burned to the ground, but nobody had any real arguments to justify that sentence. I realized very quickly that I can't stand that atmosphere much longer, as it was driving me crazy. So I went out. I saw a flash in the distance, probably the explosion. You could see jets' marks on the sky. Can you imagine my disappointment when I realized that a classical bar fight just broke out near me? Some people can't control their ego even in situations like this. Deeply disappointed, I moved on. The city was empty. People were hiding in shelters. I haven't met anyone in the street. Just some people with dogs, in the park. For the first time in my life I saw Knez Mihajlova street completely empty.

—Rasha Pesimista.

P.S. I just spoke to my grandfather and he said that this is the well known fact even from the WWII. Shelters are the strongest psychological weapon. So, don't go to shelters, stay reasonable.

Salaries have been cut down, and the inflation is on the rise again. Practically speaking, this means that prices are going up and wages are going down. There are numerous shortages of even the most elementary articles such as milk, vegetable oil and even sometimes bread.

Marko Rusjan: Not much, but we will see. There were maybe less tourists in those months. Some companies had economic collaborations with Yugoslavia. I don't know how this has affected them.

Tea: This area (Kosovo) is about 1000 km away from Slovenia, yet still the country is involved in the war because of its terrible refugee policy. The Slovenian government refused to allow more than 4000 refugees to enter Slovenia even though most of them have relatives here so they wouldn't even be a "burden" for the tax-payers money... So this was an issue in the media but unfortunately the civil pressure wasn't strong enough to change the states' policy so they only accepted a very limited number of refugees. And even those are now trying to return to Kosovo...

Pichon: Do you think there will be a quick

war they have to lead, the next people they have to destroy, like North America's Salvador, Nicaragua, Brazil, Mexico, and maybe even Argentina. Like Vietnam, South Korea, like Iraq and Bosnia and now Serbia and, who's next? Somebody is.

Marko Vukovic: No, there is never a quick solution to any conflict.

Rasha: The problem has been around for a while, so I doubt that it could be solved quickly. Also, I'm skeptical that there will be a positive solution to this problem.

Marko Rusjan: There will be no quick solutions. This conflict is very old and I don't think that it will be resolved by arms or nationalist propaganda or lies about western democracy. The people of that region have to resist against their patriarchal traditions and nationalist pride. The best solution at the moment is better living conditions, but that will not happen so soon. With the money from all the bombs that they dropped, they could make all the people down there happy and there would not be any war. Fuck capitalism! Selling bombs and talking about peace.

Monday 24th May

Fuck it, nobody forced us to get born on this fucking Balkan. We're all the same, and understand each other no matter the minor language differences. This beautiful Balkan has a nasty characteristic that it's in the middle of the storm. It's in everyone's eye, and we, can't politically grow. Especially us (?) Serbs. Instead of being mature and responsible, we have placed murderers and lunatics in power. But no matter how much tragedy we brought to others, I think that everything will break on our backs. I am afraid that it will be impossible to live as a human in Serbia. Almost everybody who knows something and is worth something has gone. The university gave what it had, after this the darkness will follow. That is the reason why people from here scream for HELP! We are no chetniks (at least people on this mailing list). How can I be a chetnik and a nationalist when my great grandma was murdered by them when they tried to make her admit where her daughter was—so they could slaughter her. Honestly, I don't give a fuck for the state. Some anarchist I'd be if I'd be in favor of the state. But why would good and fair people, at the same time indoctrinated and narrow minded, pay for other people's mistakes? That would be the same as punishing an immature child with a death penalty for its parents' sins. —Viktor

solution or it will last a long time?

Ivan: There's definitely no quick solution to this as long as the people will be stupid and blind as they are now. Fortunately, there are some people who can see further than their national flag and hymn. The future is up to them, I think.

Stasa Pavlovic: It will last as long as they want it to last. It's not up to normal people or my people or Albanian people or UN or anybody, it's up to the big-shot countries that would love to create the history and the future of the whole universe if they just could. NATO will stay here as long as they want to be here, maybe forever. They've been in Bosnia 6 years now, and they were supposed to stay, I don't know, 3 maybe. We're the next

The following addresses are for the people interviewed above:

—Marko Rusjan does a 'zine called *13 Brat* and sings in Man In The Shadow. Marko Rusjan/pot na breg 8/5250 Solkan/Slovenija

—(Rasha) Radovan Bozovic/Zmaja od noca 13a/11000 Belgrade/Yugoslavia

—Stasa does a 'zine called *Rebellion Rulez*. Stasa Pavlovic/Stevana Opacica 12-10/11000 Belgrade/Serbia/Yugoslavia

—Marko Vukovic does the *Comunitas* 'zine and is a member of the Zagreb Anarchist Movement. Marko Vukovic/Bojnacka 96/10000 Zagreb/Croatia

—Ivan plays in a band called Clean and does a 'zine called *Beatless*. Ivan Jakic/M.S.Bolsica 2/10000 Zagreb/Croatia

—Tea does a 'zine and writings distro called *Pssst...* Tea Hvala/Slovenska Cesta 31/5281 Spodnja idrija/Slovenia

Europe is not only Sweden or Belgium. This is a list of other active people into the libertarian punk/hc community in the ex-Yugoslavian countries:

—*Warhead* ('zine), Black Hole (libertarian radio show) and Apatridi (anarcho punk band). Radio Student c/o Goran Ivanovic/Cesta 27. aprila 31/Blok 14/SI-1000 Ljubljana/Slovenija

—*You and Me* ('zine). Petricevic Teo/Poljska 29/40315 M. Sredisce/Croatia

—*Vitriol* ('zine). Jolanda Roskar/Hajdose 43c/62251 Ptuj/Slovenija

—*Active Phase* ('zine). Tom-z Horvat/Jurciceva Ul. 14/69240 Ljutomer/Slovenija

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I woke because military jets flew over my head. Even though I didn't see them I have felt them. Not through TV which had broadcast the essence of the events. The war is close. The whole world is at war. Peace for everybody or for nobody. Why bombing of Serbia can't be a justified war? Can such violence, organized by the most powerful machine in the world, save masses? There are more questions than answers.

The bombings were meant to force Yugoslavia to accept a peace agreement which would bring international peacekeeping forces to Kosovo. The Yugoslav government won't allow that as that'd mean the breaking of their territorial sovereignty. The experiences from Iraq teach us that such bombings only give more power to the present regime. Democratic opposition in Serbia will be practically destroyed after bombing. Independent media is already practically disabled. The only thing which will stay is regime media, and their task is to keep up the fighting morale. People can choose between democracy enforced with bombs and fascist rule which protects them from the same bombs. Even those who fought against Milosevic will now have to support him. Can we blame them? Serbian nationalism will come out stronger and will be able to fight against anti-nationalist elements with even more power. USA desperately needs enemies, so they can justify their role of the global policeman. Human rights of Albanians in Kosovo were constantly violated for the past 10 years, but nobody was particularly disturbed with that. Just like nobody is disturbed with the destiny of Kurdish population oppressed by the Turkey. Turkey is even a member of NATO. They buy arms from other NATO members. Isn't that a good proof of the real nature of this pact?

They can be a peace keeping force only in an eye of a child. Milosevic's sin is not his oppression of Albanians in Kosovo, but his failure to become an American strategic ally. Serbia is traditionally linked with Russia, and USA wants to go against them so they can then decide about the whole world's destiny. So they do that. The attack on Yugoslavia was launched without UN Security Council's approval, which is a dangerous precedent. This means that they may act like this in future as well. We can forget about the principle of national sovereignty of states. There is not one reason to cry after states, prisons of freedom, but there is a reason to fear from the total rule of capitalism, whose strongest tower is the USA. There are millions of exploited people in the world every day, and nobody even notices them. Now they want to persuade us that this is a humanitarian action. First class cynicism! The fight in Kosovo is fought for the world domination. The victory would mean free market for capital.

It is a fact that Albanians' basic rights in Kosovo were violated for decades. This resulted in a strong, non-violent resistance movement. The West wasn't moved. Then it was an internal affair of the state. The failure of nonviolent resistance empowered more extreme Albanian nationalists, so they have organized Kosova Liberation Army.

The role of Slovenia in this war. The policy of Slovenia is the policy of its economic and political elite, and not of its citizens. Foreign policy follows US foreign policy without any objections. Internal affairs are created on the requests of European Union. In that sense, Slovenia allowed NATO to use its sky to attack Yugoslavia. Just like in the case of Iraq, all responsibility for the war is put on Serbs. Slovenian politics is pragmatic. They want foreign capital and investments more than anything. They present us NATO as a peace-

keeping force, through the media, and it influences the public opinion. 52% of Slovenians are supporting attacks on Yugoslavia. Ten years ago, most of Slovenian population was in favor of complete demilitarization of the country. But 10 years of brainwashing has done its job.

—Man In The Shadow, hardcore band from Slovenia (leaflet to be spread at their concert, on March 27th)

But, I can tell you that during the first airstrike on Ladjevci airport NATO bombs hit 2 family houses directly and destroyed them completely. Speaking about military targets and "smart" weapons, huh? I believe that during this day we'll have more reports on civilian victims/targets. Fresh news say that NATO airplanes are dropping radio locators (to guide missiles) on Yugoslavia. Some of them were found this morning in the town

"The Balkan region is a very delicate and strategically important place. Dominant nations try to gain political positions here in the area, and that will be occasionally lead them to financial gain. That's all obvious and clear to everybody. New world order is being established even here in a small and primitive part of south-east Europe. I do not want to waste any more words to explain their capitalist motives since you can find that kind of analysis in most of the world's leftist journals, and they where all said many times before.

"This new elite of power used nationalism to gain control, and consequently that has lead to war. They insisted on a new political concept and didn't mind starting an armed conflict in order to achieve it. With enormous help from the media and helped with the economic crisis the new elite has successfully created an atmosphere within the society which supported their political ideas. People were easily mobilized to fight for other people's interests and, what's worse, believing that those interests were theirs as well. Only now they realize that nothing has changed, but it's too late. Especially for those who died without ever realizing the whole picture."

—Extracts from *This Isn't Really a 'Zine # 1*, a small personal/political zine made by Marko Vukovic a few of years ago.

It is hard for me to concentrate and write after few hours of sleeping, but I will try to give you some info. After two days of NATO airstrikes it is funny to see that people don't get tensed—they just continue with their every day lives. Even during the bombing you can see people on the streets. Last night I saw from my window (from where I was watching airstrike on military airport Ladjevci, 15-20 km's away from center of town) several guys hanging around and laughing in the streets. Also I saw some woman walking down the street as it is just another day in her life. This morning you can hear children playing on the streets. I think that this is good because that means that people are able to stay cool and situation of panics can be avoided. But, I must say that some people do panic and most of them who do so go to shelters which turns out to be place that affect peoples' behavior pretty bad. For example, I know the look on face of my mother before and after she went to shelter. Before, she managed more or less to stay calmed, but when she returned with her ears full of stories of how "they are going to burn us all" and blah blah, blah. She was pretty much disturbed and with look in her eyes that clearly said that she is captured by paranoia and panics.

National TV said that last night 3 NATO airplanes were downed and more than dozen of missiles. At the moment I don't have official information, but I was informed by a friend of mine from another town that several bombs hit central part of town called Leskovac in south-east part of Serbia. He said to me that there must be dead and wounded as it is civilian part of the town.

where I live, Kraljevo. Two days ago national TV said that verifiers of OBSCE placed a number of radio locators all over Kosovo. According to them that explains precise shoots of NATO bombers.

I just heard some terrible news. Albanian stores all over Kraljevo are crushed. In Mataruska Banja, 6-8 km's away from Kraljevo, Albanian store is crushed. The baker, according to one source, was beaten badly and is now laying in the hospital, and to another he and his son are slaughtered to death! I'm really frightened of this kind of revenge against peaceful citizens of Albanian (and other) nationalities. Who knows, it could expand to political opponents. In Macedonia some NATO soldiers are stoned and beaten when they tried to set their unit in one village. Peasants said that they are not welcome. Hmm, I believe that from the first day of NATO aggression Serbian forces are trying to wipe out KLA. There are some reports that NATO bombs were dropped in Albanian villages in Kosovo. That could turn them against them, or at least make them sheep for slaughter. I believe that in next few days aggressors will face the fact that with this attack they managed to achieve all that they didn't want to happen. Milosevic will be stronger then ever, he will be able to shut down all independent media (as he did already with Radio B92 and Radio 021), Albanians can be slaughtered during war time and who knows what else could happen to all those who oppose his politics.

—Aco Popadic (*Kontrapunkt* fanzine)/ Rada Vilotijevica 1/6/36000 Kraljevo/Yugoslavia

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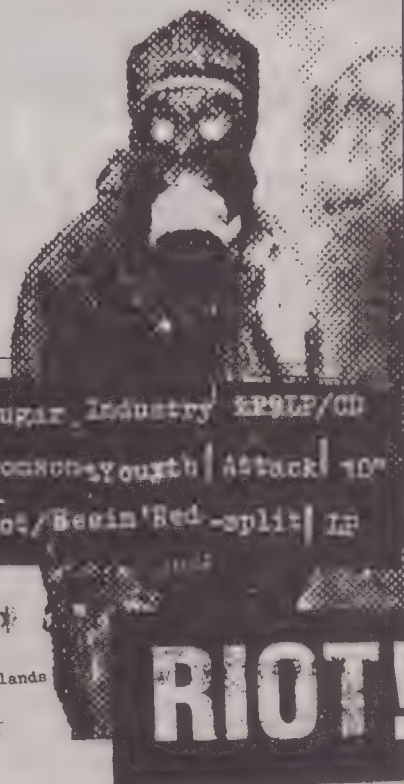
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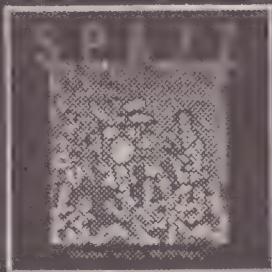
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Blistering, vicious, thrashing hardcore from 9 Shocks Terror. Messy and savage with lots of distortion and ugly raspy screaming, which some might call singing. Deranged lyrics with lots of "fuck" and "fucking" being tossed around. Brutal and sick. KM (Havoc Records/PO Box 561/Brunswick, OH 44212)

100 WATT HALO • The Steady Continental Seventy LP

I've grown to like this LP. The first time I listened to it I had mixed feelings... I hella liked the music, but the vocals? Well... one of the singers sounds like the guy from the Offspring. Blah. Not always, but at times. It annoyed the fuck out of me, though I've managed to look beyond those parts and appreciate what they have to offer. 100 Watt Halo's music isn't hardcore—or indie rock, really—but it contains elements of both. The vocals are usually delivered in that speak/sing style over both loud and quiet parts. There are some pleasant guitar pickings and some distorted discordant parts where the guitar sounds hella twangy. Not like a country-western twang, but like a surf twang... it actually sounds pretty good when emphasizing the many counter-melodies and guitar lines. The music is diverse and remains interesting throughout the album. That's great. That's great. ALP (Goldenrod Records/3770 Tansy St./San Diego, CA 92121)

212 • Cum On Feel The Noise CD

This is awesome! 4 tracks of, like, totally awesome electronic noise. Like almost as bitchin' as listening to your modern hook up. Not quite as great as that, though, but, hey, I figure they'll get even better on account of this being their first recording and all. This has the coolest color xerox of a naked chick on it with like killer gargantuan knockers. And, she's touching herself which is soooo rad, man. She's raising my tent if you know what I mean, dude. What's, like, the most awesome thing about this is that the CD itself has a picture of a lady's privates on it and, like, the hole in the CD is where her fuck chute is. Fucking awesome, maaaaan!!!! MH (Egg Records/PO Box 3075/LaCrosse, WI 54602-3075)

12 HOUR TURN • Victory Of Flight 12"

The art and layout of the record is really good looking and the record is clear. As for the band, I saw them a year ago and they were awesome. This record is not nearly as good as them live. They've also changed a little musically getting a little more chaotic and a little more Florida. Overall the record is well worth the 7 ducckets they wish to get for this. NS (No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

ALLTID JAGET • Du Syunker Inn I Doden... 2x7"

Interesting indeed! A nice mix of metal and punk to create a fairly original. The lyrics are yelled in Norwegian, as is everything else in the record. But fear not! Brief explanations are provided, only about a sentence at most. From the explanations and the broken Norwegian I know, the lyrics are all political ranging from war to being stuck in the social rut to anti-violence. Lots of artsy images. A pretty good release I should say!! DD (Heart First Records c/o Florian Helmchen/Boeckhstr. 39/10967 Berlin/Germany)

AGE OF DISTRUST • End Racism 7"

Punch! Punch! Grab! Circle Pit! Point! SHOUT SHOUT SHOUT! Fuck man. Heavy as a load of mangled metal and concrete, these Aussies rip it apart with some of the best hardcore I've heard in a long time. From fast to chugga chugga and then back again, this is rad. For serious thrash heads and hardcore fiends. CF (Resist/PO Box 372/Newtown, NSW 2042/Australia)

AUTOMATON • Futura Transmitta CD

I am not sure how to quantify what Automaton is all about in sound or presence. The feel seems to be about technology, and the music is orientated around samples, a bit of ambient noise, odd sound making devices, and rock music. The CD goes on for nearly an hour so if you had better really be into the Automaton sound if you are going to make the entire journey. It sounds very creative to me but since I don't listen to much music like this it is indeed possible that Automaton is just a cheap knock off of some other noise meets rock conglomerate. For the adventurous. KM (Satellite Transmissions/PO Box 4432/Boulder, CO 80306)

ACHEBORN • Tuesday Is Dead CD

Tonally this sounds like German hardcore, but instead of going for an all out brutal assault the music is more old emo like the Swing Kids mixed with Yaphet Kotto and distorted vocals. I also sense a Sabeth influence and luckily they threw some double bass in the mix. One thing that this band suffers from is a lack of dynamics. The recording is really nice, heavy and precise but it's so noisy and chaotic that changing from riff to riff doesn't realize the musical tension. What I'm talking about is a hard thing to explain and I'm also being nit-picky. This is a good CD and I would suggest at least checking it out. The layout has pictures of people with computer generated rips and tears in their skin, which I'll classify as art-gore. ADI (Trans Solar Records/PO Box 55468/Atlanta, GA 30308)

ALOHA • The Great Communicators...CD

This would be just another normal mellow shitty indie band, except they have some guy in their band that does synths, vibes, congas and such. It seems adding the soft noises is the trend nowadays but it is much better than off-key whining over stale, droning guitars. This band, however, is quite guilty of the off-key-whining, droning-guitars syndrome a lot of the time, but they do have their moments when the synths or congas kick in with an occasional catchy ambient part such as the beginning of the first song. The last song is my favorite, with the spacey early '80s science-class-film type keyboards. Lyrics are abstract and seem like someone spent a lot of time trying to make them that way. ADI (Polyvinyl/PO Box 1885/Danville, IL 61834)

ANGEL FALLS • Music On Vinyl 7"

These guys out of Phoenix, AZ have a really unique thing going on... sort of a battle royale between The Blue Ontario, an Into Another side project, and a lead-footed runaway robot with carnage on his mind. Takes a few listens to get used to the crazy vocal stylings, but once it hooks you... you can dig it. "Pink Rain" shows off some heavy duty basslines and some hectic drum rolls at the end. The b-side, "DNA," really brings to mind some of Sunny Day Real Estate's slow songs on *Diary*. Think "Song About An Angel" or the beginning of "48." Really pretty stuff with a sort of Blue Ontario/Antarctica eerie feel to it. Interesting packaging (bordering on gaudy) with some real highlights on the vinyl. A few rough edges to work on, but overall a nice listen. DO (Firefly/3038 W Charleston Ave./Phoenix, AZ 85053; www.fireflyrecords.net)

AMYGDAL • 7"

This German band is going for what I would call the French emo sound while maintaining a bit of the German sound. The music is slow and building with lots of pulsating repetitions and screechy vocal work, but the base foundation is certainly a bit metal influenced. It actually works quite well for Amygdal. Imagine Finger Print with German vocals and you get a pretty good idea of what Amygdal sounds like. A bit more edgy and harsh since Amygdal is German, but basically rough melodic emotive music with harsh vocal work. KM (Flower Violence Records/Ralf Bock/Augartenstrasse 15/68165 Mannheim/Germany)

ANTARCTICA • 2xCD

New Order has taken form into a band called Antarctica but with more depressing elements reminiscent of The Cure and Tones And Tones. From their debut CD, they have definitely brought more electronic musical arrangements that make the band sound so much bigger. This double CD is definitely suited for certain moods and is equipped to keep those designated drivers in a slow gaze that may end in an accident or able to fulfill a party that doesn't end til the break of dawn. CD1 in this package is amazingly swooning and soothing with those catchy, bright, and electrifying sounds that could have done beautifully if there was only one CD. CD2 keeps the momentum but dies off a little early for me and it ends up being played as background music. All in all, however, I really enjoyed this CD and recommend it to anyone that needs a little ambience and, instead of a glass of wine, Antarctica should do fine. SA (File 13 Records/PO Box 251304/Little Rock, AR 72225)

ASSHOLE PARADE • Student Ghetto Violence CD

I imagine an Asshole Parade practice to be something like this... The guitarist comes up with this really fast riff, and they start jamming out this super fast thrasher, and then the drummer starts to gasp for air... he takes a toke and passes the bong around and soon the song has slowed down considerably. All of their songs have really fast parts, but then break for some heavy bong toking harshness. The songs are all pretty short, and they have tons and tons of sound bites all about pot and pot culture. The perfect CD to pop in at about 4:20 in the afternoon. *Student Ghetto Violence* includes material from all of the Asshole Parade records, and it also has comp songs and some demo tracks. Puff, puff, puff. KM (\$7 to No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

BOILERMAKER • Death Life 7"

The quiet parts sound like Karate, especially the vocals except with very woeful lyrics. Then they try to rock and fail miserably, and they drag on the sluggish indie crap for way too long. The record sleeve doesn't say too much about this, not even an address. The date on the record is 1993 so this could be old, but regardless I find this to be whiny and boring. I think this review is done. ADI (Goldenrod Records/3770 Tansy St./San Diego, CA 92121)

BORN DEAD ICONS • Part Of Something Larger Than... 7"

This 7 inch contains four tracks of dual guitar crunch punk played low and tuned down. The music is thick, though it pummels along at a good pace creating a massive wall of sound. The vocals are gruffly sung and work well as a part of the band's sound. Lyrically they are of "the life of misery/there is no hope" school of songsters. There are no rays of light in the dark mood of this record. SJS (Deranged Records/800 Pl. Victoria, Box 451/Montreal, PQ/H4Z 1J7/Canada)

BENIGN REALITY • Leviathan 10"

Yet another band hailing from Germany that achieves the ear ringing effect of unique metallic hardcore (dare I say Metalcore?). Plenty of odd time changes and a great diversity of tempos and moods. This release will send you through many different highs and lows, from fast to blasting and slow haunting acoustics. If you're into bands like Unruh and Fall Silent, you should definitely get a hold of this. They are definitely playing for keeps. CF (Voice Of Life/PO Box 1137/04701 Leisnig/Germany)



[illegible]

COLOUR • Expedition 7"

I did not expect this at all. After about 3 listens I sat in a hypnotic daze while the record spun in a psychedelic fashion as the loud garage '60s sound was coming out of my speakers. The players all happen to be in bands that I liked, especially Chisel, and you can definitely hear that early '60s to '80s garage to punk rock sound. The two songs aren't bad but they aren't groundbreaking either. They seem to make me more dizzy than I already am and the rock played sounds better when I put on The Animals Greatest Hits LP. If you are the nostalgic garage rocker this may be for you, but keep your expectations reasonable. SA (Her Magic Field/PO Box 211/11674 Stockholm/Sweden)

COWER • The Annual Hornvenders Convention CD
Sort of hard for ten minute sludge ballads to keep my full attention. Almost seems like this was recorded a pinch too slow, one reason being that the vocals are very low and slow. Four songs on here are ten minutes or longer, and I think my description of them as sludge ballads fits well. The band broke up a while ago so this release may mean that they've got a fan base that demanded its release, or maybe not. There are probably times when I would feel like listening to this, and enjoy it a little more. I'm saying it's bad, just slow and trudging and when listening to a bunch of records to review, this puts on the breaks and I go into slo-mo. 9 songs. RG (Deibolt Records/PO Box 75/9000 Ghent 12/Belgium)

THE CLOCKS • Sleep Hurts... 7"

Snotty, snazzy stuff by this band from I don't know where. Reminds me of a much less exciting Yah Mos or Circus Lupus. What can I say, it just ain't got that swing. Pretty girl on the cover. MH (Track Star Records/PO Box 60/Forked River, NJ 08731)

COLE • Idea Of City LP

This is an LP of subdued rock tunes. The songs flow from quiet to loud with ease, maintaining warm relaxed tones throughout. Nice voices and nice sounds from each instrument make this easy listening music. The last track is a Tom Waits cover which is bluesier in texture. SJS (Gridsector Records/3682 W Coolidge Ave. #4/Anaheim, CA 92801)

COWBOY SUIT • 7"

This record opens with a cowbell, and as the name implies, they play cowboy style punk. It carries on in a very rock and roll way that is groovy, but not slick. On side two, the cowboy feel fades into spookiness with a vampire song. Not that they're going for the same thing, but this made me want to listen to the various Mick Collins (Gories) and Darin Lynn Wedd (Comeback) projects. Four songs with little else. DF (Nightrain Vinyl/PO Box 6347/Evanston, IL 60204)

CRACKWHORE • Somebody Loves You CD

THE WORST. Sub-sub-sub Ramones crossover with some angry grrrl posturing, the dumbest, most "fuck"-laden lyrics I've heard in a while, and the flattest recording ever committed to cassette tape ever. Just thinking about music this bad makes me hurt. Please break up and finish high school with some dignity, people. DM (Sweet Filth Records)

CURRITUCK COUNTY • 7"

Nice acoustic stuff with great guitar picking. The vocals, however, are just there without really being there. I guess if this was catchier it would sound a lot like Simon and Garfunkel. This should give you a well enough clue. Hand numbered/500. MH (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

DIR YASSIN • Durchbrechender Geist 7"

"What happened to the ideas," Kent queried in the last issue. This is probably one of the few records that he was not talking about. Every song on the record (and there's 14 of them!) deals with the Israel/Palestine Intifada. The lyrics and explanations in the excellent insert and sleeve touch on various aspects of the conflict and several songs apply to a much wider context. As a document, this record differs in important ways from the NY Times and CNN's presentation of the Middle East. As music, this is hardcore that truly blisters. DF (Thought Crime Records c/o Jens Walter/Petersburg St. 68/10249 Berlin/Germany)

DEFACTO OPPRESSION • We're Digging Our Graves... 7"

Defacto Oppression play the sort of political hardcore that you would expect from the Profane Existence/Twin Cities punk scene, which is to be expected since they are located close to the Minneapolis area. Solid hardcore punk with lots of anger and a very political edge. The songs deal with the exploitation of animals, drugs, indigenous peoples, and the land. Not exceptionally amazing, but very solid and sincere. The lyrics and music come together well. This is also a very DIY release since the band put it out themselves. KM (Defacto Oppression/1520 Tainter St./Menomonie, WI 54751)

DENILE • Autumn: Season Of Dying CD

Crunch crunch. It varies some between metal to thrash. The (male) vocals are more metal sounding though, sorta like a constipated growl. Quite a lot of double bass action and metal breakdowns riffs in between the fast thrash sections gives this CD an appealing sound, not just straight boring metal. 7 songs here but I swear it seemed like there were more. They are from Pennsylvania, but I pictured them as European while listening, but that is just me. Good metal style picture on the back with them looking mean at the camera with their arms crossed and stuff, but no big shiny sunglasses. RG (Double Down Records/PO Box 1117/Kulpville, PA 19443)

Spirit Of Versailles

by Tim Jewell



DIVISION OF LAURA LEE • At The Royal Club CD

11 songs that seemed to repeat themselves in my car quite a bit. DC rawk... that's what I thought. A '60s version of Jawbox, Fugazi, and Frodus. Lots of tapping and shaking and movin' and groovin'. I like soul and so does this band. Not enough of the soul rock bands do it for me because they get too into it, ummmmm Make Up? But this has just the right dose. Check it, brotha!... yeeowww. AF (Arabesque c/o Le Fur Yann, Kerdrean/56850 Caudan/France)

DAHLIA SEED • Please Excuse All The Blood CD

I'm a big fan of the *Survived By* LP on Troubleman, so I was very pleased to see this collection of their older stuff. This CD has 13 lovely tracks with Dahlia Seed's great blend of strong, melodic hardcore and intense female vocals. Each song has an incredible amount of emotion and artistry which suck you in. Their songs do not become monotonous, which is something hordes of similar bands suffer from. LO (Spirit of Orr c/o Surefire Distro/323 Somerville Ave./Somerville, MA 02143)

DALTONIC • Chattanooga CD

This CD contains 8 tracks at 18:52 minutes. Daltonic play melodic hardcore like so many other bands. The singer has a larger and deeper voice than many of those bands. The songs are simple and do not deviate from the anticipated formulas. Lyrically, Daltonic sing about places and traveling and problems with people. SJS (Antietam Recordings/PO Box 15135/Boston, MA 02215)

EDALINE • I Wrote The Last Chapter For You CD

The back of the CD doesn't have a track listing—it just says "a novel by Edaline," which is how the lyrics are set up. Each song is a "chapter" and has a cute little picture for it, and the lyrics are typed out in novel format. The lyrics themselves are shifty poems that remind me of old Promise Ring lyrics. The singing style also seems influenced by the above as well. The music is a cross between math-rock and indie-emo with a full production. I've listened to this CD probably about 10 times now and I'm still not familiar with any of the songs, which leads to the conclusion that this isn't that good, even though the songs are really in depth and are very tight. There's just nothing about any of these songs that reaches out and grabs me. ADI (205 Dryden Rd., Suite 154/Ithaca, NY 14850)

EL SECONDHAND • 7"

One song on here reminded me of this band I always used to hear in my friend's car called Lifetime. I didn't like them at first but after a while I grew accustomed to their catchy riffs. Another song sounds like a Green Day song (early) with faster drum beats. The vocals also have that distinct nasal sound that Billie Joe had. They sing about love for the most part out of the four songs here in a decent melodic pop punk way. I might have been into this a few years ago in my Screaching Weasel, The Queens days. I can see the local high school surfers digging this band. AM (Emogedden records/10217 Donleith Dr./Columbia, MD 21046)

ENDGAME • Here Is Where Tomorrow Starts CD

Melodic and rockin' indie rock from Canada. Endgame can get the emo tush rockin' and swaying. Time to get gigi with Endgame. Lots of melody and singing. An emo treat to be savored and sampled. KM (Spectra Sonic Sound/Box 80067/Ottawa, ON/K1S 5N6/Canada)

ENGRAVE • 7"

As soon as I put this record on my turntable I knew this band was from Germany. Brutal metal hardcore with lots of crazy sounding technical stuff going on, but also keeping it good and heavy with some mosh parts thrown here and there to keep the songs flowing. The lyrics are hard to get meaning out of, but I can tell that they are going for the dark and depressing thing. Engrave sure know how to keep the metal alive in a time when it seems like there are way too many shitty Hydra Head wanna be bands out there. It's a nice change of pace to hear a good metal record like this one. Fans of Acme will dig this. GC (Defiance Records/Ritterstrasse 50/50668 Kohn/Germany)

ERESHKIGAL • 7"

The fucking packaging rocks my world, but let's see if the music can live up to the die-cut hellfire... uhhhh... almost. Lyrics rule (take "demons will rejoice on your rotting flesh/everything you've done to me will lead you to an afterlife of fiery pitchfork sodomy" and the song entitled "My Landlord Will Be the First to Go," for example), but as a band they just sound like a pretty typical screamy hardcore outfit. Pretty cool, but by no means as extraordinary as the 7" packaging. (I got hand-numbered "149/666.") The guitars treble-happy sound and the high-pitched (but not "Cradle of Filth high-pitched") vocals take away from the evil potential, but if Ink & Dagger got big in part due to their vampire thing, nothing should be standing in these cats' ways... You might not be sold on a review, but if you run across this in a local record shop, there's little chance of you walking away without a second look at very least. DO (Outlaws Not Robbers/PO Box 14411/Minneapolis, MN 55414)

EVENMIND • One True Life CD

Even mind play mid-tempo metal-core with vocals that remind me of Iconoclast during screamy parts and something like Korn or Limp Bizkit at times when the singer is nearly rapping. The song structure is fairly simple and although I don't think this band is going to be the next huge thing, I don't absolutely hate it. This band does nothing spectacular, however, and the rapping gets to be very bothersome after a while. GD (Sweetfilth Records)

THE FAINT • Blank-Wave Arcade CD

This is my jam!! This CD has some serious staying potential. The Faint are an eighties-ish electronic outfit that have done this whole genre in their own masterful way. Really intelligent lyrics compliment fine crafted layered beats. Some songs are slightly reminiscent of Soft Cell. If this doesn't make you nostalgic for the great dance moves of the eighties, nothing will. I can't say enough to let you know just how much I like this CD. It has possibly been years since I have come across a CD that has earned the honor of taking up permanent residence in my tape deck in the car. Cheers to the faint for making me a very happy girl. New wave revamped!! Yahoo! MG (Saddle Creek/PO Box 8554/Omaha NE, 68108)

FARSIDE • The Monroe Doctrine LP

This is one of the best full lengths of the year! Farside does it again. For the last 10 years and counting, Farside has continued to play rock like no other band. Many bands try to emulate their sound but can't get very far. Even bands like Samiam, who used to play similar style emotive material don't hit me in the same positively energetic fashion that Farside does. Their creative input and ingenuity has progressively grown into a more rockin' aesthetic, especially with this new full length. As it is in heavy rotation in my room, it also is being played in my car and in my head wherever I go. This is their best album yet from the best band out of Orange County, California. I love Farside to death and can't stop saying enough about a band who I grew up listening to since the day I first heard Gorilla Biscuits in 8th grade. Fucking go! Look out for Kevin Murphy's new band. I hope they have clever political song titles like "My Man Harvey Milk"! SA (Revelation Records)

THE FISTICUFFS BLUFF • CD

I remember being awestruck by this band in 1994. They had a lot of passion and energy, especially the singer with her arms flailing and voice wailing. They were a quintessential hardcore band for that time period—a mix of crazy and melodic, definitely influenced by the San Diego style sound of that time. They once did a split 7" with Angel Hair and I remember thinking how well those bands complemented one another. The 15 songs on this CD are from the '94-'96 era of this band. There are some line-up changes but their style does not really change. The songs from the LP are solid and poetic, and the tracks from previous releases still have much of the same power they once did. My only real complaint is that, like a bad mix tape, the volume decreases by half once you are through the first eight tracks and it feels like you just have to keep turning it up as the CD progresses. LO (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

FRACTURE • CD

Fracture was a goofy punk band from the early '90s that wrote catchy tunes and celebrated their goofy adolescent existence. They were quite good and I happily own all of their records. Atom Goren, as in Atom & His Package, played guitar and now that Atom's solo project has taken the scene hostage No Idea has decided to release a Fracture discography. Fortunately, Fracture has held the test of time. The songs are still really good, and the songs have honest and non-pretentious lyrics. The music is melodic pop punk influenced hardcore that isn't too polished and has plenty of energy and sharp edges. Fun stuff. KM (\$7 to No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

FASTBREAK • Whenever You're Ready LP

Lifless pop punk. Too polished, too produced, too calculated, too cold, too smooth, and not enough talent in the singing. At times I hear a riff or a segment in a song that betrays Fastbreak's hardcore origins. The guitar at times recalls some Gorilla Biscuits material, and if Fastbreak was a bit more energetic and edgy then I would compare them to something like American Standard. Some of the songs do have some speed and energy, and others are catchy and well written, but the vocals just don't grab me like they really need to with this sort of band. They simply lack the energy that is needed to carry this sort of music. The vocals need a dash of passion and a touch of energy, otherwise I am just not interested. KM (Revelation Records)

FEAZE • Morning Wood CD

The music is absolutely horrible, laying somewhere between alternative-rock and punk-pop. Seems like it could have been a product of the early 90's post-commercialized Seattle grunge scene. Female vocals, in fact this band is entirely female. The vocals are simply irritating, as are many of the guitar riffs. My question is, why do you go to the trouble of making an enhanced CD, but don't include lyrics in your booklet? In any case, Feaze show the traits of a bad local high-school band. I really, really don't recommend this. GD (Mud Records/905 S Lynn St./Urbana, IL 61801)

THE FEMALE ANCHOR OF SADE • Thanks To... 10"

I can't say that I liked this all too much. The more traditional hardcore stuff was good, but there were just too many moments where I was just thinking to myself, "What the fuck!?" Some of the material is more like noise, ala Bastard Noise or something along that lines, than music. The packaging is nice and looks good, and the record is limited to 500 on green wax. Odd, weird, a bit twisted maybe. KM (La Calavera Discos/Box 385/90108 Umea/Sweden)

FLIGHTNINETEEN • 7"

Heavy, metallic rock from some Louisville kids who sing the emo lyrics but play it all heavy. Absolutely nothing different or original is occurring here. A stagnant reminder of someone's first band that they will hopefully be able to erase from memory after a few years of playing out. DM (Isvi/14504 Clearlake Pl./Louisville, KY 40205)

FRAGMENT • Angels Never Came 10"

Very metal. Since this isn't my usual fare I can only compare it to Integrity. Some songs are a bit more hardcore sounding than others but the basis is certainly metal. I did enjoy the gloomy feel I got from this and the lyrics which are nowhere near as stupid as I thought they'd be. I guess I can only recommend this to anybody who is into competently played metal and heavy hardcore. The interesting thing is that they put a bonus song by another band called Infuse on it—an idea which I quite like. Review copy came on blue vinyl. Imagine that. MH (Pindrop Records/PO Box 238/Holden, MA 01520)

FRONTSIDE S.C.H.C. • Lastday CD

This CD contains 12 tracks at 32:03 minutes. Frontside are a metallic hardcore band from Australia. They play harsh screaming hardcore with simple monotone guitar lines that go chug chug only occasionally. There are some slower sections to break up the sameness and a few well placed guitar solos. Unfortunately the drums are not well recorded and the vocals are to loud which decreases the power of the music significantly. Lyrically, Frontside sing about how the actions of people and authorities affect their lives. Sometimes they are nasty to those they dislike. SJS (Resist Records/PO Box 372/Newtown, NSW/Australia 2042)

**GARRISON • The Bend Before The Break 7"**

First song starts Cerberus Shoal like then grows more and more intense until it ends in chaos (then silence like most records, but you already knew that). I enjoyed the 2nd side much more. Good melodic emotive singing that reminds me of Owltian Mia, Piebald and the likes. Really good stuff. Song number 3 is the most upbeat of the 3 and actually rocks in an early Get-Up Kids kind of way. Nice harmonies and packaging and all. Recommended to the emo kids all over the world. MH (Revelation Records)

GAMEFACE • Every Last Time 12"

Gameface has gotten really emo or really radio, whichever turns your wheel. Complete with unrecognizable photos of out of focus items. The music is okay and will fit well with people who like Summertime or Samiam, and maybe even the old fans. Get rock. NS (Revelation Records/PO Box 5232/Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

GIVING UP THE GHOST • 7"

Like the bastard child of Ink And Dagger and the Yah Mos (but I mean that in a good way). I rather enjoyed this little thing. I could even handle the batman keyboards, because underneath it all is a beat that rocks. Could have done without the artsy-fartsy lyric sheet, though. It is indecipherable (it's the thought that counts, I guess). MH (Sunny Sincit/915 L St. PMB #C-166/Sacramento, CA 95814)

GLASS CRAFT • CD

This CD contains 7 tracks at 31:18 minutes. The tunes on this CD have a slow rocking pace that rolls like the Southern California foothills on a sunny day. Glass Craft is a trio that use a spare instrumental setting to fine effect. The laid back songs are composed of segments of clean guitar that play off a distorted guitar. Bass and drums provide the rolling rhythm with a tight interplay. The dual female and male vocals are perfect for this music, juxtaposing a calm and clear voice with a hoarse cry as the songs shift dynamically. The sections where both voices overlap are extra special. Noise making keyboards and dulcimer fill some of the space within the tracks to fine effect. This music is full of warmth and emotion. SJS (Sunflower Tribe Recordings/PO Box 618/Moorpark, CA 93020)

GNU • Srdce V Kusechzvuku CD

I'm sorry to report that I couldn't get into these 4 Czech chaps' music at all. Semi-heavy, drudgy songs that don't really go anywhere. MH (Intermusic/Lucemburska 15/130 00 Praha 3/Czech Republic)

THE GUNS OF AUGUST • 7"

Upbeat melodic rock. Jazz June-meets-Hellbender. "Denver" consists of military drumming and restrained sing-yelling and Promise Ring guitar picking. Nothing terribly innovative, I'm afraid, but it doesn't make me cringe from the insincerity of it all or anything... I haven't heard any electronic noises or drum looping yet...that's positive. Pretty decent song. More energy is converted into rock on "Cease To Exist" with false harmonics and more controlled screams. Good stops and starts. Very nice. I've heard this type before, but it's done much better than many folks are able to do it. The sound's not too stale yet and I can see this being a worthwhile addition to the collections of all those emotional kids out there... really quite good. A Texan product worth endorsing. DO (\$3.50 to Act Your Age Records/3244 Locke Ln./Houston, TX 77019; www.actyouragerecords.com)

GUTS PIE EARSHOT • Wait LP

Wait is a great record! There simply aren't a lot of hardcore bands doing this style of music, which is odd because almost all of the bands that have tried for this sound are quite good. The female vocals are powerful and extremely well done while at the same time being very beautiful and catchy. Couple that with Guts Pie Earshot's extremely melodic and diverse music and the end result is a totally captivating record. I wouldn't compare this to Life... But How To Live It? or to Chumbawamba or to Submission Hold, yet I would bet one of my perfect little toes (okay, they might not be too "little") that anyone that likes the aforementioned bands will be enthusiastic about Guts Pie Earshot. Emotional, melodic, beautiful, and yet powerful and honest. KM (Skuld Releases/Malmsheimer Str. 14/71272 Renningen/Germany)

HANDPLANT • Keepin' It Rad 7"

Handplant rules! This is one of those bands that I can't understand why they aren't way more popular than they are. Great circle pit inductive thrash/skatecore with lots of speed and intensity and the lyrics are positive and straight to the point. I hope to see more of this band in the future. You need to check this out. GC (Dirk Robmann/Drostestrasse 17/30161 Hannover/Germany)

HARSH • 7"

The band name aptly describes the sound. Although fast, the guitar work focuses on the low end sounds and the distortion, combined with the vocals give it a blurry sludgy sound. The lyrics are also harsh. The upset feelings seemed to go more toward depression than anger. The first two things on the thank list are beer and skateboarding. Nine songs. DF (Rat Town Records/PO Box 50803/Jax Beach, FL 32240)

HELL NO • Weird Weirdo CD

Ladies and gentlemen, step right up and see the freak show! Believe it or not, Hell No is still alive and kicking. *Weird Weirdo* features five new tracks from this long lived but rarely recognized New York hardcore meets rock band. The sound is vintage Hell No; rock and hardcore and distorted singing all brought together for a very distinct sound. Twenty minutes of Hell No weirdness just for you. KM (Handi-Kraft Records)

HIMSA • Groundbreaking Ceremony LP

Fast tempo hardcore with some stops for slow building breaks. Some crazy guitar noises to go along with the sing-scream vocals, quite technical. This band has an ex-member of Trial but it's not Trial for sure. I felt this to be a bit too complex for the basic minded hardcore listener but proved to be a challenge which I liked. Lyrically, a lot of issues are put on this record and it's the kind of bands like this that one takes a minute to think about just what's going on today. They got the music AND the message. AF (Revelation/PO Box 5232/Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

HITCH • Out Of The Light, Into The Fire... CD

Everything about this screams professionalism; the '50s inspired artwork, the polished Jawbox like music, the absence of lyrics in the booklet and the lack of interest I consequently felt. MH (Delboy Records/PO Box 75/9000 Ghent 12/Belgium)

I HATE YOU • 7"

Brutal hardcore with vicious lyrics. I Hate You seems to be one straight edge band that isn't afraid to go into the next millennium without relying on '88 style youth crew as the crutch. In fact they would like to shove all the nostalgia and love for the good old days right up your ass. Mean and angry and certainly not trendy. Ten songs filled with pissed off statements and angry music. KM (Reflections Records/De Nijverheid 30/7681 MD Vroomshoop/Netherlands)

ILLEGAL ILLUSION • Shy CD

I don't know what to say about this. The music is unexciting alterna rock from the Czech Republic, alternating between metalish sounding stuff and folksy ballads. The lyrics are hard to make heads or tails of due to the writers poor grasp of English. ARB (Jiri Bialik/Puskinova 794-13/734301 Bilovec/Czech Republic)

INKLING • Minute CD

What a strange mix of aggressive, metal-ish hardcore and grunge. There are agro-parts and then there is more melodic stuff and it's all thrown together without much effect. The lyrics are personal and well-written. As far as the music is concerned, however, it fails to amaze me. MH (Double Down Records/PO Box 1117/Kulpsville, PA 19443)

THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY • T.I.M.E.b.O.M.B. 7"

By employing rock and roll forms that are easy to comprehend, The I.N.C. attempt to present their program of total resistance and struggle against the dominant culture. Anchored with a solid R & B rhythm their blend of interesting instrument sounds creates a groovy, nearly timeless music that may get people dancing and thinking. Not as much fun as the Nation Of Ulysses though. SJS (Carcass Records/PO Box 39/46221 Vansborg/Sweden)

INTRUDE • 7"

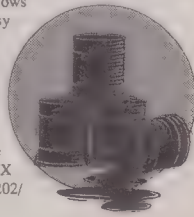
Intrude play mid paced metal hardcore. It's hard to tell what's going on because the recording quality is so poor, but it sounds brutal. The lyrics are evil and deal with such subjects as the apocalypse, rotting corpses and impaled angels. This is not something I could see myself getting into. GC (Voice of Life Records/PO Box 1137/04701 Leisnig/Germany)

JUCIFER • Calling All Cars On The Vegas Strip CD

This is what I expect Sonic Youth to sound like. Heavy droning rock with female vocals that are big on droning, too. Drony, drudgy, doodly-doo. 14 songs. MH (Crack Rock Industries/PO Box 49894/Athens, GA 30604-9894)

JESSICA SIX • All Good Things CD

This appears to be a post-mortem release of their hits recorded at various times throughout their existence (1995-1998)... even though a couple were even recorded a year after their death... wow... I thought only 2Pac and Notorious B.I.G. could do shit like that. Anyway, though the songs might be dated, they're new to me, mostly. And they're pretty fun to boot. Sort of a Weston thing. They played some shows with folks like Superchump and Pansy Division and I'm sure they even managed to keep up with them... really bouncy stuff that keeps me toe-tapping. If you know of them through that *First Crush* CD comp or if you just like some upbeat music, this might do you right. Fourteen songs and forty minutes long. DO (Act Your Age Records/3244 Locke Ln./Houston, TX 77019) or (Highwater Records/PO Box 1202/Denton, TX 76202)



KILOWATTHOURS • All Things Regarding CD

OK, it's emo. With a piano. And they have a founding member of Elliot and Falling Forward though from what I can tell this sounds nothing like said bands. The nifty little bio/description that came with the CD says this is "anthemic" and "different than the flood of 'emotionally driven hardcore.'" Yeah right. Really, the music on this isn't that bad. However, the vocals are almost non-existent and I can't make out a single word when something is actually being sung. Next time put a lyric sheet in there instead of a stupid bio. JP (Temporary Residence Ltd./PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203-4910)

KING FOR A DAY • Before I Go CD

I was expecting this album not to sound like their first 7" since it has been at least 2 years or so since it came out. Their sound is not one that is setting trends today like all the other teenybopper indie rock bands like The Get-Up Kids or Saves The Day. It definitely suggests a different and more genuine emotional quality, one I can at least attach myself to. Like the 7", it is still melodic, very raw, very aggressive in that indie-rock sense and is very "I just broke up with my boyfriend or girlfriend and need some music to empathize to my grief" music. After listening to this album, however, I find myself pressing forward to the last 4 songs on the CD, which happen to be the 7". Hopefully, they'll be coming through Goleta to provide us with some of their good rock. SA (Initial Records)

KISS IT GOODBYE • 7"

This are two songs from the evil doers of hardcore. A mix of screams and some melodic metal which takes no time in getting to the real deal by immediately delivering once the needle hits the groove. I've heard past Kiss It Goodbye stuff and if this is what's to come, lock your doors because they're coming to break it down. The A side, "Choke," is more of a heavy rock your socks off type of tune with screams of harmonic distortions while the other side, "Cement," is less chaotic but like a nightmare but on vinyl. That's a good thing. AF (Revelation Records/PO Box 5232/Huntington Beach, CA 92615-9232)

**KLINIKA • Tourdion CD**

This is so cool! Polish ska/punk... but with a violin! These little ditties move right along at a nice pace and have really nice poetic political lyrics, sung in Polish of course! The English translations are great, since the meaning and power isn't lost in the translation as tends to happen with poetic lyrics. Topics from environmentalism to anti-war and lots more (hey, that rhymes)! 15 songs in all. A very nice break from all that crazy crust/grind/hc/backstreet boys that you're listening to right now! DD (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

KOUFAX • CD

Koufax play sappy emo-pop/indie-rock between the Jazz June and the Promise Ring. Super poppy and right up Doghouse's emo-alley, this ep (4 songs) is guaranteed to be a hit with the kids wearing sweater-vests. Koufax use a variety of instruments (actually, synthesizers), which add a little something more to what would be a very typical indie-rock release. All in all, an OK release. GD (Doghouse Records/PO Box 8946/Toledo, OH 43623)

KRUTCH • Our Thing, The Mafia Years CD

It's funny how people's interpretation of what hardcore is all about differs so much. To these guys it's all about "their brothers" and "standing strong." They also have some Mafia theme going here, but I don't even want to go into it. It doesn't matter from which angle I approach this—it remains completely meaningless to me. As far as the music goes, this is well produced New York hardcore complete with the occasional rap singing. They cover Warzone and Youth Of Today. Kudos to them for putting a totally different spin on the Youth Of Today song. I can't stand covers that sound exactly like the original. Unfortunately their version sucks, but at least they tried. MH (Cartel Records/Topeliuksenkatu A24/00250 Helsinki/Finland)

KEPLER • 7"

Very Slint-like. Whispered vocals. Uneventful. Doesn't matter how high you turn it up—still nothing happens. Sucks the life right out of you. MH (Spectra Sonic Sound/Box 80067/Ottawa, ON/K1S 5N6/Canada)

THE KILL IN ME • O' Wounded Head CD

When I hear rhythmic music like that I always think of Fugazi. Hey, and what do you know, this does sound a lot like Fugazi with a bit of Jawbox thrown in for good measure. I found this to be a very enjoyable, well packaged and well produced CD. Thanks. MH (Mask Murder Records/PO Box 13765/Berkeley, CA 94712)

LANDSPEEDRECORD! • The Corporate Secret CD

First reaction: Sticks and Stones, Devo and King Missile (you know, "Detachable Penis") collide. Excellent. Really fucking cool. Professionally smooth and glossy, which really works for this style. Throw some Talking Heads in that mix, too. Humor and quality, quirky rock. Get this if you want any fun infused into your current, bland, bullshit life. Now! Now! Now! Now! 10 songs, 24 minutes. DO (Resin/PO Box 5601/Washington, DC 20016-1201; www.ResinDC.com)

LOOGAN BIN • Scene Wrecker CD

I appreciated the lyrics to this. They were closer to indie fare like Cake or the Eels and that was a nice change from all the hardcore records I had to review. For the most part, though, musically this isn't all that exciting. Loogan Bin play upbeat pop punk with a strong leaning towards the indie thing. Decent, not more. MH (Satan Macnugget/3584 John St./Vineland Station, ON/LOR 2E0/Canada)

THE LOVED • The Loved CD

Wow, was I disappointed on this one. Says on the insert that this band has a founding member of Falling Forward. Not that I was expecting to hear a Falling Forward clone, but I was at least expecting something with some energy to it. Being that I don't usually listen to music like this, let me just list the comparisons the label was so kind as to include: Christopher Cross, Al Green, Black Sabbath (I sure didn't think so), The Beatles, Led Zeppelin, and Eric Clapton. Was that meant to be tongue in cheek?? I'm not sure, but if that kind of stuff floats your boat then check this out. JP (Temporary Residence Ltd./PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203-4910)

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE • This Is... 7"

When listening to this 7 inch you will experience three tracks of noisy off kilter pop music with driving rhythms, oh oh backing vocals, and some wonderfully wacky keyboard sounds. Thrown into these tunes are moments of noisy abandon that rip into the melodies. The songs are moved along by nimble bumping bass lines. This record is a breath of fresh air and a lot of fun. SJS (Uncarved Block/PO Box 3195/Dana Point, CA 92629)

M:PATI • Rapunk 7"

Now this is my style! Blazing Swedish crust that is in the vein of Mob 47 and the Amerikan State Of Fear! This is so great, I can't get enough of that insane Swedish stuff! All the lyrics are in Swedish, but without translations! So I can only guess at what the songs are about, but they are political, I'm sure of that. All in all, this is a band to watch out for, because this is great stuff! DD (BIM records c/o A. Wilhelmsson/Karserig. 2/42242 Hisings Backa/Sweden)

MAGGAT • A Pacific Puzzle LP

10 song LP here from Maggat. I keep wanting to write their name "Maggot" instead, but I don't think they would be thrilled. Anyway, I'm getting off track, I'm supposed to be doing a review. Maggat play emo/indie rock along the lines of The Van Pelt/The Lapse with lyrics talked over the music telling stories. Everything here was top notch: recording, layout, music. Looking forward to hearing more from this band. JP (Swing Deluxe/Lilienstasse 16/9124 Reichenschwand/Germany)

MIND • New Homes For The Rich 5"

5 really quick blasts of grind and power violence on this little record. Deep growling vocals spewing out depressing things about life in an ugly manner. Actually I found the lyrics to be quite humorous, although I don't think they were meant to be. Musically, I would say this two man band from Germany knows what they're doing. In order for this style of music to have effect on me, it's gotta be kept tight, short and fast with no filler. Mind has no problem doing that. MA (\$4.50 to Resuscitate Records/PO Box 324/7900 AH Hoogeveen/Holland)

MJOZAN • Ignorance CD

Fast hardcore with breakdowns and sing-a-longs. It lacks the youth-crew vibe, but I'd put this up there in nearly the same category. Songs about all the typical old-school topics like Unity and taking hardcore back to its roots. Comparable to Ignite at times, but with less use of melody and tougher vocals. All in all, nothing particularly memorable, just good old fast hardcore. I give it two positive points on a scale of five. GD (Mad Mob Records/Orianiestrasse 37/10999 Berlin/Germany)

THE NATIONAL ACROBAT • CD

I've heard this before. Drive Like Jehu. Ambassador 990. Shotmaker. Swing Kids. Too many to name. Chugga-chugga. Mathcore. Screamo. It goes by many monikers and mixtures, but it's begun to grate on me. Only the truly exceptional maestros of the style can do it for me any more. The National Acrobat is not quite grand master of the domain, but they give a valiant effort and pull off a well-above-average result. Are you into the aforementioned bands? If yes, by all means follow me to the end of the review and get a hold of the CD. If no, save yourself the time and energy. Playing the mush-mouth style of rock out of Kentucky, the Acrobats turn in a good performance and I must apologize for the previous ranting... honestly, I just wanted to get rid of those who can't appreciate some good fucking music. Now, if you like this slightly abrasive, slightly melodic style of fucking shit up, then you ought to hunt this one down. I'm down. Are you? 7 songs, 25 minutes. DO (ISVI/PO Box 6805/Louisville, KY 40206-0805)

THE NEW 1-2 • In Case Of Emergency CD

Indie rock mélange that succeeds in a big way by being the only record I've received for review that doesn't seem to come from any one particular musical direction. I hear elements of bands like Jawbreaker, Polvo, and Gold Circle, but every time one part (in particular the rhythm section) sounds as if it's following a pre-established pattern, it breaks up into something I didn't expect. That's rewarding enough, but the band's ability to tie it all up into some new, loud pop bundle makes the payoff all the sweeter. A short new nine songs that demand repeat listens. Excellent, original sounds from short Canadian friends. DM (Sloth Records/#1A 1304 4 St. SW/Calgary, AB/T2R 0X8/Canada)

NO REPLY • 7"

9 songs on this little spinner. The cover is cool and the pics on the back look good. Things are spiffy except for the lyric sheet which was just a folded up Xerox. Only one of the songs is not about old hardcore or what is wrong with its current state. Most of the music is just really fast with a definite '80s feel, and the band is fun to see live. NS (Mankind/PO Box 461/Bellflower, CA 90707)

NORA • The Neverending You Line CD

Dial-a-cliché with naming a band a girl's name and doing the low-fi intro that kicks in to show off the full sounding production. Hardcore-"metal" in the same vein as Converge, if Converge wrote more real sounding songs instead of just stringing a bunch of random riffs together. Although Nora does throw a lot of mid-tempo metal riffs around, for the most part the songs flow really well and don't jerk you around with lazy song writing techniques. Vocals were done by a pissed off dog and a crazy lunatic with a hatchet for an arm that's chopping your family into precise pieces. One thing I'd change with this band is to make the fast parts (that really aren't that fast) faster and in greater quantity, but it's not my band. This reminds me a lot of Countervail, but better. If I didn't already have a copy of this CD and I saw it for sale I'd definitely buy it. ADI (Trustkill/25 Farm Ln./Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

NOTORIUS • La Danza Dei Nervi CD

I find it really difficult to describe the sound of this Italian band. They're pretty intense with their wall of guitars sound and crazy breaks. In a way they reminded me of the last Refused record because of their wild use of sounds and keyboards. They're nowhere near as good, though, mostly because of the vocals and the muddy sound quality. Roughly 21 minutes, 8 songs. MH (Valium Records/Via Nomentana 113/00161 Rome/Italy)

LUDDGANG • Collateral... 7"

This is the perfect sort of 7" to come out on a label called Crasshole Records. Luddgang are an English band that uses samples and radio excerpts and tape loops to create an extremely political messages that they lay over a subtle but present tribal beat. In many ways it reminds me of some Crass material from the *Christ The Box Set* minus the mind numbing thrash music. Be prepared for a dark and almost techno noise experience. The samples and content come through effectively and with potency. In all other respects this is a classic political punk/crust record in the fact that it is all black and white and folds out to a poster with a strong message. KM (Crasshole Records/PO Box 65341/Baltimore, MD 21209)

LOS VATICANOS • 1999 L'anno Del Papa 7"

I want to say this sounds a lot like Nausea simply because the people in the pictures look like they could have been in Nausea. However, my guess is that I'm not that far off. Pretty fast and angry stuff with Italian lyrics. The theme of this record seems to be about the year 2000 Jubilee and the subsequent cleaning up of the city of Rome. Interesting stuff that I didn't know about before. Comes in a neat fold-out poster sleeve and my copy was numbered. MH (Christiano D'Innocenti/Via Marostica 25/00191 Rome/Italy)

MASSICK • 7"

Holy Cow!! This is the shit. I haven't heard so many ideas put to good use in a 7" since the Sons of Ishmael. Powerful stuff that combines crust, hardcore and various ethnic sounds. The production is so awesome you won't believe it. Pick this up now. No, really, PICK THIS UP NOW!! MH (\$4.50 to Hombre Lobo/Bertil Bles/Kaiserslauterstrasse 11/66123 Saarbrücken/Germany)

MICHAEL KNIGHT • Slip And Fall 7"

Very good stuff. I want to say power violence, but the songs have a lot more going on in them than most other bands of the genre. I don't know why but this record is hand numbered (500). I'm sure they could sell more than that. MH (The 4TG Music Terrorism Conspiracy and Blood Cult/49222 Fairchild Rd./Macomb, MI 48042 4810)

NOT A WORD THESE THINGS TAKE TIME... 7"

I picked this record because of the cool looking cover. This is a rock band out of Chicago but nothing that really stirs the pot. The music and all that jazz gets stuck on the bottom of the pan rather than rising to the top filled with unique energy and sound that I want to keep on spinning. Although they do a good job keeping their sound pretty big and produced well enough to rock some possible kids out there. What can I target to mark similarities, hmmm... I may be stretching but The Get-Up Kids come to mind. Youthful but bland rock that may hit you in the right spot. I guess they haven't found mine. SA (Communication Recordings/Stockholmsvagen 9B/76143 Norrtelje/Sweden)

NUZZLE • San Lorenzo's Blues CD

I was surprised when this came in since I thought Nuzzle had drifted into the lost land of obscurity and ancient history. But apparently they are alive and kicking—well, maybe not kicking, but certainly still breathing. These fourteen tracks are sad and melancholy rock songs that are perfect for rainy days and long lonely nights. The title is very fitting. Not the sort of thing that I would want to listen to while skating or slam dancing, but perfect for late nights in my office working on *HeartattaCk* by the dim glow of my computer monitor (or maybe reading poetry by the firelight for you more rustic types). Not sure if Nuzzle really fits them since this material is more sad and dreary than romantic, but never the less Nuzzle has crafted their music into something worth experiencing for those interested in the less aggressive and almost catatonic side of the punk rock spectrum. KM (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

ONCE... NEVER AGAIN • Others Came Along... CD

Moshy at times, but overall heavy hardcore with a lot of solo guitar work. Could possibly venture near the straight edge metal stuff, but this has more emotion in my mind, and open minded and well-written lyrics with explanations to them. The recording is good and the music is all tight and well-played. They look like teens, which makes it all more impressive to me. Good music, with good lyrics. 6 songs, male vocals. RG (Funtime Records c/o J. Quinten/Dutsehoek 12/3220 Holsbeek/Belgium)

ONE SECOND THOUGHT • Self Inflicted CD

This sounds so much like Sheer Terror, just not as good (I'm not being sarcastic here). Some of their lyrics are so depressing I was actually quite into them. "Everyone bleeds, we've all cried and sooner or later we all die." Or "We were given life at birth, our souls are tortured, and bleed till we die." Then after their anti-racism song their next song includes the little marvel: "Don't even test me bitch, cos I ain't the one." Racial slurs are frowned upon yet it's no problem to shout misogynist crap like that. Use your heads, guys. MH (Cartel Records/Topeliuksenkatu A24/00250 Helsinki/Finland)

ONE SIZE FITS MOST • CD

Musically this band sounds like they want to be on Epitaph. Judging from the lyrics, though, I guess that would be an unfair call. OSFM play upbeat pop punk that suffers a little from the so-so recording, but isn't all that bad really. I think putting 24 songs on this is a bit excessive, but hey, that's just me. MH (Mad Pakyderms/901 S 28th St./Lincoln, NE 68510)

OPHIL • Live CD

Ska-metal from Kansas, somewhat reminiscent of Pittsburgh's own Bunje Jambo but far more competent. Live recording causes some problems as the horns are often drowned out, but these kids are hyper and skank all over the place. They fall into the trap of rap-metal asshole posturing more than a few times, which is frustrating and sad (as is their cover of "Paradise City"), but they do show more than the requisite amount of energy and seem to get the crowd moving. Eh, it'll do. DM (Not Bad Records/PO Box 7455/Boulder, CO 80302)

OVER THE LINE • The demo 7"

From the genius that brought you the Insurance Risk 7" comes another Straight Edge release. You know what this sounds like. It's pretty well done. No complaints here. The lyrics advertise tolerance and friendship which is a good thing. There aren't enough songs advertising friendship yet so I'm hoping that with a little help from the hardcore gods Crucial Response will some day fill that terrible void in all of our lives. MH (Crucial Response/Kaisersfeld 98/46047 Oberhausen/Germany)

PROGRAMM C • Lucifer Turns Up The Volume 7"

Oh yes! Powerful frantic stuff from this Austrian outfit. A full-on attack of fast blistering hardcore with German/English lyrics. I can only recommend this! MH (Invertebrata/Brigitaplatz 22/2/10/1200 Vienna/Austria)

POWERBALL • Frozen Sun CD

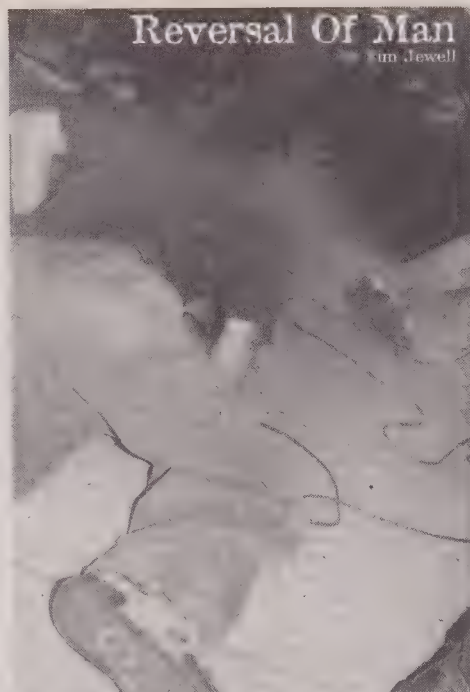
Good old punk in the vein of MDC and DOA. The vocals are the kind that you can actually understand and the lyrics are well structured and all that. I find it extremely hard to say more about this. It's well recorded and if it isn't my review that will stop you from buying this the cover will do the trick (one of the worst I've ever seen). MH (Rat Town Records/PO Box 50803/Jax Beach, FL 32240)

PUNISHABLE ACT • Against The Stream CD

Very competent New York hardcore played by this German band that I've never heard of. Comes complete with the kind of cartoonish artwork that was popular in '88 or '89 and can still be found on 25 Ta Life records. Upfront lyrics about stupid nazi fucks, politicians, gangs, etc. Can't find anything wrong with this. Great powerful production makes this a good listen. I guess if you're missing the good old days this is for you. MH (Mad Mob Records/Oranienstrasse 37/10999 Berlin/Germany)

PURE • No One Proper Way CD

Pure play mediocre metal-hardcore. While the vocals are a bit annoying and the music less than memorable, I do have to respect their guts for outwardly attacking Hardline kids in one of their songs. As far as the music is concerned, it is dominated by slow chugga parts that don't quite catch, mixed with slower drawn out parts. All in all mediocre at absolute best. GD (Refuse Records c/o Robert/PO Box 61/62-600 Kolo/Poland)



PINES OF ROME • On All Fours CD

The first thing that came to mind while listening to this was how it reminded me of the slow, mellow Liz Phair songs I heard in the past. This slow-beat easy listening for the indie-rock enthusiast is an extension. They use neat instruments such as the mandolin and glockenspiel. A record of choice if you want to huddle near a fire of study for that hard final the next morning. I found it playing while looking for cheap tickets over the internet. File under Low and Liz Phair next to Elliot Smith. Yum-yum. AF (Corleone/PO Box 606/Newport, RI 02840)

PARIS, TEXAS • So You Think It's Hot Here? CD

The more upbeat songs could, as Lisa pointed out, be the back track for a Pepsi commercial. Sweet innocuous pop with some '80s new wave influences. They do have a few more romantic or moody sounding tracks mixed in to the radio friendly mix. Very, very Polyvinyl. For the life of me I have no idea what songs like "Cadillac Of High Hair" or "It, Peterson" could be about since I can't make any sense of the words I hear. In any event, if you are looking for mindless fluff to keep you smiling and bopping about the day then Paris, Texas will certainly help you reach that euphoric state. And if you are love struck and drowning in your own rush of romantic gush then the more somber songs will certainly help you wallow. KM (Polyvinyl Records/PO Box 1885/Danville, IL 61834)

PISSANTS • Nothing Better Everyday CD

It sounds to me like these people wanna be on Epitaph. It's upbeat melodic punk, the weak point being the vocals that make every song sound like the one before. Maybe I'm being too harsh but this really doesn't do anything for me. MH (Sour Records/709 Ridge Blvd./Connellsville, PA 15425)



PAST MISTAKES • Try To Blink CD

This is a nice little 6 song CD. The first song did remind me of Cap'n Jazz quite a bit but the longer I listened to this the more it started to sound like Cringer and maybe Serpico (the music, not the vocals). It's well done melodic and mostly upbeat stuff with vocals that are a bit too loud and out of key half the time. But, you know, it's done in a style where it doesn't really matter. There's a song against suicide which quite frankly if I were so inclined would push me right over the edge. "So please don't take your life. It would be such a waste of time. I would miss you and your smile." Really, doesn't that make you want to jump off a tall building? MH (Seasonal Affect/PO Box 68/Stuyvesant Falls, NY 12174)

PLAIN SUNSET • Runaway CD

Plain Sunset play super-poppy punk rock like NOFX and all that. Plain Sunset, however, refrain from using the annoying snotty vocals so predominant in this genre of punk. Their lyrics are less than interesting, although I was a bit intrigued but "I chained Cindy Crawford to my bed." Hmm. Typical pop-punk, not much more. GD (Straits Records c/o Ridhwan V. Ghany/Blk 359, #03-363/Woodlands Ave. 5/Singapore 730359)

PHOBIA • Destroying The Masses 10"

This one grabbed me by the throat right away. Full speed ahead grindcore played by long time veterans of sonic destruction Phobia. Is there any need for an explanation? Phobia have been around for a long time, but unlike many bands that have been around for as long as these guys they have not lost their edge. If you're looking for something that is pissed off and has a ton of gut felt angst, grab this one, throw it on your turntable and proceed to destroy all contents of your room. CF (Pessim Records/PO Box 1070/Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

POSITRON • Dead Alive 7"

No, Positron has nothing to do with *Positron* 'zine. Eight tracks of melodic old school hardcore. The music is fairly well done, the sound is good, and while I did enjoy listening to Positron there was nothing about this 7" that really made me want to recommend it or come back to it at a latter date. Somewhere in the middle between great and god awful. Speaking of the all mighty, the first entity that they give thanks to God. Hmmm. I am sure he appreciates that since last time we talked he told me he really gets a kick out of seeing his name in these thanks lists. KM (Mad At The World Records/10 Garvey Dr./Jamesburg, NJ 08831)

QUALM • Put 'Er There CD

Fat Wreck Chords-styled speedy pop-punk-a-rola. Packaging looks dumb, but they're pretty earnest in the rock, gathering influence from all the right places (Descendents, Snuff, Scared Of Chaka) and bouncing around on a solid recording that's fun and more substantial than I expected. If this kind of music is your game, you'll have a ball with Qualm. DM (Not Bad Records/PO Box 7455/Boulder, CO 80302)

REALIGN • Stagnation Is Death CD

Amazing. Germany's Realign rock with passion and sincerity, playing a well-blended meld of hardcore, most comparable to a combination of You and I and Three Penny Opera. Realign have crafted songs that transition smoothly from metal to rockin' hardcore and back, really grabbing hold of your attention. The first two songs on this CD are in German, the rest are sung in English. The vocals are intense and sincere, adding so much to this band's overall quality. 8 songs total, and a great release. GD (Voice Of Life/PO Box 1137/04701 Leisnig/Germany)

REFLECTOR • Prelude To Novelty CDep

Wow, this is a surprise. Dynamic rock that ranges from some band I've heard on Up Records with a more angst driven DC influenced sound. Like Shudder To Think, they control their energy appropriately and know how to burst with compulsion without stumbling over their own intensity. I can't leave this review without commenting on the vocal work—soothingly aggressive and hits my spot with urgency. This is by far one of the most compelling elements of Reflector. Keep an eye on Reflector and Status Records, as they are both providing us with something fun to do in our spare time. SA (Status Records)

REACHING FORWARD • For The Cause CD

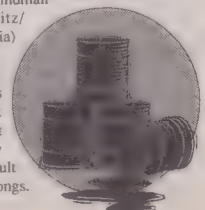
Pissed straight edge hardcore from The Netherlands. As long as I don't look at the live photos of Reaching Forward then I can picture some totally hard ass hardcore kids that live day to day on the hard streets of the inner city. Pissed, mean and totally angry sounding hardcore with lots of songs about staying true and saying fuck off to all the things that get in your way. Their sound is really potent and fierce. Some of the best straight edge hardcore that I have heard in a long time. Not over produced or watered down with rock riffs and nice singing. Ugly and vicious, while still being youth crew hardcore. Incidentally, once I look at their live photos the illusion fades and I realize that they are just gangly middle class kids with baseball caps and letterman jackets. I prefer the illusion, but still dig the music. KM (Reflections Records/De Nijverheid 30/7681 MD Vroomshoop/Netherlands)

REFRAME THE CONCEPT • 7"

Although this is yet another metal-ish record, it's not as chaotic as the typical offering. It evokes more of a later era Iron Maiden feel. You know, the watered down stuff that inspired the likes of Queensryche. They prove to be quite adept at applying the formula in this record, but offer little in the way of innovation, personality, or thoughtfulness. All four of the songs have personal lyrics. DF (Windmill Records c/o Stefan Kauschitz/Siebenbrunnpl. 3/32/1005 Vienna/Austria)

RED MARTIAN • Automaton CD

This is really hard to describe. It reminds me of some '80s pop played with a punk edge. And there's keyboards, too. It's not like these people don't know how to play their instruments, it's just that the end result doesn't sound very intriguing to me. 5 songs. MH (www.redmartian.com)



RABIES CASTE • For The Vomiting Tractor Drivers CD

Very noisy, tuned-down, slow, boring metal. The vocals are run through some sort of distortion and are virtually unbearable. Imagine putting a Coalesce record on the wrong speed (much slower), and changing the vocals completely, and you get Rabies Caste. Their label name says it all. GD (Infernal Racket/PO Box 4641/Bethlehem, PA 18018)

RADAR MERCURY • Thank You, Goodnight CDEP

4 songs, 12 minutes. Solid upbeat emo pop that is well played, well written and really enjoyable if you like that sort of thing. I don't like everything on Doghouse but this is good. MH (Doghouse Records)

REPRISAL • Where Heavy Gloom Dominate CD

Reprisal play generic Hardline death metal. To get a full idea of what this sounds like, imagine a really bad death metal band with x's on their hands and jerseys with lame lyrics like "your blood will be my victory, your blood will purify your sins." Sitting through this was something that I would not want to do again. Most unpleasant. Not my cup of tea. GC (Voice of Life/PO Box 1137/04701 Leisnig/Germany)

RESERVE 34 • 7"

Bands from Canada are good. Well, at least I can say that Reserve 34 is from Vancouver BC, and they are good. They start with the thing that many bands start with. Rhythmically dynamic punk rock, and social/introspective lyrics about life and relationships. A lot of bands go wrong because they try to write "lyrics" and punk music. This record, on the other hand, works because they just let their thoughts and feelings come out, without trying to mold them into some predetermined format. The resulting expression gives this record a personality. DF (Moo Cow Records/PO Box 616/Madison, WI 53701)

ROBOCOP KRAUS • Inferno Nihilistique 2000 LP

Hell Yeah! Organ madness with high energy intensity that rocks like The Make-Up. They spell elegance and glamour in the independent rock—some might even call it pretension—and I am in love with it after the first song. It's the same type of feeling I get after listening to some Stereolab. Although they sound nothing alike, they both have an irresistible quality that gives me the willies inside and makes me feel all good. Rock, yes! They will challenge you by their eccentricity but don't let that push you away. Just think of Refused and you will have to get your Lazy Boy and take that hour break you've needed all day and put on this record because "you should not forget what you are here for." Amazing! SA (Swing Deluxe Records c/o Thomas Lang/Lilienstr. 16/91244 Reichenschwand/Germany)

RUIDO • 13 song 7"

Blistering thrash not unlike Los Crudos or Lack Of Interest. Fast and furious. I believe that all the songs are in Spanish, though it doesn't matter too much since the music is so fast and furious. They could easily be singing in English, German or Esperanto and it would be just as crazed and savage. Raw and violent. No lyric sheet or translations. KM (Deep Six Records)

RYDELL • Home 7"

"Someone understand me please," is etched inside this record and the sound is slow and melodic. The conclusions you would draw from these facts are likely to paint a pretty accurate picture of this record. The lyrics are sung poignantly and I'm sure they're sincere, but something went wrong somewhere. Perhaps the sincerity got washed away by the production. One Neil Young-esque part made me smile. They offer four songs and a small insert with a message from the band. DF (Thomas Reitmayer/Lerystr. 54/1/21/1110 Wien/Austria)

SASSAFRAS JONES AND BUCKO BRIGGS • Belly Up To The Bar CD

This recording contains 6 tracks at 19:16 minutes and documents the music of two guys from Virginia. One plays guitar and sings. One plays harmonica and sings. The recordings are raw. The songs are simple and the words are inscrutable. They tend to shift from singing to screeching with unfortunate frequency for no apparent reason and with the most unfortunate of consequences. They obviously had fun recording these songs but that does not make it more or less listenable. SJS (Tag Team Records/9615 Hitchin Dr./Richmond, VA 23233)

SETH • Akorex B CD

Anybody remember Pollution Circus? Ten or eleven years ago these guys put out a 7" with acoustic, emotionally and politically charged folk punk on HippyCore. I still love that record. It has a lot of heart, anger and most of all it has tunes that actually work. I guess Seth is going in the same direction, except that he throws in a modern sounding sound clip every now and then, like some scratching or a bass'n'drum sample, and that his tunes don't work. It's one of those instances where I'd rather be reading a book or a magazine about homelessness than to have to listen to Seth sing about it. It's as simple as that. PS: Please don't call Kent and tell him to give you a better review. He has nothing to do with this. MH (PO Box 3223/Running Springs, CA 92382)

SPAZZ • Crush Kill Destroy CD

Twenty-five bursts of speed and power with a ton of hilarious sound bites compressed into nineteen minutes just to make sure you don't grow tired of their maniac attack. Fun, aggressive, fast, faster, and harsh sounding hardcore stuff that could be compared to a lot of speed freak bands. Great stuff, but everyone must know that already since Spazz has a billion records out! KM (Slap A Ham Records/PO Box 420843/San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

SCREECHING WEASEL • God Hates You picture 7"

This picture disc has 3 songs, all of them covers. There is "Fuck You" by The Subhumans, "Suspect Device" from Stiff Little Fingers, and "Dirt" by The Stooges. Each has that special Screeching Weasel touch. Since this is on Probe, the pictures includes religious imagery and a naked lady. LO (\$4 to Probe Records/PO Box 5068/Pleasanton, CA 94566)

SCATHE • 7"

Gadzooks! When I first listened to this record, my turntable was on at 33 rpm's... and it sounded like some of the heaviest, chunkiest, metal hardcore I'd ever heard. Then I realized my mistake and played it at 45—not quite as heavy... but still amazingly brutal. Crazy metallic hardcore with low guitars, two singers, and numerous mosh beats. They have a good sound, but their material isn't all interesting. The 7" comes in a keen, hand-screened sleeve. Rock. ALP (Code of Ethics/10101 Orange Ranch/Tucson, AZ 85742)

SEPPUKU • The Awesome Houses Of Earth's Innocents... CD

This CD contains music pieces composed and constructed by a person named Mark Molnar. He works with various stringed instruments, percussion and a sampler to create music in two modes. Some of the tracks are dark and introspective soundscapes made with deep bass reverberations and percussion of various sorts laying out a sonic expanse. Into this more strings and samples are then inscribed to complete the piece. Other tracks are intimately recorded combinations of instruments played at a slightly faster tempo. Some composition employ a framework of repeating figures, others have open formats. There seems to be occasional opportunities for interpolating segments of the compositions and the booklet notes describe methods used for performing a few pieces. This is a good recording for deep listening. SJS (Spectra Sonic Sound/Box 80067/Ottawa, ON/K1S 5N6/Canada)

SCREAMING FAT RAT • Nothing Stands The Pressure... CD

Poppy punk from Japan with catchy melodies and harmonies, much like many of the bands that Snuffy Smile puts out. I would compare them to The Urchin or The Thumbs, but a bit less aggressive and with a unique sounding vocalist that I can't compare to anything. 12 songs of pure punk rock with much dedication to the Clash—note album name and cover is off the Clash's City Rockers cover. I couldn't get into this as much as the other Snuffy Smile records I got to review this time, but SFR still makes for good rock. SA (Snuffy Smile Records/4-24-4-302 Daizawa, Setagaya-ku/Tokyo 155-0032/Japan)

SENDERO • La Escena 7"

I was lucky enough to see this band play live in their home city of Monterrey in México. They played their hardcore with a lot of passion and energy so I was very excited to hear that a 7" was on the way. While I happen to like this 7" very much, I will agree that their energy was not captured on to vinyl as is the case with many great bands. Sendero's musical style is very early '80s hc punk with catchy bridges and guitar solos. The lyrics are political and personal and the packaging of this record is a must see. There are only 300 copies; try to get one if you can. MA (Grabaciones Congaleras/Apartado Postal 1879/CP 64000/Monterrey, NL/México)

SENSELESS APOCALYPSE • Senseless Stereotyped... CD

Japanese grind that is well recorded and well played. There are 26 songs on this; imagine that. Now think—how interesting are 26 grindcore songs in a row going to be? I'm not saying these guys didn't do everything in their power to make things interesting. Still, I prefer to listen to this kind of stuff on vinyl. And on a 7". MH (H/G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE • 12"

Severed Head Of State features an all star cast with Todd Burdette from His Hero Is Gone on guitar, Jack Conrow of Mind Control Records on vocals, Kelly from Detestation on bass, and Chris Pfeiffer from Meadowlark on drums. The music is an onslaught of power that can be described as the inbred bastard of Detestation and His Hero Is Gone with a distorted beast doing vocalist. Nine tracks of anger and angst on a one sided 12". Not nearly as powerful and anger laced as the Severed Head Of State live show, but in lieu of the real thing this 12" will certainly get your hackles up. KM (Lengua Amada/2340 W 24th St./Chicago, IL 60608)

SEUCHENHERD • 7"

My, my... insane German grind/crust that blasts out 9 rippin' tracks. This sounds like something that could have been on Profane Existence. The lyrics are political and in English and German. All in all a pretty rad release! Go get this and play at loud volumes!! DD (Thomas Labatzki/Dillinger Str. 9/89312 Gunzburg/Germany)

SHAHRAZAD • 7"

Mid-tempo blasting hardcore from Bakersfield, California. Shahrazad, now a defunct band, may possibly be the best band to come from a place that literally smells like shit. The town may either have been built over a huge shit dump site or people don't know how to use restrooms properly there. Having to deal with so much shit, Shahrazad decided to make due of the situation and create some heavier shit that reeks of brutal melodies and a sound that hasn't been forgotten from the early '90s. I saw them shit all over my house three years ago and they played with no bass and still knocked my ass on the ground. Damn, I want some more of that shit! SA (Hand Held Heart/24445 Lisa Kelton Pl./Newhall, CA 91321)

SHOCKWAVE • Dominion CD

I don't know, I always end up comparing these bands to Integrity, but in this case I'm really not that far off. Apparently these guys wanna take over the world—at least that's what the artwork suggests. I'm sure it's all done in good humor and so what if it's completely pointless? You know the label and you don't need me telling you whether to buy this or not, right? Oops, almost forgot... this CD also contains also a song from the 7" plus 2 demo tracks. MH (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

SHOGUN • Enter The Equation 7"

This is not a metal record, but rather that metal influenced brand of hardcore that seems to be motivating so many bands these days. The composition is typical and the lyrics are grim, personal, or otherwise poetic. I'd place it in movie during some violent scene. It has some action sound, but can do little more than serve as a backdrop. It could be bought for that reason or perhaps on apart that conjures up Eddie Van Halen. DF (Chainsaw Safety Records/PO Box 260318/Bellrose, NY 11426)

SHORT TIME • Echoes From Tomorrow 7"

Four songs from The Netherlands' Short Time. The style is harsh and is devoid of metal or indie rock influences; just solid straight forward hardcore with gnarly screaming. The 7" is held together with velcro and is apparently limited to 300 copies, so I wouldn't hold your breath while you wait to find one somewhere. Well done, though not exceptional. I would categorize this is a really good hardcore record that won't set any new standards or start any new musical trends, but will be enjoyable listening. KM (Unashamed Records/Daniel Bal-Dunantstraat 1313/2713 TR Zoetermeer/The Netherlands)

SLAVES • The Devil's Pleasures CD

Weird twisted stuff from Slaves, which is basically a rebuilt version of The VSS minus one player. The keyboards and moody meandering remind me of The Doors at time, but at other times their sound is a bit more contemporary. At first I just hated this shit, but after several listens it really starts to find its own space. Interesting, varied and fairly eclectic. At times bits and pieces sound too much like their influences, but I think that can be overlooked the younger you are... If you were a teenager in the '70s then this might be a bit painful since most likely you just want to forget the music of that time, but otherwise I think Slaves keep it together, which is saying a lot considering how dreadfully sick most stuff sounding like this makes me. Approach with caution, but if you can stomach it then Slaves might be just what you were looking for. KM (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)



OK, three guys trying to be Man Is The Bastard. Two basses and drums. Political lyrics and some weirdness thrown in. If they stick around they might get better and get their own style. DD (Magister Ludi Records/PO Box 470112/Tulsa, OK 74147)

FUCK YEA! Raging, and I mean RAGING Polish HC/Crust. This is so killer! These kids have been around awhile, and have been kicking ass the whole time! This CD has their newer Zero Akceptacji 7", their Chap 10", their older s/t 7" and a comp track. The band is fronted by a female vocalist who has the most guttural female vox I have heard EVER! She is backed up by the male bass player on 2nd vocals. As you might expect, this is bristling with political content. But the lyrics, sung in Polish with English translations, are beyond the typical crust stuff. Lots and lots of topics from anti-imperialist stuff, to pro-Zapatista stuff to the importance of love in the HC community. Silna Wola translates into "strong will" and that name fits the band well! Fucking blistering political hardcore raging from Agathocles (without the machine gun stuff) to Swedish Rapunk with little quirks here and there for extra fun! Get this now or miss out on one of the best bands in Poland. DD (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

This CD contains 5 tracks at 20:58 minutes. Situation At 1200 play medium tempo rock with some washes of keyboard interacting with the dual guitars buzzing and chiming. The music is relaxed with ambient textures. The vocals are mostly sung though there is some talking. The songs are well recorded giving space to each instrument. The drums are perfectly placed for this sound, allowing the snare to cut through the layered guitars. This band achieves a large sound on there CD. Unfortunately the songs are nothing special. Maybe they will put more effort into the next batch of tunes and make their music memorable. SJS (Your Best Guess/PO Box 64/Denville, NJ 07834)

Yikes, I guess Charles Bronson isn't ever yet because Social Coma is the reincarnation of the brutal CB!! Fast and frantic as hell with high pitched screeching vocals guaranteed to scare the hell out of all the local tom cats! Sssssccccccccreeeeeey!!! The layout is just like you would expect from a Charles Bronson release, which of course means reading the lyrics is like pulling teeth. Brutal, ugly and pissed the fuck off. Charles Bronson lives on in the form of Social Coma. KM (Nat Records/Avenue Shinsaihashi 8F/2-18-6 Nishi-Shinsaihashi/Chuo-ku/Osaka 542-0086/Japan)

This is a two song ep from Germany. There is no lyric sheet but one song is about dreams, I think. It's very catchy with the singer sounding like Bono from U2, yet not in a bad way. The other song has the whole mellow-to-buildup-to-mellow formula, but didn't really move me at all. They have a very rough indie sound, which gives them a hard edge over most over produced indie bands. I guess this might be considered new school "emo" too, but I think they are not so generic. AM (SNC Empire/PO Box 1112/39001 Magdeburg/Germany)

Spoon play mellow-rock'n'roll. No distortion, and one of the songs are recorded using acoustic guitars. Just mellow rock'n'roll, like if you unplugged the Rolling Stones. Vocals are good, as are the back-ups. The CD is less than ten minutes long, containing only 2 songs, so there isn't much to listen to. The CD itself is probably the most interesting thing about this, being clear on the outside ring, only being colored on a strip on the inside. GD (Saddle Creek Records/PO Box 8554/Omaha, NE 68108-0554)

Sticky sweet female vocals over borderline cheesy (or overly-“feel good,” like Senzephile) guitar rock. Formerly of Baby Gospel, Sri Kesava wins Elizabeth Elmore of Sarge as a close vocal comparison, while some of the songs have a crazy Buddhist influence thrown in. This usually adds to it, rather than being obtrusive and a liability. Some of the songs are a little too cheesy, but there are some real gems mixed in. Check out “Shiva” and “Raj” for some of the crazy highlights and “Union Square” sounds and awful lot like a good Poole song. There are some real lowlights intertwined (such as “Loverboy” and “Shout”) as well, but I think that the good ones outweigh the bad ones... you'll either love it or hate it, I'd guess, and while I have no idea of what Baby Gospel sounded like, you might get some inkling from her past work. 13 songs, 45 minutes. DO (Blue Boy/739 Manor St./2. PA 17603: www.SriMusic.com)

More bizarre stuff from Conspiracy Records. Starfish Pool is "edgy" techno music. Self described as "too extreme for club people" Starfish Pool are well, I don't fucking know. It is techno, which is for me is like saying they speak Vulcan???. Shake your groove thing and use your grey matter because this is some weird trippy shit designed to push the envelope of the techno/rave scene. A big mystery to me. KM (Conspiracy Records/PO Btx 269/2000 Antwerpen /Belgium)

14 songs of heartfelt rock from Sweden's Starmarket. I really liked this CD, though it took me a listen or two to get into it though. Kinda reminds me of Armchair Martian if you're looking for a comparison. The only downside was the lyrics—not the most original. But hey, the same could be said about my reviews so fuck it. So if you're in the mood for some catchy rock that will pleasantly surprise you, pick this up. JP (Popkid/16 Raleigh Ln./Wayne, NJ 07470)

After asking Lisa how I should best describe Stratego she simply replied: "They're just wonderful." Okay, wonderful, they are. Their music is upbeat, emotive, melodic, imaginative and pretty damn wonderful. Check out the new LP, folks. Everybody loves Stratego. MH (Peas Kor Records/430 Whitman #42/Goleta, CA 93117)



Stillwell play their own special brand of indie-rock, melding the smoothness of Sharks Keep Moving with a bit of Texas Is The Reason's rock. Actually, Stillwell remind me particularly of a long defunct Goleta indie rock band called Three Letter Engagement, but that's beside the point. While most "emo" bands these days seem to tread heavily upon each other's distinct styles, Stillwell seems to work well with their own style, moving from rock to smooth mellowness and back again. The vocals are high-pitched but not whiny, and pleasant. All in all I give it two thumbs up for indie-rock done well, and hope to see more. GD (Rebound Records/17019 Evergreen Elm Way/Houston, TX 77059)

Covers came out good despite the horror stories. The Recording is nice and everything comes through in the mix nicely. Stratego delivers the goods in lively fashion churning out 7 quick ditties that will have you dancing with your backpack on in your room. Cap'n Jazz-esque with its own feel, these Goletians have been traveling—so if you feel compelled, go rock out with yer bad self and see them get lively. NS (Stratagem/PO Box 1817/Goleta, CA 93116)

This is one brutal metal band that really takes themselves very seriously. If you ever see them live you will be amazed as they spend five or ten minutes discussing their songs, and then proceed to puncture your eardrums and snap your neck with brutal hardcore influenced metal. I have seen them live several times, but I think the CD is a lot more enjoyable to actually listen to. Their sound can get a bit too raw live since it is really full and heavy with tortured hoarse singing. Their lyrics are loaded with religious metaphor and layered thick with demonic tones and gratuitous violence... one song ends with the line, "What if I tore off your face just to prove a show of force..." They also include a sort of essay that explains some of the band's ideas and interests without all the dark metal overtones. Interesting and definitely sincere, though a bit too cryptic at times - and very metal. KM (King Of The Monsters/8341 E. San Salvador/Scottsdale, AZ 85258)

This band is Europe's version of Earth Crisis, combining mosh-metal with extremist politics while maintaining a constant theme of "THE STRAIGHT EDGE." Several songs with straight-edge overtones, one about saving the environment, one about veganism/vegetarianism, and my favorite, one about how rapists should be executed. Aside from the rapist one, this looks pretty similar to me in theme to Earth Crisis' "Destroy The Machines." Music is just the same old mosh-metal, better than most, but all the same, treading on the heels of so many others before them. Chugga-chugga, double-bass drum, heavy breakdowns, sing-a-longs, you got it. There is just one thing Surface lacks: Originality. GD (Mad Mob Records/Oranienstrasse 37/D-10999 Berlin/Germany)

This is a great pulsating emotive hardcore record. The sound is very contemporary emo hardcore; built from a tradition defined by lots of bands playing this sort of music in the '90s. Hard, edgy and a bit chaotic at times, with vocals that alternate between screaming and speaking. The songs are all quite good, the sound is well done, and the included booklet is really nice looking. Touching songs and lots of presence. Nice. KM (Moo Cow Records/PO Box 616/Madison, WI 53701)

Pretty great example of the modern screamo band, somewhere in the ranks of the Red Scare or maybe Four Hundred Years, coming out of Indiana. Suffers from the cheapest, crappiest Scott Beiben Xerox job on the booklet and cover I have seen in a while, though; the lyrics and the band's messages seem important but are almost illegible and therefore almost useless. In any case, this band will most likely be huge, so look out for 'em. DM (1507 Main St./Lafayette, IN 47905; ntercha@hotmail.com)

Next to legends like Jethu, Pitchfork, and ChicanoChrist lies Three Mile Pilot. This 2-song 7" is one of their many records they released before their untimely demise that I sometimes cry out for when listening to their magic they create. If one hasn't heard Three Mile Pilot yet, then they may not know how the soul speaks. Without sounding like a hokey reviewer, I must say that 3MP can speak of the soul where there is silence. They are indisputably one of the best bands of the '90s and all their records they recorded should be cherished by many to keep this energy alive. As Goldenrod seems to do a good job at putting out records, I am sure they will keep this gem in print for all the soul seekers like myself. But, you might as well go and buy the double CD with all their 7" tracks and compile material too. Do both; it will serve you well. SA (Goldenrod Records/P.O. Box 81164/San Diego, CA 92138)

I am not sure why this doesn't have a proper name since it is the second full length from Three Penny Opera. A bit confusing, which wouldn't matter if this was just some worthless dribble, but Three Penny Opera has once again shown their greatness. It used to be that I would compare Three Penny Opera to Shotmaker figuring most people were already impressed with Shotmaker, but I think Three Penny Opera is just as good as Shotmaker. They have taken the Shotmaker sound and added a lot of subtlety and atmospheric goodies. Incidentally, Shotmaker and Three Penny Opera share plenty of members. Final analysis: This LP smokes!! Excellent songs, excellent music, and an excellent release for Three Penny Opera. Three cheers for Three Penny Opera, er, maybe that should be four cheers or something... KM (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

Tulsa Doom play four upbeat crust punk songs. Two of them are about the problems with money in our society, one is about violence, and the other is about race. Their sound is typical with a distorted guitar and steady drum beats for circle pit action. Tulsa Doom have a lot of energy and a catchy feel, but the formulaic aspects of the music make it sound humdrum from time to time. LO (\$4 to Doomed Recordz/PO Box 13210) Jersey City, NJ 07303-4210)

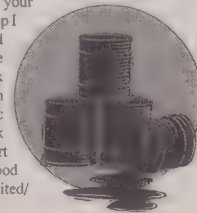
Wow... I remember when these twins were in a hardcore sxe band and when the singer Todd laughed cruelly at my friends who didn't look "hardcore." Well, times have changed... On this 7", Towards An End play poppy, softcore punk and write about adolescent confusion, following one's dreams, peace, love, and recycling. The three songs are very catchy, but extremely unoriginal... hey hey... yeah yeah yeah... ALP (Lookout/PO Box 11374/Berkeley, CA 94712-2374)

When they play fast, the frenzied drumming reminds me of Mohinder. When they play slow and weird, they sound more unique and I must say that the mix of the two is really cool and interesting. Beyond that I'd have to say that the artwork and the overall look of this record are totally neat. All this inevitably leads me to the conclusion that this is a record that I'd like to own myself. Please purchase at your earliest convenience. MH (Status Records/PO Box 1500/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

I first heard this on the excellent La Foresta Della Morie comp, and while this material fares better, it's still a bit too triffin' for the heady musical climate of the year 2000. Almost an exact cross-pollination of Lydia Lunch's 13:13, Sonic Youth's Washing Machine, and the Need. Transitional offer up dark lyrical content and atmosphere, slightly fractured yet cooled out melodies, and shrieking bursts of nu-wave synthesizer and female vocals that both conform to and stray from the drive of their songs. Seriously, this whole twenty-year cycle of musical culture turning over on itself is pretty goddamn unnering, and while I like Transitional's approach, I have to question just why and how they could release such a mopey and altogether average recording and expect a forward-thinking guy like me not to react in this way. DM (Sound on Sound/106-B Prospect St./Willimantic, CT 06226)

This German band combines hardcore and rock to come up with their sound. The Ice is well recorded and the songs are pretty good. The music is powerful and fairly interesting. Medium paced and on the heavier end, though not brutal or anything like that. The record design looks like some kind of weird hybrid between Ink & Dagger and Into Another. The back cover photo may lead you to believe that True Blue consists of complete morons (is the guy in the bottom right hand corner about to take a poop?). But don't judge the record by the cover because True Blue are way better than they look. At times their sound reminds me a bit of some Bad Brains material though the singing sounds nothing like H.R. or any of the other Bad Brains' singers. KM (Crucial Response Records/Kaisersfeld 98/46047 Oberhausen/Germany)

Spacey slow core that sets you into a trance. Tarentel uses no vocals, but instead soothes you with a wide array of instruments and sounds ranging from guitar noise to psychedelic keyboard to soft feedback to slide guitar to samples and beyond. Very mellow and melodic with an ambience that leads your mind to wander. You might find yourself staring at wall or if you were taking the bus you might miss your stop. In my review of Tarentel's first CDep I set them in between Antarctica and Cerberus Shoal. Even though both those bands have progressed (got boring) I think that you could still hold the comparison true, though Tarentel has a more organic sound now. I really enjoy the artwork enclosed. I feel the photos of blurry desert plains and the city at night capture the mood well. ADI (Temporary Residence Limited/ PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)



TRIBES OF NEUROT • God Of The Center 10"

I am not quite sure how this works, but apparently this can be played as a backdrop for some Neurosis material. I was under the impression that Tribes Of Neurot consisted of people other than Neurosis members, but that could be incorrect since this was apparently recorded during the last Neurosis tour. Anyway, this 10" has four ambient tracks. This is not music as you might normally define it but rather noise and weird ambient sounds strewn together to make some sort of duality with the more structured Neurosis music. I am just rattling my bone box at this point. The bottom line is that this is weird trippy shit that can not be reviewed along any traditional lines. Dig it or don't. KM (Conspiracy Records/PO Box 268/2003 Asheville 1/10/03)

THE TRAGIC FORMULA • CD

Five acoustic songs that could be best described as self-therapy. This man is trying to overcome some issues in his past and I guess this is his way of doing it. I really don't think that anything I could say about the music would be of much significance. I wish the songs were a bit better structured and the vocals rambled a little less, that's all. DIY, lo-fi, go! MH (Heart in Hand Productions/106 Greenfriar Dr./Wexford, PA 15090)

UNSILENT MAJORITY • Death Reggae LP

Combining the intensity and emotion of French hardcore bands such as Fingerprint and Ivich with some of the heavy styles that are often heard from German bands, Unsilent Majority create a nice hardcore hybrid. Each song has a lot of energy and power, which makes this LP go by quickly. The lyrics range from comments on society to descriptions of thoughts. I liked this record. LO (Thought Crime c/o Jens Walter/Petersburgerstr. 68/10249 Berlin/Germany)

THE URCHIN • First Recording By The Band Using... 7"

Big hole!! One sided?? Poppy and upbeat bubble gum with just a tiny edge. I didn't notice that the vocals were sung in Japanese because the style they are sung is like so many other pop punk bands that it didn't strike me that I couldn't understand what they were saying until I tried to read along with the lyrics then noticed the Japanese print under the English translation. Surprisingly they seem to be singing about more relevant stuff than just girls. AD1 (Stuffy Smile/4-24-4-302 Daizawa, Setagaya-Ku/Tokyo 155-0032/Japan)

THE URCHIN • Fragile Songs In Lukewarm Dreams CD

This CD contains 15 tracks at 36:52 minutes. The Urchin play melodic punk rock. This CD captures a good amount of energetic bouncing music. They sung about social and political issues in Japan and personal issues with the punk underground. The tightness of their playing and the equality of music and vocals distinguishes The Urchin from a multitude of similar bands. SJS (Snuffy Smile/4-24-4-302 Daizawa/Setagaya-ku/Tokyo 155-0032/Japan)

VOORHEES • Fireproof 7"

I think Voorhees writes far better fast songs than they do slow churning numbers, and *Fireproof* has way too many slow songs for my taste. Some of the songs I would almost call boring, but it seems that Voorhees has been doing a lot more slow songs as of late, so if you enjoyed their last LP on Six Weeks then this 7" will suit you just fine. The tracks on their split with Devoid Of Faith have a lot more energy and are more to my liking. The Voorhees sound can pretty much be called a "Boston sound." Their influences include Negative FX, SSD, Deep Wound, Slap Shot, and also a bit of Negative Approach (though obviously that isn't a Boston band). KM (Chainsaw Safety Records/PO Box 260318/Bellerose, NY 11426-0318)

THE WALNUT STREET PROJECT • Every Town... LP

This LP contains eight tracks of gentle strum rock that would not feel out of place on the Harriet Records or K labels. A relaxed mood pervades the songs with dual guitars picked and strummed over the keen rhythm section. The woman singing has a wonderful voice that works as an instrument within the music. The words look at relationships with a blend of sadness and hope ending the LP with the lines, "I know we'll make it, we're under the same sky." All together The Walnut Street Project have created an LP of warm, friendly, and fresh music. SJS (\$5 to Chumpire/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

THE WARREN COMMISSION • Rendezvous With You CD

The male-female vocals make me want to compare this to Rainer Maria, but I'm not sure that comparison actually works. The female vocals remind me a lot of Mary Lou Lord's and the WC's music goes along nicely with that because it is nice, nice, nice, and then it is sweet, sweet, sweet and then nice some more. The last song is just piano and female vocals alone, which again is nice. Overall though, I think this band would profit from a more aggressive approach—and I don't mean that in the screeching, pig-slaughtering kind of way. I just wish they'd have played these 5 songs with more guts and sang with more heart, that's all. The packaging by the way is neat, neat, neat, too. MH (Espresso Records/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

THE WEIGH DOWN • CDep

Yet another iteration of the sensitive, post-emo rock band story, this time from Connecticut. Anyone with the Farewell Bend album unwittingly got this record free with that purchase. It amazes me how bands have managed to hit the end of the road within this kind of music so quickly and still try to shuffle out a path from the stopping point, made of loose gravel, dead leaves, and worn out running shoes. Congrats, kids, you got your girlfriends... now let's see if you can keep them after your band disintegrates. DM (Garbage Czar Records/PO Box 207129/New Haven, CT 06520)

THE WRETCHED ONES • We Don't Belong To Nobody CD

This is so bizarre. I wonder how old these guys are... judging from the pictures they must be in their mid-thirties. Most of the songs on here are about the daily grind of work and I'm sure these guys actually know what they're talking about. I'm sure they have wives and kids. Musically this is nothing to write home about, just beer-fueled good old punk rock. MH (Headache Records/PO Box 204/Midland Park, NJ 07432)

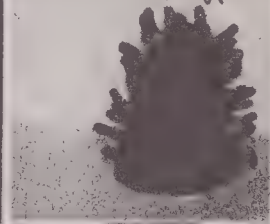
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WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS • Beyond The Boundaries... CD
When All Else Fails play metal-based hardcore, mixing in melodic and chaotic parts. Vocals are very high-pitched scream, the closest comparison coming to mind being Fall Silent. Politics also play a huge role in this band, and I found most of my attention focused on the enclosed mini-zine about Nicaragua and a poverty stricken child named Jorge who a band member encountered there. The music itself isn't half-bad, although it certainly didn't catch my attention right away. As I sat listening to it, the music began to grow on me in a subtle manner, using melody to catch my attention while remaining intense and angry. Not bad at all. Keep your eyes on this band. GD (Nevin Marshall/Box 845/4200 54th Ave. S.J St. Petersburg, FL 33711)

WHERE FEAR AND WEAPONS MEET • LP
Damn, I was expecting mosh metal. But Where Fear And Weapons Meet is pure hardcore pandemonium with a bit of melody, plenty of choruses, and lots of speed. The vocals work, and the music isn't mindless noise and yet it has a lot of power and energy. The sing-a-longs are good, and they really make the most of their songs. For instance "The Man Who Knew Too Little" rests on the strength of the chorus segment and comes off as a very catchy and memorable song. Good stuff. KM (Revelation/PO Box 5232/Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

WOKEN BY WIRE • 10"
I've listened to this repeatedly, enjoying it more and more with each listen, yet I still find it difficult to compare it to other bands. One reason might be that these four songs are smartly crafted gems of quite epic proportions. I'm not saying they sound epic they just have a lot going on in them. There's indy-like singy-songy kind of stuff but also some emotive screaming. Slow, contemplative parts and fast, rocking ones. I guess my favorite part is when he sings "I'm the world's most dangerous man, I'm the world's most dangerous man." I've been humming it to myself for a couple of days now and I'm not even a man. For anybody who is into emotive stuff that's not '94 emo but also doesn't bore you to death should check Woken By Wire out. MH (Corlone Records/PO Box 606/Newport, RI 02480)

THE WORLD/INFERNO FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY • It's Pumpkin Time 7"
I like the World/Inferno Friendship Society and I always look forward to hearing their next record. But trying to describe what they sound like is incredibly hard. Take some Big Boys, mix in some swing, some big band influences, and then throw it all in a blender.... Whrrrrrr.... time to dance, the World/Inferno Friendship Society are here. These two songs may well be musically diverse but they will get you dancing. Limited to 2,000 copies. Very energetic live. KM (Gem Blandstein Records/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661)

XIII PFP • Redefine CD
The first thing I noticed is that XIII PFP has all the normal instrument players but with the addition of two saxophonists and a trumpet player. It definitely gives them an original sound. The music is generally (but not entirely) fast, moshy hardcore with the occasional funk part, but the brass kind of makes it seem all happy. Or at least it adds some nice texture to the music. The singing is almost done in a rappy style, but not quite. I thought he kind of sounds like a Beastie Boy, but more screaming. It's funny to hear a fairly heavy hardcore song with double bass and such and then hear some brass instruments giving it a lighter feel. Not as weird to hear as the new Metallica album, though, where they have a full orchestra behind them and they are playing their old songs. It's not like this concept is totally new or anything, but the brass is usually playing with the rhythm (high school marching band?), which is something different than I am personally used to hearing being an avid Constatine Sankathi listener. Twelve songs in total. RG (Double Down Records/PO Box 1117/Kulpsville, PA 19443)

THE TRUENTS/SUBURBAN CRISIS • split 7"
World Politics and the senselessness of war is the subject matter of The Truents side of this record. Both their songs are fast, catchy, and upbeat sounding punk. Suburban Crisis also does a couple of songs in a similar style. It was harder to tell what they were about, but I think they both had something to do with independence. DF (Guillotine Records/314 79th St. #8E/Brooklyn, NY 11209)

QUALM/MAIL ORDER CHILDREN • split 7"
Two songs from each band. Qualm aren't much different here than on their CD; well-done fast pop-punk that plays by all the rules. Mail Order Children are pretty below-average ska-punkers who probably have opened for Less Than Jake a couple of times. Not exactly my cup of tea but some will like it. DM (Not Bad Records/PO Box 7455/Boulder, CO 80302)

THULSA DOOM/DISTRAUGHT • split 7"
The Thulsa Doom songs on this split are notably better than the ones on their 7" (reviewed earlier in this issue). Though they still play a conventional crust punk style, these songs are more solid and the lyrics are more original. One song discusses battling sexism and the other reminds you to live your life. Distraught play fierce, thick crust with a hard edge. Each song has a quick tempo pushed forward by a relentless drum beat and brisk vocals. They take on issues of freedom and discuss concentration camps in these two songs. LO (\$4 to Doomed Records/PO Box 13210/Jersey City, NJ 07303-4210)

SUBTERRANEAN KIDS/59 TIMES THE PAIN • split CD
They put 59 Times The Pain (which is a stupid name) on the top of all the layouts so it took me a while to figure out that the first 3 songs are the Subterranean Kids. Anyway, both bands play upbeat hardcore. 59 T.T.P. do a 7 Seconds cover, and they look really stylish in their photo. S.K. are little funkier and don't have as good of a production. ADI (Burning Heart/PO Box 441/70148 Orebro/Sweden)



THE URCHIN/THE THUMBS • split 7"

The Thumbs are a band from Baltimore that play solid punk rock with all that "snotty"ness that all the kids want these days. Very poppy and quick breaks make The Thumbs create a record for the oohs and aahs of the punk ballads that jump in joy when the spikes are gleaming with leather. I remember catching their set when I hit the Ottobar in Baltimore with Ryan Shelkett, my alter-ego of personal relationships, and although I am not into this type of rock they did rock and that is all that matters. The Urchin play the same melodic tunes but with a quirkiness that makes me spin this record over and over again. The songs are humble, simple, and rockin'. Two songs both sung in English, I think, but with a distinctive Japanese accent that makes it sound that much better. There is a lot of good pop punk coming out of Japan right now and Snuffy Smile Records seems to be the label to promote them out here. Good job and GAMBATE! SA (Snuffy Smile Records/4-24-4-302 Daizawa, Setagaya-ku/Tokyo 155-0032/Japan)

MILEMARKER/YELLOW ROAD PRIEST • split 7"

Milemarker float through three experimental, mix tracks. Some of the sounds come from their *Future Isms* LP and some from other culturally subversive sources. Though I enjoy that LP and have a small grasp on what they are doing here, I have a harder time catching on to their experimental stuff. Yellow Road Priest play hardcore with crazed vocals driven forward by the mid-tempo drums. Their sound is akin to current distorted hardcore with intricate guitar, which is the part I liked the most. It is sort of a slowed down and toned down version of the sound from their area played by a band like My Lai. LO (Nightrain Vinyl/PO Box 6347/ Evanston, IL 60204)

JEJUNE/DIGNITY FOR ALL • split 7"

Jejune is now broken up and they left with us remarkable songs of emotional quality. I fucking loved that band from the start. Their song on this split is nothing short of the beautiful qualities they played in all their songs. Nothing lacking other than anticipation for more rock that I need to feed off from. Jejune have set a precedent for all the bands that have tried male/female vocal indie-rock pop, whatever you'd like to call it. This record just for their side is worth the three or four dollars you may have to pay to get this 7". Dignity For All keep the indie rock very dramatic with their well created transitions and passionately sung vocals. First song, an instrumental that they could have done without and their rock ballad to try and balance the weight of this fine record. SA (Big Wheel Recreation/325 Huntington Ave. #24/Boston, MA 02115)

TIPPING CANOE/SNACKS • split 7"

400 Years has been a favorite band of mine for the last couple years and Tipping Canoe does an excellent job capturing that dynamic abrasiveness in the same fashion—the stop and start timing with enough rock and energy to make your body go limp; the vocal duality between two singers that signature the best harmonies and dynamism that makes me fall in love with bands like this. Tipping Canoe sounds like they are off to a good start. I'm sure their releases will be more rockin' fo' sure. You know, originality these days seems to lost in the middle of all this good music. What can I say, I just like what I hear. The Snacks on the other hand are a female/male indie rock outfit in the same vein as Rainer Maria. Passionately sung vocals that interplay with each other like some sort of romantic and heated dialogue between two lovers while music that is not as good as the elements in the vocal tradeoff are played in the background. An alright split. Definitely diverse, but doesn't match up to anything outstanding. SA (Jealous Butcher Records/54 Railroad St./Amherst, MA 01002)

ZERO SQUAD/POTBELLY • split 7"

Holy heinous drunk punk from Seattle. I don't stand for spelling errors in real life, much less on records I get for review. Given that, "are" friends in the Zero Squad should be burned at the stake, or at the very least have their instruments confiscated by the riot police. Potbelly are faster and slightly more entertaining, but still unbearable. A good reason to never listen to music ever again. DM (Useless Records/6523 California Ave. SW, PMB 609/Seattle, WA 98136-1879)

DELIVER ME/EDGE-UCATE • split 7"

This is pretty cool. Edge-ucate is from Illinois and play an old school style hardcore that hinges on poppy in parts. The lyrics range from personal to political to a song about beating people down. Unlike most sXe bands, they state "Fuck Life" everywhere. Maybe it's a new trend in sXe, Positively Negative? Who knows. Deliver Me is much better, with music that sounds like MK-Ultra and political lyrics, now that is a compliment for sure! Mine came on baby blue vinyl, how cute! DD (827 Somnaut St./Sycamore, IL 60178)

UNIFORM/FUSES • split LP

The Fuses are really upbeat punk. They have an old '76 punk style sound. They are similar to Wire or maybe a more energetic Gang Of Four. Solid punk rock with lots of energy and catchy songs. The Uniform are comprised of x-members of U.O.A. and the Great Unraveling and their sound is a lot like that of the Fuses only their songs are more discordant and less catchy. I prefer the Fuses over the Uniform, but most people that like this style of music will probably find both bands to be quite good. My copy of the LP came with a limited edition CD that features bonus tracks (some live and some studio). KM (Morphius Records/PO Box 13474/Baltimore, MD 21203-3474)

LAST MATCH/SWITCHBLADE • split 7"

Last Match are back at it with more of their great sounding Born Against influenced hardcore. Their sound is a bit more chaotic than last time around, but they are still churning out some really great songs. The lyrics are about trying to maintain your individuality in a world that desires conformity. Great stuff. Switchblade is equally as good. They play harsh and hard with a powerful and thick sound. Probably one of the better split 7"s that I have heard this year. Be warned that each side plays at a different speed, which is becoming an annoying trend. KM (La Calavera Discos/Box 385/SE-901 08 Umea/Sweden)

ZLODZIEJE ROWEROW • Emo'la CD

Euro-hardcore that is big on heart and average on music. I think that if you're looking for innovative sounds, this definitely isn't for you. However it is well played late '80s hc with intelligent lyrics in Polish that are translated into English, German and Spanish. Admittedly, though, what I liked most about this CD were the dance mix bonus tracks at the end. I found these very classy and enjoyable. MH (Emancypunk Records/PO Box 145/02-792 Warsaw/Poland)

SLAVES/NOTORIOUS • split 7"

Each band does one song on this 45 (with the big hole). The Slaves song is very rock and quite catchy. There may be some sort of organ in the background, but there's definitely one on the Notorious side. They complement the Slaves with a moodier song that has reverb in the vocals. Minimal packaging. DF (Valium Records/Via Nomentana 113/00161 Roma/Italy)

UNKIND/POLICE BASTARD • split 7"

Unkind layer thick vocals over crisp guitar; it makes for a fine tuned friction that sounds pretty good. Their three songs wail and howl, with a rough edge and a solid rhythm. Two of the songs have Finnish lyrics and the other is in English about animal liberation. The songs from England's Police Bastard are pretty good as well. They would fall into the same overall category, though they have their own sound. Police Bastard play driving punk that keeps the distortion heavy throughout. The guitar style is modern enough to be innovative and classic enough to bring back memories of great bands from before. This 7" grew on me the more and more I listened to it. Personally, I have found the stuff on Fight to be hit or miss—so this was a nice surprise. LO (Fight Records/Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36/33710 Tampere/Finland)



TARGET FOR AGGRESSION/LEWISTOWN • CD

I couldn't get into Lewistown's 8 songs. To me they sounded like a slowed down not-so-good version of Murdock. TFA on the other hand are great. They're the kind of emo band you don't have to feel ashamed to be listening to. A strong melodic guitar sound complements the heartfelt vocals to great results. Plus their artwork rules. Recommended for the 6 TFA songs alone. MH (BUG/PO Box 4672/Richmond, VA 23221)

HUMAN BODY FLAWED/JAN MICHAEL VINCENT CAR CRASH • split 7"

This split 7" doesn't come with any info about the songs, but the label sent me some brief descriptions. Apparently Human Body Flawed features former members of Enemy Soil and Jan Michael Vincent Car Crash features former members of Year Of Our Lord. The Jan Michael Vincent Car Crash material is metal influenced hardcore with lots of complicated parts and change ups, though not nearly as metal as Year Of Our Lord in case anyone is familiar with them. The Human Body Flawed songs are fast and furious with a very tweaked out atmosphere that surrounds their planet of noise. Interesting stuff. No lyrics for either band are included, but apparently part of a Jan Michael Vincent Car Crash song is about "the abacus in Chinese culture." KM (\$3.50 to Otruse Mule/180 High St. #14/Portland, ME 04101)

GUTBUCKET/SIR ISAAC LYME • split 7"

Four songs of slightly snotty pop-punk from Gutbucket, rendered without much life, spirit, or originality, filled out by three more of the same crud from Sir Isaac Lyme. It perplexes me as to how records like this continue to be released and sold. From the looks of it, all of these bands are in high school and will hopefully learn something about economies of scale before they decide to borrow the cash to put out another record. DM (Not Bad Records/PO Box 7455/Boulder, CO 80302)

HOLDING ON/REAL ENEMY • split 7"

The production looks better than the bands on the actual seven inch. Holding On is the better of the two playing their fast little youth crew licks while the Real Enemy has musically improved since the *Underestimated* 7". The vocals are still drifting between screaming and singing, without really being good at either. NS (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

SNATCHER/ANNALISE • split 7"

Snatcher fucking rocks my world. Their catchy and edgy sound is just what I need to pick me up while I've been sick these past days. Intelligent poppy punk that sends rollercoaster rides my way reminding me of earlier Braid. Vocals take on a higher end of scratchy coherent harmonies. Snatcher is a rougher version of Jimmy Eat World in their younger years with a poppy punky tinge. Annalise makes me want to grab the Pegboy and Naked Raygun LPs out of my collection. Harmonic and delightful, they'll definitely put a smile on your face if not make you rock out some. Annalise are on the go at all times on this record which keeps me putting the needle back at the beginning. A solid split record. SA (Snuffy Smile Records/4-24-4-302 Daizawa, Setagaya-ku/Tokyo 155-0032/Japan)

THE URCHIN/THE 'TONE • split 7"

This 7 inch has two tunes each from two punk bands, one from Japan and one from England. The Urchin are a pop punk band from Tokyo that incorporate some swell guitar solos in their tunes. They play a spare version of the basic formula that is fun, if not thrilling. Their lyrics suffer from translation but seem to deal with apathy, punk rock and a call for the destruction of the Japanese government. The 'Tone are a street punk band with some ska touches. They sing about the "Lost Generation" and staying alive. SJS (Snuffy Smile/4-24-4-302 Daizawa/Setagaya-ku/Tokyo 155-0032/Japan)

JEJUNE/LAZYCAIN • split 7"

Usually when I listen to a band covering another band's songs I like to hear the songs recreated in a different way. I mean isn't that the point of covering a song... to put your own personal take on an old tune? Well, unfortunately, the now debunked Jejune fails to alter much of the Smiths tune they covered and that disappointed me. However, being that this is a split 7", I was happy with the Boston band Lazycaïn's cover of "Handsome Devil." Overall I would say this 7" is OK, but you might benefit from just picking up some of their individual albums. LBA (Big Wheel Recreation/325 Huntington Ave. #24/Boston, MA 02115)

HEARTSIDE/COSTA'S CAKE HOUSE • split 7"

CCH made me bark, cos that's what the vocals sound like a lot of the time. Pretty aggressive stuff here. Big Willy and I just recently talked about how much German hardcore was influenced by the Rorschach tour. Nothing was quite the same after that. Trying to sound like Rorschach takes a whole lot of talent—I just wanted to point that out—and you can draw your own conclusions from that. CCH actually sound pretty good—the drummer needs some tutoring, but that's all I'm going to complain about. All of the above turns out to be true about Heartside as well (minus the drumming bit), plus their stuff was lacking a bit more in the new ideas department. Still goody good good stuff. MH (Get Up And Go c/o Nanouk De Meijere/Mariensstr. 2/76137 Karlsruhe/Germany)

HASHIGO/xPLANET AND BETHx • For All the Fucked Up Children In The World We Give You... split CD
11 tracks at 64:17 minutes. The title references the Spacemen 3. The insert mentions Fushitusha, Ghost, and Mainliner. Like those Japanese gods of psyche Hashigo do work in the guitar noise driven psychedelic vein of musical exploration. Hashigo are a bass and guitar duo who sculpt distortion into a sky shattering mass on their first monumental track. Then they slow down and quiet down to the pace of a wide river meeting the sea. This creates an expansive melancholy as it shifts from electric guitar to piano to acoustic guitar and back on their second and third tracks. xPlanet And Bethx play shorter songs on guitar and guitar. Their music is more like Loren Mazzacane-Conners. The interaction of their sounds, one warm and fuzzy, the other cool and clean makes a thick braid of pulsing and buzzing sound. These home recordings have an intimate and laconic pace as each note touches the next and floats off into space. SJS (The Easy Subcult/1806 Eastman Ave./Bethlehem, PA 18018)

ALL I ASK/JOSHUA FIT FOR BATTLE • split 7"
Judging by the packaging (cut and paste cover, hand-numbered and tied together with yarn) and the band names, I assumed it would be skin-crawling emo crap. Instead, All I Ask plays a slightly more aggressive style with harsher vocals. I'm afraid that the recording pretty much blows and the mixing takes away just about any intensity the music might otherwise possess. A bit of the chugga-chugga, a few harmonics and not much else to sell itself to me. Joshua Fit For Battle starts off with an ultra-typical bassline circa 1994 and finally explodes into something worthwhile, about halfway through the vinyl. The changes in tempo are slightly odd and the screams of agony sound a little too familiar, but it's an interesting listen nonetheless. I can't really give it a full stamp of approval, but the effort and thought put into the record makes up somewhat for the lack of a decent recording on the a-side. Crystal Light orange vinyl for a release that falls a little short in the grand scheme of things. DO (The Electric Human Project c/o Michael Haley/500 S Union St./Wilmington, DE 19805)

ONE SIZE FITS MOST/BOYCAUGHT • split 7"
There is a relationship song, a scene song, and a positivity song on the OSFM side of this record. All are of a poppy sort of punk. Boycaught also does three songs. Theirs are rougher around the edges and as a result, are not poppy. They're also less personal, and more political. One thread that runs across the songs is the brainwashing that takes place in society. DF (One Size Fits Most/901 S 28th St./Lincoln, NE 68510)

A THOUSAND NEVER ENOUGH/RAMONA FOREVER • split 7"
A Thousand Never Enough cuts some slow and melodic guitar and emotional singing with occasional bursts of cymbal-crashing and screaming. The lyrics are of a personal nature, and therefore somewhat hard to relate to, but nonetheless the emotion of it all comes across well and I found it to be enjoyable. Ramona Forever is easier to distinguish as more rockish. Female "fronted" with the vocals sung in a nice singsong voice the whole time. Overall, it's mellow yet with lots of cymbals and a moderate amount of distortion in one of the guitars, with the other guitar keeping the balance, i.e. maintaining the mellow tone of the band. Nice split, both bands complement each other well. RG (\$3 to Epsilon Records/509 Highland Ave. Apt. B/SW Roanoke, VA 24016)

PROGRAMM C/KOBAYASHI • split 7"
Extremely tense and leaning toward grind is the version of hardcore played by Programm C. They mix up the fast tempo enough to keep it listenable but don't provoke much beyond that. Kobayashi is similar, but a little more spastic and dissonant. Each band does several songs and includes a small booklet with the lyrics written in German. I could make out some animal rights content, but little else. DF (Andi Thier/Gutenhofstrasse 13/3/15/2325 Himberg/Austria)

DERAILER/ESOTERIC • split 7"
Derailer play two songs of massively distorted grinding sludge metal. Two guitars and bass drone out there riffs with hoarse shouted vocals layered on top. Esoteric play two tracks of thrashy death metal that is undisguisingly from any of the other 100 such records I've reviewed recently. SJS (Derailer/PO Box 1957/Lawrence, KS 66044)

CAVE IN/CHILDREN • split 7"
The first time I listened to this I thought that Cave In was doing a really nasty, aggressive, hard edged song while Children was doing a rave/techno dance number, but once I took a look at the band info I realized that I had it backwards. Cave In are in fact doing a dance re-mix version of "Bottom Feeder" while Children do a really powerful hardcore assault. The Cave In side wasn't really what I was interested in, but I suppose a Cave In fan would find this very interesting. I was however impressed by Children. They are brutal and innovative and interesting. Agro and catchy. By the way the packaging is really nice with silver foil stamping on the cover, though be prepared for some stomach wrenching images since the cover is vomit inducing. KM (Mosh Bart Industries/Lepillet Loic/28 Rue Du Putt Mauger/35 000 Rennes/France)

THE TRAITORS VS. THE NINJAS • split 7"
This is a fun little record. There are staged photos of the bands battling it out and of the truce the reach at the end. I liked it and it almost made up for not including any lyrics or further info. The Traitors' brand of snotty punk sounds a lot like VOID, which is a good thing in my book. The Ninjas are also not a very modern sounding band. They reminded me of Articles of Faith. Good stuff. MH (Plinko/1001 E Wayne St./South Bend, IN 46617-6025)

THE SPIRIT OF VERSAILLES/SADDARA • split 7"
Screchy emotive hardcore from these two South Dakota bands. Both bands have put together very DIY looking inserts and the 7's cover is of course hand made with tinfoil wrapped around the white inner sleeve. The music is noisy and yet emotive and the vocals are of course painful sounding screaming. The Spirit Of Versailles has a slightly better sound, while Saddara are the noisier of the two. Screaming emo in all of its glory. KM (Saddara/3100 S. Phillips/Sioux Falls, SD 57105 or Spirit Of Versailles/512 W. 28th St./Sioux Falls, SD 57105)

UP FRONT/BUILDING • split CD
I didn't realize that Up Front was still around, but these three songs were recorded in 1998 so I guess they never broke up. Building and Up Front play the exact same sort of music and too be honest if it would be easy to get the two bands confused, though Building is slightly better in my opinion. Both play fast '88 style youth crew. We are talking the hardcore style with no mosh or metal influences. The sound is good for the genera and the lyrics are what you would expect... you know, "Time to make a change" and all that. Youth crew. Positive go! KM (Sober Mind Records/PO Box 206/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)



THE CHAMPS/THE TIGHT BROS. FROM WAY BACK • split 7"
The Champs side of this record is the most classic rock sounding song I've heard in a long time. Preceded by Bob Seiger and followed by Led Zeppelin, I can easily hear this playing on the stereo of the (79) Camaro I used to drive. The Tight Bros. are compatible but faster. If ACDC had been asked to make the theme song for Hee Haw, it would've sound like the song on their side. Moderately fun. DF (Ace Fu Records/PO Box 3388/Hoboken, NJ 07030)

DYSMORFOFOBIA/JUDE • split 10"
WOW! This is cool! Both bands are industrial style weirdness, kind of relaxing. Dysmorphofobia is my favorite, with slow music that is most relaxing. Jude sounds like a faster Corrupted without the repetition or growls. Jude is the only band with lyrics, and they seem to be personal poetry. You should buy this, listen to it, and let all your friends borrow it! DD (Self Industry Records c/o Marek Sarba/UL Platynowa 10-35/00808 Warsaw/Poland)

THE INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY/SEPARATION • split 7"
The (International) Noise Conspiracy have a really great song called "Just Give Me A Black Mask" which is a dancing rock number with political lyrics. Quite good. Separation are just as good, but in a totally different way. Their music is chaotic and frantic with speed and volume. Their lyrics are also politically motivated. Good stuff from these two Swedish bands. KM (Busted Heads Records/PO Box 275/90106 Umea/Sweden)

ENEMYMINE/VAZ • split 7"
Each band contributes one track to this 7 inch. Enemymine utilize two basses and drums to create a heavy swirling blanket of sound. They begin with quiet fragments of notes amidst a bass tone. The track builds through an atmosphere of low end bass, high end bass, and steady paced drumming. A celebratory drone breaks in to close out the tune. It plays fuzzy layers of distortion off a huge chugging undercurrent. The vocals are perfectly placed within the sound and they are sung so the words can be heard. All around this is a fine bit of music. Vaz are a duo combining drums with a guitarist/vocalist. They play noisy punk heavy on distortion. The drumming provides a solid beat over which the gale of guitar sounds howls and whooshes. The vocals are sung in a dry and matter of fact way which completes the sound. SJS (PO Box 7452/Olympia, WA 98507)

V/A • Hardcore: True Or False? CD
41-track label sampler CD from some Dutch folks who brought you the Seein' Red/Catweazel split. Mostly US bands here, with a few contributions from the Netherlands, Australia, and Belgium. Some more recognized bands here, include the Despised, Brother Inferior, Out Cold, Insult, and Das Klown (wow, where the fuck did they come from?). Tracks run together to offer virtually no breathing room in this poorly mastered, hour-long hardcore assault. No lyrics provided, but rest assured—all these bands are pissed off about something, whether it's Jerry Springer, commies, the Pope, Canberra (and how it "sucks cock") and other easy targets. All kinds of hardcore: old school, new school, youth crew, metal, crust, you name it, it's probably on here. Far too much to take in one sitting. DM (Kangaroo Records c/o Henk Smit/Middenweg 13/1098 AA Amsterdam/The Netherlands; tyson@xs4all.nl)

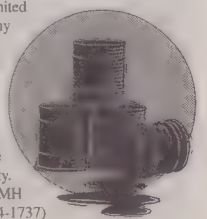
V/A • Capitol Radio CD
Neat compilation showcasing Capitol Radio in DC. It's professionally done with a lot of cool and interesting pictures in the booklet. I'm not sure how many of these songs have been released before; all I know for sure is that the Hot Water Music song sounds really familiar. Other bands on here are: UK Subs, Swinging Utters, Kid Dynamite, Blanks 77, Monorchid and LOTS more. The songs all blend into each other as they would when being played on air. At the end they put this crazy ass sound collage which is actually pretty funny. A very enjoyable listen. MH (Capitol Radio Records/PO Box 229/Arlington, VA 22210)

V/A • Sick And Twisted Sampler CD
There are 28 bands on this, most of whom seem to hail from the Quebec area. Some of these bands had a really cute French accent that put a big old smile on my face. There isn't a single band on here that I would have heard of before. Naturally I was quite surprised to find that both the music and the sound quality on this are rather good. My guess is that most of these bands would fit in very well with the average squat or underground club. Anarcho-punk that is well worth your support. Hey, if you mention this review you'll get this CD for \$6ppd (world wide), if you don't you'll have to pay the regular price of \$8. Sounds like a good deal to me. MH (Sick And Twisted Records/3900 Park St./St. Hubert, PQ/J3Y 4Z2/Canada; sickntwisted77@hotmail.com)

V/A • The Best Punk Rock In England, My Friend CD
This compilation contains 23 tracks at 64:39 minutes and showcases 23 bands from England and Scotland. The compilation is heavy with melodic hardcore and popish punk tunes. Lots of speedy rhythms, gang vocals on the choruses, breakdowns, mosh parts, and a few guitar solos will be found throughout. There is a welcome mix of women and guys - at least on vocals. All the songs on this CD are fine punk tunes. There are only a few tunes that stand out from the pack, mainly because they sound somewhat different from the rest. The Red monkey tune has their signature angular guitars and clattering rhythms. Month Of Birthdays have a heavier sound, the Mouthwash tune starts off with a slower paced first half that leads into a high speed hardcore blast, and the final track from Southport is a joyous celebration of joblessness. Around track 15 the sameness of the tunes become rather apparent but the quality of the songs remains consistent. The booklet is full of useful information about the bands and their discographies. SJS (Snuffy Smile/4-24-4-302 Daizawa/Setagaya-ku/Tokyo 155-0032/Japan)

V/A • Under The Influence 7"
This is one of the better tribute comps that I have heard, though I am extremely biased since I am such a big SSD fan. All of the bands do a good to great job covering some of the classic SSD tracks. Six of the seven songs from SSD's *Get It Away 12"*, which is probably the most popular of the four SSD releases, are covered here by Where Fear And Weapons Meet, Fast Times, Ten Yard Fight, Time Flies, Committed, and Kill Your Idols. A great comp for people interested in any of these bands or in SSD. Now someone needs to do a tribute LP of *The Kids Will Have Their Say*. KM (Vicious Circle Records/PO Box 4621/Richmond, VA 23220)

V/A • Out Of The Woodwork CD
Ska, punk and hardcore from all over the United States. Most of the ska went right over my head and a lot of it was recorded kind of poorly (with the notable exception of The Hick Ups). Punk-wise, Sister Raisin was fun, Churl sounded like Black Flag this time around and Ivet wants to be on MTV. Stillguard and Racial Abuse do the hardcore thing. Overall the sound of these songs is closer to demo than studio quality. Then again this is only \$3ppd in the USA. MH (Grub/400 Park Rd./Parsippany, NJ 07054-1737)



This is a pretty cool compilation CD with lots of unknown Canadian bands plus some old favorites. Styles range from pretty metal to youth crew to straight up hardcore. The line up includes Avarice, The Swarm, Chokehold, Substist, Dead Season, Another Victim, Ignorance Never Settles, Chöre, Dead To The World, Withdrawn, Sinsick, Left Behind, Kid Gorgeous, From Here On, Every Time I Die, and a few others... A good way to see what is going on up North. K.M (Redstar Records/762 Upper James St. Suite 335/Hamilton, ON/L9C 3A2/Canada)

Very diverse stuff from around the Boston area. Punk, metal, hardcore, emo, ska, indie bands with fake British accents, you name it. Standouts for me included: Moment (Braid), The Statue Factor (Make Up), Movable (stupid name, great band), Endlast (All), My Magnificent Machine (crazy hc) and Surrender (performance punk?). There is some stuff on here, of course, that borders on the annoying, but for the most part this is really cool. MH (Nebulon Community Records/44 Winifsky Dr/Stoughton, MA 02072)

Each time the 1 In 12 Club puts out a comp there is a certain cause the proceeds go to. This time around, it is a benefit for the people in Kosovo. A few pages of the booklet explain the club's connection to helping the people in that area, which give some background as to what they hope to achieve with the money raised. The bands on this comp are as varied as you can imagine. It is pretty much a mix of bands who have played at the club in the last 7 years. Some of the more well known bands are Health Hazard, Witchnot, Headache, Stalingrad, Kito, Cress, Blood Sucking Freaks, Extinction Of Mankind, Hard To Swallow, Voorhees, Month Of Birthdays, John Holmes, and Polaris. LO (\$12 to 1 in 12 Records/21-23 Albion St./Bradford BD1 2LY/England)

Overcome appears to be a French mailorder endeavor from which you can order such goodies as Hatebreed basketball jerseys, many records of metal mosh bands and other crucial items you'll need for street survival. The accompanying CD to their fall '99 catalogue features such bands as Boy Sets Fire, Birthright, Overcast, Systrale, Vitality and Fall Silent. There is a large amount of European material on this, even some Swiss bands that I hadn't heard before. The sound quality is overwhelmingly good. Furthermore the catalogue also features some band interviews in French. In France they're selling this for about \$3. I don't know how much it would cost you. MH (Overcome Records/PO Box 7548/35075 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

Good looking record with a nice layout with pictures of the bands and lyrics from only the American bands. Strange. Not one lyric from a Japanese band. Strange. America has 88 Fingers Louie, Snapcase, Indecision, Kid Dynamite, Sick Of It All and many more. Japan's standouts would be Downfall, Decay and Lawdead. With 18 bands you can't go wrong. NS (Suburban Home/PO Box 40757/Denver, CO 80204)

A cheapo collection of bands put out by Good Life and Eulogy Records. Apart from the bands that I'd obviously like (Discount, As Friends Rust and New Day Rising), I found myself enjoying some more of these ditties like For The Living and Spirit 84. I guess this will give you an excellent overview of these labels' work. More bands include 25 Ta Life, Birthright, Congress, Bird Of Illl Omen, Spread The Disease, Liar and Forever And A Day. MH (Good Life/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

The Che Cafe in San Diego is a really cool place for shows. I used to go to see Heroin, Struggle, and Amenity play down there. Very cool place. This comp CD was recorded live at the Che. The roster is very odd and many of the bands simply do not fit together on one CD. I mean Jeune, Reversal Of Man, Volume Eleven, Boilermaker, Camera Obscura, Physics, Electric Nazarene, The Roots Of Orchis, Vile Maxim, Yaphet Kotto, Sunday's Best, GoGoGo Airheart, The Blackheart Procession, Sterling Silver, and Oma Yang just don't belong together on one CD. Very weird. Some of the songs are full bore harsh hardcore and some are twisted noise and kind bud fantasies. A very mixed bag. The sound quality is great, and if you like the material then you will be impressed by the live sound. KM (Slowdance Records/PO Box 120548/San Diego, CA 92112)

This is a CD of a bunch of pop punk and new skool punk bands covering '80s metal songs. Some bands can do this thing and make you laugh and others you just feel sorry for. To listen to this whole CD would get quite dull for me, but I do find amusement just skipping around. It's nice to hear silly music at times and this just might just scratch that itch. :) ADI (Probe Records/PO Box 5068/Pleasanton, CA 94566)

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Brutal but basic stuff from this Nashville band. Reminds me of Demise, Infest and Copout because it's loud and ugly and the not-so-great recording actually helps with that. Not actually great, but with a decent recording this could enthruse fans of the genre. Maybe they'll be the next big thing, who knows. No lyrics. MH (\$2ppd to 4051 High St./Nashville, TN 37211)

This reminds me a bit of Current—rock that has indie elements as well as the screamy-sing vocals. I think the songs would sound better a little faster, or maybe just being tighter would do the trick. Lots of room for improvement which will hopefully come in time. I say hopefully because I think these fellows are off to a decent start. ADI (\$2 to 51 Dampsy Cres./Winnipeg, MB/R2K 3L7/Canada)

Ahh, an excellent demo for a change. These guys do the angry fucked up emo thing with vocals that are very screechy (think Honeywell) and at least one guitar players who likes his old metal records a lot. The songs are totally varied with even some acoustic parts every now and then. The tapes are hand numbered (50) and they come with a nice booklet and a patch. I suggest you rush out and send them the \$3 they're asking for. You won't regret it. MH (PO Box 83593/Conyers, GA 30013)

There are 8 songs on this cassette. The Plan play basic rock with an off-kilter edginess and hoarse vocals. The guitar is angular when played clean. The rhythms are mechanical. A read through the lyrics could suggest a program for these songs. Side one seems to be about noticing problems in our world. Side two seems to be about wanting to destroy the things that cause those problems. Maybe I read too much into the strings of apparent non-sequitors that make up the lyrics. SJS (6246 Shirley St./Halifax, NS/B3H 2N6/Canada)



AFFIRMATIVE ACTION JACKSON • demo

Fast power violence with deep growled vocals. Good recording for a demo makes this definitely listen able, at times enjoyable. They seem to have attended the Charles Bronson school of song titling, with songs such as "All The Kids Who Listen To Ska Get Good Grades And Are In Lots Of After School Activities." I'm assuming the lyrics are funny, but they were not included. Pretty good stuff. ARB (\$2 to 2163 Chestnut Ave./Ardmore, PA 19003-3003)

CARL • Everything Just Is cassette

20 tunes in all grace this recording of a guy, presumably Carl, singing and playing a guitar. The songs are short, ranging from 20 seconds to a minute or so in length. Carl sings his observations about people and his thoughts on issues like worker's rights and the phase out of Garbage Pail Kids trading cards. The guitar playing is primitive and matches the songs quite well. SJS (So Super/PO Box 175/Dunkirk, NY 14048)

DEATH BY NOSTALGIA • The Schmegma demo

So the local garage band that sings about "fat" girls got themselves a decent recording and can maybe land a few gigs at the pizza parlor and maybe a bar or two. Send me another demo when you grow up, and your sound bite of *Mallrats* makes me sick that I like the same movie as you. ADI (PO Box 3312/York, PA 17402)

NEW DEAL • Oktober '99 demo

A few tracks of slow, lo-fi, grinding mosh-metal from Germany. No lyrics... nothing. Just a tape with a fuzzy band photo and their name. Very basic double-bass pounding and tough guy screamin'. I don't think I'd have been too proud to put out this sub-His Hero Is Gone jockfest. DM (Thorsten Durchdewald/Odielenstrasse 28A/41542 Dormagen/Germany)

THE HOPE CONSPIRACY • cassette

I'm not sure if this is a cassette only release. Quality-wise it's certainly too good to be a demo. There are 3 songs on here, all pleasantly fucked up and powerful; you know, a little like Botch or Converge. Top quality stuff. I'm sure we'll be hearing more from these guys. MH (thehopeconspiracy@hotmail.com)

FIVE DAY MESSIAH/STUPID HUMIN TRICKS • split demo

FDM play high energy, straightforward punky hardcore with snotty yelled vocals. Reminiscent of the East Bay sound, but definitely more hardcore than the poppier punk bands of today; think Link 80 without ska. Good stuff. SHIT sound very similar, the vocals are snottier and the music more structured and varied. Solid stuff from both these bands, with a recording that really helps with the energy and intensity of the music. ARB (PO Box 7455/Boulder, CO 80302)

DAMAGE DIGITAL • Delete tape

Damage Digital play spastic and fast punk with two vocalists, one that does low growl and the other that does high-pitched wails. This is a pretty common sound for a band from Japan. Not as good as, say, Fuck On The Beach, but certainly not lacking in energy. I can't tell a thing they are saying, especially since the 24 songs on this tape speed by so quickly. LO (\$4 to Alternative Garage Entertainment/14A Bukit Ceylon/50200 Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia)

FALLBACK • demo

Punk rock on the catcher side. Really basic riffs but arranged in a decent manner, but still nothing to get excited about. The first 5 songs sound like ass. The sound quality gets stepped up a bit on the sixth and seventh songs, which really makes me wonder why they didn't put the new-better-recorded songs first on the demo. Anyway, who cares. I don't, and if you could hear this you wouldn't either. ADI (\$3 to 5270 S Zinnia Ct./Littleton, CO 80127)

V/A • Missing Idols And Ideals tape

As far as I can tell this is an all-German sampler featuring bands such as Phillipppe, Stack, Diavolo Rosso, Universal, Chorea, Shifter, Lewd Prank and more. 60 minutes all in all. The people behind this are cool and so are the bands. The recording quality is more than decent and so is the variety of musical styles, anything from fast and brutal to modern and emotive. If you'd like an overview of the German scene minus the bonehead moshpit crowd you ought to shell out the \$3.25 (that's ppd to the US) for this. MH (Hombre Lobo/Bertil Bles/Kaiserslauterer Str. 11/66123 Saarbruecken/Germany)

THIS MACHINE KILLS • demo

This is rad! Hardcore in the vein of Bread & Circuits, but a tad less melodic, with screaming vocals and really cool lyrics. There are 5 kickin' tunes on this tape that are totally killer. They have really cool lyrics that aren't cliché and overdone, but very personal and political. But the only thing that sucks is that the second side of the tape is blank. Otherwise, very nice indeed!! DD (PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION • The Death Rattle demo

I really liked everything about this demo: the packaging, the smart lyrics and the awesome music. Just check out what bands these guys have been in: Ottawa, Holocaust, One Blood, Left For Dead, Anti-Flag, and so on. No wonder these songs totally rock. There is refreshingly little metal in them yet they are amazingly crunchy and powerful. Two vocalists. Nine songs. One demo I'll keep. MH (Stephe Perry/11 Reiber Cres./Willowdale, ON/M2H 1C3/Canada)

THE CLANCY 6 • demo

3 angry, messy songs replete with noise and fuckedupness. I'm thinking Crimson Curse and Festival Of Dead Deer. I wonder if sometimes they play naked or dress up as super-heroes and carve cryptic symbols into their flesh. MH (Blood Beat Records/28 Piney Hill Rd./Airville, PA 17302)

THING RUDDER • demo

This tape is pretty long and I feel like I just wasted a portion of my life listening to it. A portion which I shant get back. Quite repetitive math-core with some jerky hardcore influence like Rye Coalition. Oh god this drags on. If you're going to repeat a riff more than 8 times with no vocals over it, it should be a riff that people want to listen to. Repetitive riffing can be cool if the tension is released, but I just can't see what these songs are trying to achieve. ADI (Niki Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

**LONG WAY • We Got A Long Way To Go... tape**

Upbeat poppy punk rock from Brasil sung in English. Could be straight off a Fat or Lookout release. Not much else to say about it. MA (Edson/r. das Laranjeiras 430/1306 Rio de Janeiro/RJ cep: 22240-002/Brasil)

CERTITUDE • Blind Acceptance... demo

Musically, this could be described as mid-paced average hardcore with shouted vocals. The recording holds this back, making it not as powerful as it could be. The lyrics are the high point however, addressing social and political issues in a fresh and insightful way. They deal with individuality, consumerism and modern life in general in a way that seems original and honest. ARB (Certitude/PO Box 4307/6002 Luzern/Switzerland)

THE LAST FORTY SECONDS • demo

At last another keeper. 4 songs that overflow with heartfelt sentiment, lyrical intelligence and musical talent. Play these songs and hear great hardcore that is influenced by the likes of Frail, Portraits Of Past and (in my opinion) Struggle, but that's just me. Lisa heard Downcast somewhere in there. Well, vaterer. All that is complemented by beautiful artwork and packaging. The sound quality is what you'd expect from a demo and I'm sure that with a better recording they'll blow people away. Unfortunately, I don't know how much this costs. But I'm assuming that \$2-3 should do the trick. MH (askelly@yifan.net or PO Box 32/Haydenville, MA 01039-0032)

CARBURETOR DUNG • The Allure Of Manure tape

Carburetor Dung play very energetic stuff. Their well built sound has hints of pop punk and melodic punk from the '80s. It is a classic sound, making their songs catchy and appealing. The eight songs on this tape discuss solidarity, hanging around, being poor, television, monotony, and work. LO (\$4 to Alternative Garage Entertainment/14A Bukit Ceylon/50200 Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia)

THE BROKEN SOULS • Rehearsal Demo '99 tape

First off, this sounds much better than a rehearsal demo ever could, besides there's only 2 people in this band and I don't quite see how they could play all their instruments at once. This is pretty mosh/metal influenced. I don't know these bands. They all sound the same to me and I can't come up with a comparison. They certainly know how to play their instruments and how to record some decent sounding music. I wish there would have been some lyrics, though. MH (Werner Gross/Am Mauerende 2/86732 Oettingen/Germany)

PUPAE • demo

Brutal but basic stuff from this Nashville band. Reminds me of Demise, Infest and Copout because it's loud and ugly and the not-so-great recording actually helps with that. Not actually great, but with a decent recording this could enthrall fans of the genre. Maybe they'll be the next big thing, who knows. No lyrics. MH (\$2ppd to 4051 High St./Nashville, TN 37211)

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NEXT LIFE • demo

Creative and original electronic music from Norway. Created entirely with a commodore amiga and a guitar, this sounds like video game music gone hardcore. Surprisingly, this actually works and is pretty listen able and likable. Almost reminds me of a harder, low budget Milemarker. Unfortunately no vocals, but still a good start. ARB (Hai Nguyen/Tandstad v. 10/3140 Borgheim/Norway)

HANDPLANT • demo

Handplant play straight forward hardcore with lots of energy and aggression. Imagine Ten Yard Fight with some thrash core influence thrown in. The production is way better than most demos, and you know you can't go wrong with a song title like "Skate or Die." This demo rips it up! If you are at all interested in youth crew style hardcore then you should totally check this out. GC (5348 Balford Dr./Virginia Beach, VA 23464)

SIR ISSAC LYME • Demolition demo

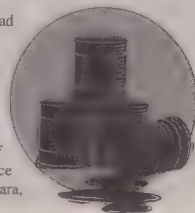
In many ways this is a very old fashioned demo; all the lyrics are there, nicely printed in bold letters so you can actually read them, there's a long thank list and pictures of them jumping in the air. Musically, too, this isn't exactly breaking new ground. It does kind of remind me of Kid Dynamite but lacking that extra thing that would make them hip. I'm guessing it's the vocals that make it sound more dated than trendy. Nevermind, though, this is pretty good stuff with an excellent and powerful recording. The lyrics too seem to stem from a time when bands just wrote songs about whatever came into their minds without first consulting The Hardcore Guide Book of Acceptable Lyric Material. They have a song about stupid goth kids. What can I say—I never liked Goth, either. Oh, and they cover song by 7 Seconds and Reason To Believe. MH (Not Bad Records/PO Box 2014/Arvada, CO 80001)

DYSMORTOFobia • Which Choice Is Correct demo

Brooding, dark, heavy pummel from Poland. Four people attempt to recreate some fierce SPK or Test Dept.-esque industrial music, with samples of machinery and construction equipment doing its job throughout. So few people in the "punk" loop are doing nowadays that this tape carries a lot more impact. Less technology and more noise is the key here, and as you rarely get to hear actual industrial music from the bowels of the Eastern Bloc industrial machine, I'd suggest you all get right on this. Music doesn't come much bleaker than this. DM (Self Industry c/o Mariusz Szuplewski/ul. Fasolowa 34/23/02482 Warsaw/Poland)

THIS MACHINE KILLS • demo

This is rad! Hardcore in the vein of Bread & Circuits, but a tad less melodic, with screaming vocals and really cool lyrics. There are 5 kickin' tunes on this tape that are totally killer. They have really cool lyrics that aren't cliché and overdone, but very personal and political. But the only thing that sucks is that the second side of the tape is blank. Otherwise, very nice indeed!! DD (PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)



My notes came slamming at me, darkening the bruised headache haze that swarmed around my temples from an afternoon of excess information. Maybe it was the added small confinement of my dorm that made the task seem monolithic, maybe it was my incredibly bad 8am handwriting I was trying to transcribe, maybe it was because I hadn't eaten all day, maybe because the exam was tomorrow. Either of these reasons would justify the impact that every word had on me. The Old Testament notes were so immense, so big to grasp at this moment. Around the time of Bodenheimer's theory that the manna from heaven was a honeydew secretion from insects I figured I needed to eat, and the Hebrews could wait for the review session at 8pm to be released from the desert.

The café was empty except for a few sweaty lake runners, some overly cheery sorority girls at a table in the back, and ROTC cadets in uniform. Everything felt so isolated and separate. The whole cafeteria was humming with its internal machinery making the floor have a light buzz to it, and the fluorescents peered down in a sterile gaze of distance.

I pushed around the remnants of salad that I had accidentally basted in too much French dressing gazing out over the gray lake that held the clouds in amorphous translations on its surface. A fly flew past me. I watched it. Laughter erupted from a table behind me. I followed the fly to its perch on the windowsill, it proceeded to hover lightly and ram itself into the glass attempting to escape. I imagined its entrance into the cafeteria, enticed by the aromas of food, and now lost and somewhat disoriented it spotted the sky outside and was making sad attempts at getting out. I continued to pick at the pieces of food, running information through my head for the Old Testament review: everything from dead quail to a pillar of fire coming from the sky. And then Tim sat next to me.

"Rich?"

I looked up at him, he was playing with his tongue ring and looking expectant.

"Yeah. How you doin' Tim?"

"Rich, I think I've lost it."

"What?"

I realized the Caf had slowly filled up while I was following the Hebrews through the desert. Tim was rubbing his goatee.

"I'm leaving."

"Where?"

I was still a tad bit disoriented by all this.

"School."

"What?"

Now uh...this was shocking. Tim and I are in Old Testament together, and Fundamental Questions in Philosophy and Theology. Last year we were in every class together.

"I tried to go to class today but I couldn't do it."

"What do you mean?"

I turned my chair towards him at this point.

"I went to class at 11:15, and I left half way through. I just couldn't take it. And I couldn't see myself going to class today, or tomorrow, or any day after that."

I looked at him for a while. His blue eyes glowed from beneath his gaze, they were screaming "GET ME OUT" and I knew there was a right decision lurking deep within them.

"So what are you doing?"

"George and I are heading out. Tonight we're going to my house in Tampa, tomorrow the open road. New York by the end of the week if we're lucky."

It was so beautiful. It was so American. It was Jack Kerouac, it was energy and go go go through the American night.

"Mexico by Christmas."

All I could do is smile. I laughed.

"Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yeah it's fuckin' amazing."

I couldn't find words, I could just think of books. Of On the Road and The Catcher in the Rye. Of chasing Neal Cassady's ghost through a continent dead with Starbuck's and Wal-Marts and sterile food chains and safe sex and television and air bags.

"George's dad is a truck driver and told us to call from anywhere if we're in trouble and he'll be there in three days."

"So you told your parents then?"

"Yeah, my mom cried and wished I was doing what I thought was best. And trust me this is."

There was something in his stare at that moment that I saw, that I knew would haunt me for the rest of my life.

"You know you're doing what every soul in this room—in this school—wants to do?" I said to him.

"I know. I KNOW!"

His excitement burst.

Even when I told the Dean he had that look in his eye. I mean he was so apprehensive about it at first. But I knew in his eyes he wished he had the balls to do it when he was my age. Hell, I know he wished now that he had the balls to leave this leaky school and hit the road. I had to have my teachers sign me out. He produced the piece of paper signed by all his professors. "Even Dr. Fletcher was excited. She smiled, and wished me luck, and made me promise two things."

"What?"

I asked, I mean I couldn't help it.

"To never mistreat any women on this trip and to always call my mom."

"So I take it you're not going to the Old Testament review then?"

We both couldn't help but laugh. I kept thinking of a phantasm of Allen Ginsburg alongside Tim howling at distant moons from across fields of grain I would never cross.

"Rich, I just wanted to say goodbye."

It was so serious and genuine. It was goodbye without fear of how many hellos he would be delivering.

"I'll see you man."

I couldn't help but lie to myself. I knew that I never would. He would hit the road forging his own life for himself. It was his, and why would he want to return here? Why would anyone. When this is all behind you that is what it is—all behind you. And all you have ahead of you is more land, more oceans and more time to go to those places you've never been.

"I know, I'm going to try and write."

Tim reached over and hugged me. He never had hugged me before. We stood up. The hug was incredibly long, he was wishing good memories goodbye as well as myself. For some reason I felt the smallest part of his farewell.

"Well, look me up sometime."

It was so cliché and so Hollywood that it sounded right.

"Yeah I know where you live."

He smiled with banality, "I might see you after the review. I have chapter meeting and then I'm gone."

"Well, keep it real."

I was just full of being trite. With a handshake Tim was gone leaving me wishing him avarice in finding his own

Land of Promise. I remembered how we would run around last year shouting merde from the top of our lungs at everything. Safety officers would chase us off the rooftops of the science building where we would smoke nasty cigars and we would scream merde like a battle cry as we ran through the Hindu Garden. Chased out to the lake where we would debate if Paul Tillich and Karl Barth were in a bar, who would drink who under the table.

Sitting down in that plastic chair, something heavy was hanging in my chest. I turned to the window out to the lake as if I could see our laughing ghosts circling it. The sun sat laden with an evening sky poised upon it, transfiguring its light into deep oranges. The fly was skirting around the edge of the window, it raised itself up and flew into the glass window. It came back out, and went in for another failed attack. Meeting the same fate it went for its kamikaze approach again. And again.

Eight o'clock came a lot faster then I thought it would. I've discovered that there are only three ways to do things in college, a tad bit early, incredibly late, or not at all. If college students were to fly planes it would be utter chaos. Seeing how one plane would be waiting for a friend to fly with them. Another plane would've planned its flight two-hundred years ahead of time in its Day Planner. And another plane would have figured it was going to crash anyway and never even gassed up and gotten the entire crew drunk on the tiny bottles of liquor.

Needless to say I was late to the review.

Maggie had saved me a seat and let me copy her short notes from her while Dr. Fletcher talked about the different theories to which way the Hebrews went in the crossing of the Red Sea.

"Why are you late?" Maggie whispered to me, not looking away from where Dr. Fletcher was writing.

"Ironically, I was studying for this."

"It won't be that hard. I think you're overreacting."

It was bothering me how she kept looking at the board and not at me.

"I need to know this shit, I'm the religion major."

She touched my knee and turned to me, "Shit huh? You sure sound like a religion major."

I chuckled quietly along with her.

Two hours later after the Ten Commandments, the Covenant Code, the Deuteronomic Code, the Priestly Code, and ending with the Ark of the Covenant. The cool night air was welcoming as well as refreshing as I walked Maggie back to her dorm.

"Told you it wasn't that bad."

She said to me while pulling back her brown curly hair behind her ears letting her face shine in the night illuminated by ochre lamps making her look like a church icon of the virgin Mary.

"I guess it wasn't as bad as I thought, but those kids just don't get it."

"I mean how many times does Trevor have to ask about why it can't be the Red Sea that they crossed?"

"Yeah some people are really dense. It seemed obvious to me Lake Erie would be the natural choice."

"What?"

"Nothing I am just so sick of thinking about the Hebrews today. I don't ever want to eat another Matzo cracker in my entire life."

She was smiling as if I left her some sort of revelation,

"Yeah it is kind of distant isn't it?"

That's why I enjoyed being around Maggie so much, she would pick up on themes I liked and really dwell on them.

"Exactly, like almost irrelevant."

"You almost wonder if it even happened, or if it did, does it relate to you at all? Education has this amazing way of validating knowledge in the place of experience." There were times where she went beyond me in questioning things, I still had comfort zones to eradicate. We were silent for a bit. She awkwardly grabbed my hand.

"I am so glad October is here."

I said not letting it be obvious of the awkwardness of the moment even though I was enjoying it incredibly.

"Me too."

"I wait so long for it to come, for those pumpkins and fall colors to appear in bad ads and painted poorly on store front windows."

She was silent.

"I remember how, up North, this was like the best part of the year, cool enough to wear your nice sweaters but not freezing in the snow yet. The haunted houses, and family dinners." I really had

nothing left to say so I let it be silent for a bit waiting for her to maybe comment. But she opted for the ever dreaded,

"What are you thinking?"

I forgot that winds up becoming the next thing out of a girl's mouth when there is a prolonged silence for a while. Normally reserved as prologues to intense sexual fumbblings, awkward kisses, and hurtful sayings not entirely meant, it bothered me that she said it here in this innocent autumn walk. I skirted the issue,

"About Halloween and a golden calf, it's a very frightening thought." She laughed and annoyingly swung our connected arms like lovebirds in bad '80s movies.

"No, I mean about us?"

"I'm not."

She looked at me.

"If I think about it, then I ruin it. If I let it happen, then who knows."

She seemed content with that, in an Annie Hall kind of way. Leaving me unsure because I knew it would only rise up again and probably not dissipate as easily as it had just now.

"It's not that cold out."

She said pressing into me, "No not yet."

"Actually it's not cold at all Rich."

"Yeah, but it is October."

"October in Florida is like Summer in Idaho."

"And we're not even close to wearing sweaters."

"Nope, there's not even a breeze."

"Wishful thinking I guess."

We both laughed. I guess there's those points where you want your childhood back so bad you'll imagine anything. For me it was with weather or music, and how I held so many memories within those two things. A whole song could bring back an entire year. Weather a series of years. Autumn for me was all about my childhood memories, Halloween trick-or-treating, Thanksgiving, the excitement till Christmas time, etc. It was always full of expectations.

We came to her dorm hall a lot faster then I thought. She faced me and asked, "Why are you taking Old Testament anyway? Isn't it a first year class?"

"Because I took New Testament and Theology classes all last year."

"Oh. Well I need to get going. My roommate and I have to study for Ethics."

"Two exams?"

"Sucks, doesn't it?"

"Just a bit."

"See ya'."

She ended our evening abruptly.

"See ya'."

We embraced and she kissed me lightly on the cheek. She turned and slid her card through the slot, commenting, "Don't think too much okay?"

And she was gone saying that through the doors to her residence hall as they slowly closed behind her, facing me with my poorly lit reflection.

I walked slowly back to my dorm hall. I kept thinking about being involved with another person. About how I could see the end of it, how I could see that even if everything was great and just like a movie, in the end where her or I graduate a decision has to be made. An end has to come, even if it was prolonged. Marriage was such a joke right now. Such an unfathomable joke with things like grad-school and careers pummeling my way. And that is the end of all relationships isn't it? Marriage or ending it. Both, quite frankly, are a tad bit morbid. In one case, you're with someone but it's your life together—you living for the other person which can't be that bad. Then there's kids, bills, houses, retirement, affairs, etc. On the other hand you end it—then it's over, and what? You begin again. Only to be faced with the same damn dilemma in a vicious cycle only having you pray you don't wind up in a singles support group at fifty.

"Rich."

I heard my name being called followed by the sound of a car coming to an abrupt halt.

"Rich!"

I turned to the road that ran adjacent to the dark sidewalk and saw Tim with his head poking out from the passenger's side of a Nissan Sentra packed to the brim with baggage like *The Grapes of Wrath*.

"Tim? What are you still here for?" I said as I walked towards the Sentra.

"Rich man, here we go. We said goodbye to the brothers at chapter and now we're gone."

I saw all the things piled up in the back seat. George was silent in the driver's seat.

"Well, good luck man."

"Thanks, we're going to need it."

He looked back at everything in the car.

"We couldn't fit everything. I left so much behind."

He said it with a chuckle pushing his backwards Kappa Alpha hat further back on his head.

"You'll be missed man."

I said as he turned to the front looking as if he could view the entire country ahead of him. And shaking his head he said, "I won't miss this place."

George turned to me, "That wasn't what he was saying while he was packing up."

"I can imagine," I half-heartedly retorted.

"Well we better get going."

Tim abruptly threw in, "See you guys."

The car started going, then stopped again. Tim hung his head out shouting, "Rich!"

I ran up to the window.

"Yeah? Will you get out of here?"

"You should come man. Come on, escape with us, let's get out of here together."

"Tim, you know..."

"What? What are you afraid of? That all you want to do is get up and go like this? That you wished you had half the nut-sack it takes to do this?"

He was building a case.

"There's no room anyway," I said searching for an apologetic.

"We'd make room."

Damn. George looked over, "Throw out your shit, not mine."

"I can't, Tim."

Tim looked a bit discouraged, as if someone stepped on his birthday balloon.

"Come on man."

I shook my head. Damn, I knew I wanted to go. Every part of me wanted to go because every part of me could feel my life tying itself down with growing up.

"You know this is it, this is what you dream of, hell it's what everyone dreams of. Don't make it a what if? Don't sit back and wish twenty years from now. Fuck it all. Get in. Just go, just like a movie. Like *Badlands* or something."

But those ropes were so tight—tonight they were chains.

"I can't. Besides I'd shoot my foot off if you gave me a gun."

Tim looked down and breathed a sigh and then looked at me and offered out his hand, "Merde."

I took it and replied, "Merde."

Tim pointed forward with two fingers and George waived at me. Then Tim's grasp slipped from mine as the car accelerated. I watched from the middle of the road as the two red lights disappeared in the distance over the hill creating small red ghosts that vanished like the smallest tribe into the mystery of Canaan that lay on the other side.

I don't know how long I stood there in the street. Cars passed honking, and people yelled as I examined every link that laid me there at that point in my life. I mean if Tim and George were to drive back at that point and repeat the offer that they had offered minutes beforehand—I probably would've accepted it. No, I definitely would have accepted it. Maybe that's why I was standing there. Just hoping. Until I felt a breeze deep from the north that sent a chill through my body announcing with grand proclamation that autumn had arrived and for me to listen. That there will always be that point, that decision, that gargantuan period where I can continue on a path or I can turn and forge another. God, it sounds so overused like a Frost poem, read at graduations, inaugurations, funerals, and everything except where decisions are being made. Only after decisions have already been made. And everyone smiles, because everyone thinks they've taken the less traveled path.

It's funny because they're surrounded by a multitude of other smiling faces thinking the same thing. And they turn to their neighbors and friends and coworkers, and shake hands, and give hugs, and other ephemeral affections. Then go home or make homes. Then have kids or wish they had kids. And buy cars, and get appliances. And get a mortgage, and get a second home. And go to AA, and join a church. Then think about seminary or law school or med school. And think about retiring, and wish they went to college, and get a second mortgage. Or wish they finished high school. Or invested their money better. Or wonder what would've happened if they proclaimed their love to that person instead of settling for this person. And wake up every morning wondering—when is it all going to end?

ABOLITION COALITION #2 8.5x11 \$2 36pgs.

Awesome cover, straight off of the checkout stand at the grocery store. Packed full of great columns and interviews with Mk-Ultra, Nate Wilson, Point/Counterpoint, The Boils, and Police Line. Like I said, full of good stuff and right on. Plus there are reviews and all that good stuff. It is good to see the diversity of stuff within our punk community come together. CF (34 Knollwood Dr./Valatie, NY 12184)

ACHE FANZINE #1 8.5x11 \$2 30pgs.

This 'zine contains the first and generally intelligent interviews with Catharsis, Ian Mackaye, and the publisher of *Sold Out* 'zine, Otto Buj. The discussions go well beyond the standard review recital and the editor, Armen, shows himself to be knowledgeable and agile at moving an interview along. His attempts to draw people out on their thoughts about Christianity leads to some uncomfortable exchanges though. There is a short silly interview with Beau of Avail at the end of the 'zine. Scattered throughout the pages are short contributions from various folks including a piece from Aaron Cometbus, a short story about a guy exiled to Mexico, and some writing about summer. This first issue of *Ache* shows considerable potential. SJS (Armen/167 Cortiegh Blvd./Toronto, ON/MSN 1P6/Canada)

AGREE TO DISAGREE #7 8.5x11 \$2 40pgs.

Here's another straight forward "music-skateboarding-fashion" 'zine like the ones you'll find free at your local independent record shop. Lots and lots of columns and reviews with ads from labels such as Nitro, Fat Wreck Chords, Honest Dons, etc. Interviews with Fury 66, Tilt, Pansy Division and more. Good if you're into this kind of stuff. MA (PO Box 56057/1st Ave. Postal Outlet/Vancouver, BC/V5L 5E2/Canada)

ANARCHY: THE WAY I SEE IT 4.25x5.5 free 12pgs.

This is a little pamphlet that Robert made as an introduction to Anarchy. This would be useful for most misinformed people whose definition of "anarchy" comes from the media, or all the punks who like spray painting circle A's around town and still eating at Taco Bell. There is an emphasis here on work, labor, and the distribution of goods and services. It's short and sweet, but if you want to really study then you can find stuff in the library or bookstore. The author quotes Noam Chomsky, so there's a good start. AM (Robert Ogman/PO Box 2671/Gainesville, FL 32602-2671)

ANAR-COMICS #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 16pgs.

This is a collection of frames from comic strips pasted together thematically. The course of the 'zine takes you through social commentary and the ensuing feelings of despair as displayed in individual frames from famous comic strips. This, however, lacks the lighthearted punchlines that make you think everything will be alright in the end. An interesting collage. LO (Satan Macnugget/3584 John St./Vineland Station, ON/LOR 2E0/Canada)

THE ASSASSIN AND THE WHINER #11 5.5x8.5 \$1 16pgs.

More fabulous comics about Carrie's life, love, and observations. Each section is great, complete with plenty of wit and sentiment to win you over. This issue is mostly about the end of a relationship and her leaving Maryland. Poor girl. She also prints a few short letters to her and some info about other cool comics that you can get your hands on. LO (Carrie McNinch/PO Box 481051/Los Angeles, CA 90048)

ATTENTION DEFICIT DISORDER #8 8.5x11 \$3 84pgs.

This is a slick-covered, newsprint 'zine that I imagine I would find in larger record stores all over. The interviews (Leafhache, Fifteen, Kid Dynamite, Nothing Promise and *Probe* 'zine) didn't blow me away, but didn't put me to sleep either. There are also a handful of bio-type things on different metal bands. This is the sort of thing I could imagine picking up in a record store, but I can't see myself making the effort to mailorder it. I think my favorite part was the little booklet in the center with comics (even though a few of the comics annoyed me, there were a couple that I liked a lot). KW (PO Box 8240/Tampa, FL 33674)

BURNT #1 8.5x11 \$1 20pgs.

This 'zine combines personal thoughts, political articles, and music stuff. The main pieces in this issue are on the ways in which animals who are killed for their coats are executed, music and 'zine reviews, and thoughts on issues like porn, violence, and cops. An alright effort. LO (400 Park Rd./Parishipp, NJ 07054-1737)

CHRONICLES OF DISGUST #5 8.5x11 \$1/trade 18pgs.

This is another great issue of this heart felt, personal/political, DIY until-you-fuckin'-die 'zine. This goes to show that emotion and dedication can go a long way in a world of computer generated 'zines this one stays true to the cut and paste. I for one am glad I got to check this out. CF (Emily/5842 Sunshine #1/S/St. Louis, MO 63109)

CHUMPIRE #123 & #124 8.5x11 33g 2pgs.

Been out of it for a little while? Looking for a quick note about what has been going on? Well look no further. *Chumpire* has reviews, opinions, and news about the DIY scene and other things of interest the editor has scene. Send him a few stamps and you will get a subscription. LO (Greg/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316)

COMPLETE CONTROL #5 5.5x8.5 \$1 48pgs.

Awesome political 'zine with a personal slant, which makes it all the more interesting. Contains a very thought provoking interview with a former catholic priest who was imprisoned for protesting US policy on Iraq and a history of the author's activist collective, among many other things. A good read, I look forward to future issues. ARB (Greg/PO Box 5021/Richmond VA 23220)

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #11 4.25x5.5 \$1/trade 64pgs.

As always, Giovanni shares the stories of interesting happenings in his life as of late. My favorite feature in this issue was his recollection of the failed info shop venture (though it sucks that it didn't work out). There's also a punk rock crossword puzzle, but I haven't attempted it yet because I'm afraid that it'll spotlight my lack of knowledge in the area of punk rock trivia. A surprisingly large number of the pages are filled with 'zine reviews, and there are show reviews and an index of nearly all of the topics covered in the past issues of *Cryptic Slaughter* as well. Well done, and always an interesting personal 'zine read. LK (Giovanni/PO Box 1781/Spokane, WA 99210)

CTHULHUPALOOZA #1 7x8.5 \$2 56pgs.

As many have probably already guessed, this 'zine is dedicated to H.P. Lovecraft. It begins with a report of NecronomiCon IV, a HPL convention in Providence, RI. It ends with another account of the convention. I enjoyed reading both of them. In between them are some stories and nonfiction. One is a well-written piece on the science fiction of HPL, another is an anonymous story about a person's life and how HPL fits into it (sort of), and there is a neat horror-type story was fun to read, and some other stuff. There's a lot to read here and I found it to be interesting, and I'm sure that both HPL fans and not will find something that is worth reading. Hmm, also I bet they would like submissions, because there is probably a limit to how much two people can write about HPL. RG (Michael Walsh/117 E Station Ave./Coopersburg, PA 18036)

A DAY IN THE AIR #7 5.5x4.25 75c 48pgs.

Issue #7 contains short pieces that run together to tell an overall story of youth, photography, and orthodontics. The whole thing is well written and the story flows nicely from piece to piece. The intro assure that none of the past issues have been like this, but I hope the future issues are because I enjoyed reading this one. LO (Bradley Harris/100 Hillcrest Hall/Towa City, IA 52242-1115)

THE DEFENSTRATOR #10 news free 8pgs.

The *Defenstrator* is a political newspaper from Philadelphia that focuses on the establishment in all its forms. This issue from September '99 documents the disruption of a town meeting held by Al Gore, the Millions for Mumia march, and recent military actions against Zapatista territory. There are articles that criticize the roles of the US government and our media in East Timor, an overview of the World Trade Organization, and a description of the status of free radio broadcasters. There are updates on political prisoners around the world and a large calendar of events for happenings of concern to the community. SJS (PO Box 30922/Philadelphia, PA 19104)

DEFORMACION CULTURAL #2 8x11 \$1 24pgs.

Sharp looking fanzine from Argentina. Good clean layouts which makes it very easy to follow. There are some ads and reviews, as well as interviews with Monster X, Yoda, and White Frogs. What really caught my attention was some of the columns written by her kids there, more specifically one about nationalism in their country and the other by a Colombian columnist who wrote about his country's patriotism. Very interesting. MA (Casilla de Correo 1424/Correo Central 1000/Bs As/Argentina)

from Cryptic Slaughter #11

THE DEVIL'S OTHER STORY 5.5x8.5 \$? 40pgs.

The Devil's Other Story... "is that all of the explosions and riots and famine are just manifestations of the state of our lives." The author switches between being the first candidate to throw himself from the top of a building if the apocalypse comes in 2000, and a very beautiful, haunting poetic person in a big lonely city. I could relate to the tragedies that occur in every small thing he sees in the city and the urgency of wanting to change the world—or at least one's own life. There is also an interesting incident about seeing Ritchie Havens speak and some cool photographs. Overall it felt very personal, depressed, arty, abstract, and literary. Some of it was beautiful, but at times the depression of the author made me uneasy. Check it out if you are in that mood. I read it on a dark rainy night on the bus in suburbia. MB (Guy Blakeslee/922 Dartmouthglen Way/Baltimore, MD 21212)

DWELLING PORTABLY May '99 5.5x8.5 \$2 20pgs.

This 'zine focuses on simple living, nomadic living, and foraging for sustenance. It seems to be a clearinghouse for gentle survival techniques, practices, equipment, and supplies. I say gentle because there does not appear to be any mention of guns. The emphasis is on finding and using stuff that nature provides. The editors compile contributions from many people who practice nomadic and simple ways of living. This issue of *Dwelling Portably* is packed with short descriptions of temporary dwellings and information on how to construct them and waterproof them. There are ideas for bicycle additions, ways to get the most out of a small fire, and good places around the country to stop and stay. Some of these pieces are accompanied by sketches of the idea described. The editors answer some questions about how they have managed to live nomadically for years. The remainder of the pages are packed full of synopses of previous issues and other publications from the Light Living Library. There are a couple pages given to a guide of 'zines and books to help and to inform folks concerned with a simpler way of life. *Dwelling Portably* is packed solid with thoughts, ideas, and stories to help people reconsider and redefine our place in the world. SJS (Light Living Library/PO Box 190-H/Philomath, OR 97370)

THE DIET SOCIETY #9 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

Short and spicy (in a BBQ chip taste off kind of way)! There's not a whole lot here to review... an article on DIY that asks why punks aren't making furniture and running restaurants, a Zapatista time-line dating back to 1997, music and 'kung fu' movies reviews, and a few pages of xerox style political art. Not a bad 'zine, but it's recommended for those who feel that less 'zine is more. JLG (Jon K./363 E 18th St./Hamilton, ON/L9A 4P7/Canada)

EMBLEM OF GRIEF #3 5.5x8.5 \$? 24pgs

A short personal 'zine that consists mostly of short writings and poetry interspersed with art. Definitely creative, with a negative, dark feel. The short length and relatively jumbled layout made this hard to get anything out of. It has definite potential, but just seems like it needs more work to be effective in communicating the author's feelings. ARB (Victor Alcalá Jr./Dorm 3300/PO Box 967/San Marcos, TX 78667)

EMOPHILIAC #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

Exhibiting some of the true quirks of human nature, *Emophilic* is a collection of love letters. The letters vary from the sentimental to the sensual to the scary. Reading this reminded me of just how weird people are and how much our emotions influence us. LO (PO Box 2495/Appleton, WI 54912)

EYES ON THE STREET #1 5.5x8.6 \$1 32pgs.

I thought this was pretty good for a first issue. The articles on the history of the Mafia in Minneapolis, June 18th, CODEFOR, and why women shave were interesting and more than a little informative. Her personal stories meandered at times, but come back to one point in the end. There are also a handful of in-depth book reviews and notes on interesting things in here area. An activist resource list is also included. LO (Amanda/1536 LaSalle Ave. #303/Minneapolis, MN 55403)

THE FALL OF AMERICA 6.5x6.5 \$2 128pgs.

The *Fall Of America* seemed, to me, to be two books in one. It started as the tale of a punk fathering a child and then not being able to continue parenting. This section has some interesting insight into the mid of a punk man and the why he felt that he couldn't handle it. There is both straight narrative and reflective, diary-like commentary throughout this section. Eventually, the punk finds his way back to his old stomping ground and, after a few misadventures, some serious shit starts to go down. Suddenly, the story turns into an epic of fascism and state control in the US, complete with bloodshed and resistance. I found this part to be a little overdone and thought it strayed quite a bit from the style earlier in the book. Though the beginning and ending do come back together in the end, the disjointed style still seemed flawed. It is great that Robnoxious is ambitious enough to write, publish, and bind his own book. I am happy to see underground publishing go beyond 'zines. LO (Counter Clockwise Publishing/PO Box 743/Mankato, MN 56002)

FEMZINE #4 8.5x11 9x12 envelope w/99c postage 40pgs.

Written and compiled by a man behind bars, *Femzine* reviews and suggests various 'zines by and for women. Many are given a page worth of words or excerpts, while others are listed in a lengthy index. If you are interested in getting this resourceful piece of work, be sure to send him and self-addressed envelope (described above) with the proper postage on it. LO (Bill Price/Mule Creek State Prison/PO Box 409000-H78569/Ince, CA 95640-9000)

FUNKY SNUTS CALENDAR 2000 7x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

Lacking a nice wall calendar for the new year? Well, I'd suggest getting this one from the punks who make *Funky Snuts*. Each month has a nice photo of either Charles Bronson, Isis, Discount, Harriet The Spy, Black Dice, The Locust, Red Monkey, Long, Live Nothing, Botch, Rye Coalition, Cave In, or Hot Water Music. There is plenty of space to write in all your important engagements and keep yourself organized. LO (Judd Taylor/1941 State Ave. #10/Olympia, WA 98501)

FREAKS, GEEKS, AND PIPSQUEAKS #2 2x3 \$1 20pgs.

From the editor of *I'm Johnny And I Don't Give A Fuck* comes the second volume of *Freak, Geeks, And Pipsqueaks*. This issues contains two short stories about time, life, memories, and chances. Sure to entertain you for a brief bus ride or a compact reading session before you go to bed. LO (Andy/PO Box 21533/1850 Commercial Dr./Vancouver, BC/V5N 4A0/Canada)

FISTICUFFS 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

The bi-line to this 'zine reads: "a bare knuckled defense of ration life." What they are referring to, for the most part, is a strong anti-religious, anti-faith stance. Though not all of the articles and stories are about this directly, they all come back to central theme at one point or another. The main goal of the 'zine is for atheists to be able to network and dialogue within its pages. Since this is the first issue, it is still a little rough around the edges, but I think this has the potential to be something quite special. LO (C. Edward Kelso/PO Box 511385/San Diego, CA 92175)

FUTOTCHO #4 11x8.5 \$? 32pgs.

It's the "I can't believe this is finally out" issue! But aren't they all? Starts out with some short columns and other little things, like addresses for various volunteer organizations and a piece on the origins of Halloween throughout the world. One thing in a column that I found questionable was when she was talking about being sick of stereotypes and how you should respect everyone, then she goes on to say that it is especially bad when you don't show respect for your own "race" for the sake of another. And she goes on a little bit more... hmmm...? And for the rest of the 'zine: Interviews! With The Allstonians, Deal's Gone Bad, Strung Out, Inspector 7, Checkerboard Kids (which is a public access show), Telegraph, and The Redemptions. Most of them are ska-type bands and the quality of the interview varies from each one. Also included are some record reviews, a horoscope, and a few other things. I liked the Color-Me-Yoda page, I hope I win the car! Overall, good but sorta too many interviews for me. RG (3515 Chase/Wheat Ridge, CO 80212)

FUNTIME #17 8x12 \$? 64pgs.

Funtime is a music 'zine from Belgium written in Flemish. (I think it is Flemish anyway.) I can't read Flemish, so I was really only able to look at the pretty pictures and read the Belgian scene report that they wrote in English. I thought I had a good idea of just how many moth metal bands were from Belgium, I was really wrong. There are so many more! Those of you who can read Flemish may enjoy the columns, recipes, numerous reviews, and interviews with Gwyllions, No Innocent Victim, Exit Nineteen, Buckshot, Buried Alive, Eloquence Of A Pariah, Petrograd, H2O, and Skarhead. LO (Johan Quinon/Dutsekhoek 12/3220 Holsbeek/ Belgium)

'zine reviews

BUTCHER BLOCK BABY 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

The basis for this play comes from a wacko letter someone received about most Canadians being SS spies. They thought the idea was interesting enough and spun it into a play "and incorporated a feminist slant and ragings against evil governments and corporations" to sweeten the pot. I had a hard time figuring out what the point of the play was. I tried to imagine the players on a little stage in my mind, but was still confused. LO (Satan Macnugget/3584 John St./Vineland Station, ON/LOR 2E0/Canada)

CON QUESO #1 5.5x4.25 33g 16pgs.

The initial issues of many personal 'zines suffer from a lack of focus. Often times people feel the need to spill whatever is in their heads, not always keeping in mind that someone else will be reading this later on. The tragic factor being that, without the proper design, those expressions of personality meet with an indifferent audience. Be sure to take a couple steps back and read what you wrote again. You just might be able to make the leap. LO (Franco Ortega/400 Park Rd./Parishipp, NJ 07054-1737)

COUNTER CULTURE #4 news \$1 16pgs.

Counter Culture does a good job of being both a activist's resource and a forum for ideas. The information within this issues covers recent anarchist and revolutionary events, reports from protests, ideas about anarchist organizing, columns on sexism, articles on the historical and ideological roots of anarchism, and addresses for A.P.F. group all over the world. Good stuff. LO (The Crasshole Collective/PO Box 65341/Baltimore, MD 21209)

CHINESE LUNCH SPECIAL #5 5.5x8.5 \$2 36pgs.

CLS consists mostly of non-fiction from the editor's life. Storytelling, especially for short stories, is a craft that is hard to master. The pieces in here give you little glimpses into his life. The storytelling is skillful as is stays within the guidelines of an anecdote though occasionally addressing some larger topic. A nice 'zine. LO (Jay/PMB 419/1442 Walnut St./Berkeley, CA 94703)

FREAK TENSION #4 8.5x11 77¢ 32pgs.

A bunch of show reviews, interviews with the Groove Ghoules, Leatherface and 7 Seconds, record reviews and one story make up the content of *Freak Tension*. I was horrified by the Leatherface interview. In the future, please, remove at least some of the "umm"s and "uhh"s and "you know"s from the interview before printing it. It will save space in the 'zine, and make the interview at least moderately readable. As it was I barely forced myself through the whole thing, and mostly I just read it to see how much more confusing it could get. Yikes. This is another of the 'zines that I could see picking up at the local record store to browse through, but I found that overall there wasn't enough content for me to sink my teeth into. LK (Matt Johnson/2124 Orchard Pl./Eau Claire, WI 54703)

GULLIBLE #18 5.5x8.5 \$1/2 stamps 24pgs.

This is my favorite issue of *Gullible* so far. The observations about mundane life and thoughts on interactions with people have a genuinely interesting aspect of storytelling. Thus the three short stories in this issue were appealing to me as well. This time around there is just some special thing that is really right with *Gullible*, and I like that. Additionally, there is a longer piece about Tom Waits, the music he has made, and the effect it has had on the author. Even the more straightforward music and book reviews complimented the whole. Nice. LO (Chris Terry/PO Box 4909/Richmond, VA 23220)

HEXBENDER #4 8.5x11 \$? 32pgs.

Here you'll find a metal 'zine with fairly basic contents—interviews, reviews, and rants. I wasn't entirely impressed by any of the interviews, as they stuck with general music-oriented questions as opposed to delving into the bands' ideas but, for the record, the interviewees in this issue include Arch Enemy, In Flames, Clearlight and Cradle Of Filth. For those who appreciate all things metal, this may be your cup of tea. For those who are looking for an all around good read, *Hexbender* may not fully scratch your itch. LK (PO Box 470/Allston, MA 02134)

HOT WIRE MY HEART #6 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

This is a short, hand written personal 'zine. The editor, Amanda, tells about recent concerns from her life and her plans for the 'zine. She interviews herself at one point to get out some of her past. Amanda makes a few observations about conformity in her town, the death of an acquaintance, and getting a tattoo. There are some music and 'zine reviews also. SIS (PO Box 72116/Roselle, IL 60172)

HOW IT ALL VEGAN 7x8.5 \$18.95 (Canadian funds) 212pgs.

Wow! This is a huge vegan cookbook! There are hundreds of recipes in here, along with all sorts of information about vegan substitutions and a whole section on making your own Health & Beauty Products. The recipes cover tons of categories, some of which are Milks & Beverages, Soups & Stews, Sauces & Spreads, Entrees, Breads & Muffins, and Desserts—and there are a whole bunch of others. All of it is held together in a super fancy perfect bound book with a full color cover. Everything in the cookbook is laid out really simply, which makes following the recipes quite easy. This is excellent. I may be wrong, but I imagine that you can find this book in bookstores everywhere. Fantastic work Sarah and Tanya! LK (www.loveveg.net; or Arsenal Pulp Press at 1-888-600-PULP)

(I DIDN'T MEAN TO MAIM YOU) I ONLY MEANT TO KILL YOU 5.5x8.5 \$2 36pgs.

Some stories are told through thoughts spilled on the page like diary entries. Ever wonder what goes on inside a person's head? This story gives you an idea. The plot is a love story; one that has gone horribly wrong. One that has turned from affection to violence. The narrator tears himself up and spits the others out. It is done well, and written unpunished enough that it seems real. LO (1602 Walker Ave./Greensboro, NC 27403)

I HATE THE WORLD #4 5.5x8.5 \$3 120pgs.

This 'zine is thick for its size and uses up every inch of it with its very small font size. Thinking it would be another music 'zine, I was surprised to be proved wrong. Andreas has all his/her friends writing for the 'zine and they are a pretty good, thoughtful bunch of columnists. There is an article on the historical reasons for the problems in Yugoslavia and a discussion about headline between the editor and some headline kid. Some of the writing is very much like *Inside Front*, which means self-empowering, political, and inspiring, especially when you realize that this 'zine is not from America but from Sweden. There's the usual band interviews with Burning Airlines, a farewell to Outlast interview, and Submission Hold. Burning and Outlast interviews are very long and might be interesting for fans. 'Zine reviews here also. This is a very good 'zine and would like to see more issues come out. Let's just call this the mini HaC from Sweden. (No kidding!) AM (see address below)

I HATE THE WORLD #5 6x8.5 \$3 40pgs.

The final issue of *I Hate The World* has lots of good qualities. There are numerous short columns and rants about the things that make the editor think. He discusses sexuality, history, social pressures, language, revolution, and much more. Though the English is sometimes rough, the overall ideas still come through. Andreas has a fire inside of him and he really lets it out through his writing. In fact, had I not read the introduction, I never would have guessed that this would be the last issue; he seems so full of energy and ideas. *I Hate The World* ends on the best note possible, a really strong 'zine with plenty of personality and smarts. LO (Andreas Hagberg/Fjårdinsmannavägen 15/64332 Vingåker/Sweden)

IMPACT PRESS #23 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

This is a full grown magazine catering to leftist politics. The columnists are insightful. There is good stuff on George Bush Jr., the presidential candidate, to read about but I doubt anyone reading this is actually going to vote for him anyway. There's an interesting article on religion and social movements, especially for people who like to debate about the negative impact of religion in the world. Also an article on the prison industry. This is free in person, very educational, check it out. What strikes me odd in the magazine is that all the music reviews in here are all positive! Well who's going to pay for publishing right? AM (PMB 361/10151 University Blvd./Orlando, FL 32817)

IT'S ALIVE #18 8.5x11 \$2 60pgs.

Believe it or not, this is the first time I've actually seen an *It's Alive* issue, and let me tell you I was very impressed by the quality of this fanzine. It's all done cut'n'paste with no use of a computer and it still looks fucking sharp. For those that don't know, *It's Alive* is a collection of pics and fliers of hardcore bands with some show reviews included and plenty of hardcore pride. Although I'm not a huge fan of most of the bands pictured in here, with the exception of a few familiar faces, I can definitely appreciate it for what it is—and that is fun. MA (Fred Hammer/PO Box 6326/Oxnard, CA 93031)

IMPENDING DOOM #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 34pgs.

The profits of this 'zine benefit the Food Not Bombs and, fittingly, a longer piece about some of the aspects of Food Not Bombs is included in this 'zine. The other content includes a cool interview with Bob Suren from Murder Suicide Pact and Sound Idea, facts about the drug war, thoughts on the alternative press, some book and music reviews, scary facts about what is in milk, and tips on making a 'zine. I enjoyed reading most of the pieces in here and thought the whole thing was put together well. Good job! LO (Anthony Ateek/3933 Benson Ave. N/St. Pete, FL 33713)

INSPECTED BY NO.8 5.5x8.5 \$? 8pgs.

Mostly comprised of a few short thoughts, this 'zine talks about television, going back to a simpler time, suffering, liberty, and being someone's pawn. The pieces are all a little too short to really stick with you. They acted more as slogans, so it was hard to really deep into this 'zine. LO (Spartan Activities/PO Box 4307/6002 Lucerne/Switzerland)

INSURGENTE Verano '99 5.5x8.5 \$3 28pgs.

After a long hiatus, this political and personal 'zine returns for another round. I remember reading earlier issues somewhere in the area of 3 years ago; the strong personal style of past issues made it easy for me fall back into Alejandro's groove. This issue is comprised of thoughts on books, music, culture, and personal anecdotes that influence and speak to the editor. Many things get him thinking, and that comes out in the best ways within the 'zine. My favorite piece was his account of working as a substitute teacher in Texas because it displays the many problems he saw and his thoughtful ways to combat them. Welcome back. LO (PO Box 37105/San Antonio, TX 78237)

I WENT EMO AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY ULCER #1 5.5x8.5 \$? 32pgs.

Most of this 'zine consists of handwritten rants scribbled on charge receipts from Longs drug store. Allan announces in the introduction that this is his first attempt at 'zine making, and I definitely get that feeling when reading the 'zine. While it's obvious that he has stuff to say, most of the rants wind up being brief observations that don't really go anywhere (at least not for me). There are interviews with Force Fed Glass and Born Dead Icons included as well. LK (no address)

IMPACT PRESS #24 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

A newsprint 'zine containing a variety of lengthy columns regarding many different issues. The cover story is on creationism and science education, and others include racism and education, prison, liberalism, government and big business, and the debate regarding legalization of drugs. There are several different contributors to this magazine. I enjoyed reading some of the pieces. If any of the above topics are of interest to you, give *Impact Press* a try. LK (PMB 361/10151 University Blvd./Orlando, FL 32817)

LIQUID FOUNDATION #5 5.5x8.5 \$? 80pgs.

The content of *Liquid Foundation* comes from a variety of contributors. I like this, as it allows for variety of both opinion and writing style. The articles in this 'zine are undoubtedly well thought out, and most come complete with footnoted documentation. There is an in depth piece on Microsoft and the current Justice Department trials it is involved in. I learned a lot, as before reading this I was relatively

uninformed about the specifics of this whole situation. Another article discussed American history critically, and reminded me of an abbreviated *People's History of the United States*. It was relatively introductory, but certainly well done. The long article on Kosovo provided background information regarding the present situation there, and there is also an interview with a Green Party candidate. A well done, interesting read. Recommended if you are interested in any of the articles mentioned above. PS: I don't think I'm a member of the "PC Police," but I still could have done without the center page. LK (Justin Conlon/5760 Pony Farm Dr. Apt. #109/Richmond, VA 23227)

LA MALA MANZANA #6 8.5x11 \$1 32pgs.

A music fanzine that mainly covers the bigger "independent" punk bands and labels. There's an interview with Against All Authority, reviews, ads, and some rants on subjects such as racism and police bias. MA (PO Box 1712/Colorado Springs, CO 80901-1712)

LIARS DIARY #22 7x8.5 \$? 24pgs.

Collection of thoughts and stories by different people. None really interested me, in my opinion all were quite boring. What I did like was the look of this 'zine, it's all just kind of cut and paste and scattered around... very punk looking. The cover is great too, I think it's screened and it says "fuck America up!" on the back. That was the best part. MA (15 Slocum St. #3/Providence, RI 02909)

LIBERATION NOW #7 & #8 5.5x8.5 \$1 12pgs.

Poetry, opinions, and art. Very nice. I really got into the poetry, it was informative and brave. The art work was done in a very Nick Blinko (Rudimentary Peni) typestyle, highly detailed and very bold. CF Pete/Suite 170/207 Bank/Ottawa, ON/K2P 2N2/Canada)

LIFE AND HOW TO LIVE IT #6 5.5x8.5 \$1.25 24pgs.

Most of this issue seems to be dedicated to Men's Recovery Project, and since the band wouldn't give an interview there is a stuff pasted from albums and then some stuff written about them. There are interviews with Bongzilla and Spokes. Both interviews are short question and answers with not a whole lot of useful information coming out of them. There's a nice show review, plus a few record reviews. Occasionally, instead of typing, he would just write things out and I would find myself struggling to figure out what it says. All done in cut and paste style. The show review was my favorite part of it because it was the only real piece of writing in it, if you know what I mean. RG (PO Box 145/Hope Valley, RI 02832)

LIFE IN A BUNGALO #10 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

This 'zine is similar to the typical professional looking 'zines with computer layouts that cover the new school genre of "punk." (which are filled with ads from Fat Records, Epitaph (3 ads!), Lookout Records) except this 'zine is half the size. The downsizing makes it look really cute with a picture of H20 on the cover (the size is cute, not the rockstars); there is also an interview with the band. The content is your typical music reviews, 'zine reviews, and movie reviews and a few columns from friends of the editor. Nothing much here for me or for most *HeartattaCk* kids, but I'm sure kids at an Epitaph show would eat this up. AM (George Koroneos/PO Box 413, WOB/West Orange, NJ 07052)

LOST IN THE TRANSLATION #1

5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 32pgs.

The great thing about personal 'zines is the fact that you can sometimes stumble upon a personality you really like. The more I read this 'zine, the more I thought I'd like to make friends with the person who made it. It is so similar to the kinds of things I would express that I bonded with it immediately. *Lost In The Translation* deals intelligently with issues of change, family, history, love, emotion, and race. Yoon expresses herself very well and makes a very pleasing 'zine. LO (Yoon Park/9665 Lamar Pl./Westminster, CO 80021)

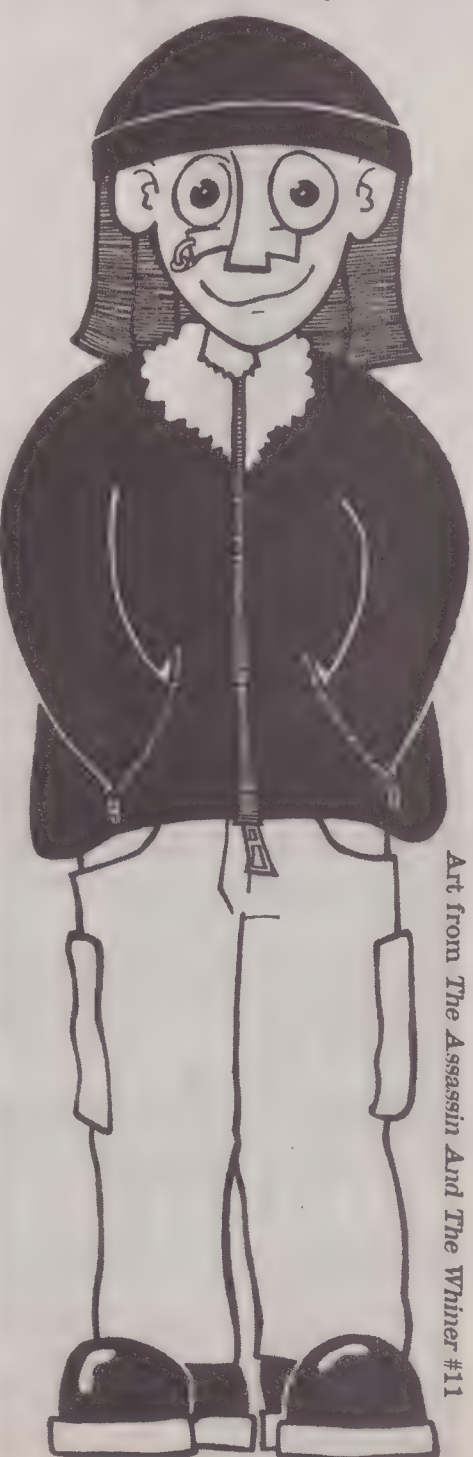
LUDDGANG 5.5x8.5 \$? 28pgs.

I think the purpose of *Luddgang* (both the group and this 'zine) can best be summed up in their own words. "Luddgang is a group of people committed to the creation of a worldwide society based upon the ideals of mutual aid, resistance to external authority, workers' control of work, communities' control of communities, solidarity and freedom." This 'zine outlines the ideals of the group, and looks at several different aspects of the struggle for liberation. For those interested in this sort of thing, *Luddgang* could provide an informative introduction to this group (as well as providing contact information for a plethora of groups throughout the UK). LK-(PO Box 1095/Sheffield/South Yorkshire/S2 4YR/England)

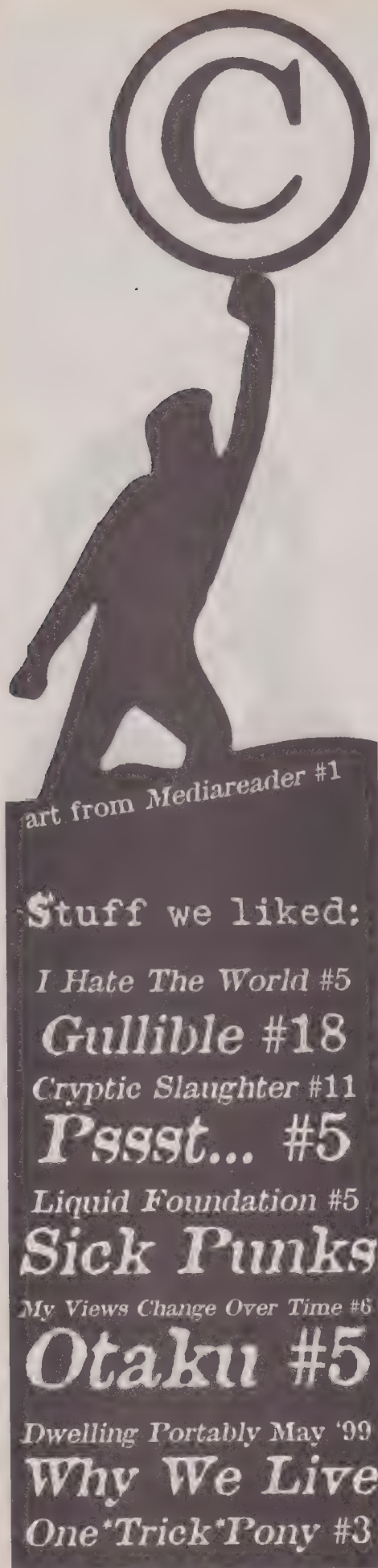
MAÑANA LOS CHICAS SERAN PRIMERAS

5.5x8.5 \$? 20pgs.

Along with personal tidbits there are interviews with two bands Whisper and Charlie Brown. Other contributors lend their voices to the "Expression" section, which is nice. There are also some 'zine reviews and artwork. The text is all in Spanish. (Leslie translated this for me.) LO (Luciano/Dto. 168/Albatros 27/Punta Alta (8109)/Bs As/Argentina)



Art from The Assassin And The Whiner #11



MAYHEM 5.5x8.5 \$? 32pgs.
Mayhem has a lot of content in a small package. Inside you can read about conversations with the police, women's safety issues, the community backlash towards local anarchists after a violent protest, scene criticism, and very short book reviews. Each piece is long and methodical. The editor has strong writing skills, making all the sections and afterthoughts enjoyable to read. LO (PO Box 5841/Eugene, OR 97405)

MEDIAREADER #1 news \$5/30 copies 20pgs.
The purpose of *Mediareader* is to look critically at the media and its relationship to (and commodification of) popular culture. This is accomplished in the first issue through articles and an interview. If you've ever read Dave Laney's 'zine *Dial Tone* you have an idea, stylistically and conceptually, of where this writing is coming from—yet along with Dave there are other contributing writers. The interview in this issue is a reprint from *Stay Free!* and it discusses advertising, though I will admit that I didn't entirely follow it. The articles, however, were all well thought out and interesting. I'm not doing the 'zine justice in this review, but I thoroughly enjoyed *Mediareader* and look forward to future issues. Do your town a favor and order a bunch to hand out at shows. LK (PO Box 994/Chapel Hill, NC 27514)

MESSAGE FROM THE HOMELAND #3
8.5x11 \$1.75 34pgs.
This 'zine starts with a strong intro stating: "This is a personal 'zine. I look at political issues through my own eyes and give my own opinions." This is true throughout many of the articles about gun control, having credit, abstinence, and relationships with girls, but is exhibited most obviously in the articles that refute Christian condemnation of gays through Bible passages and discuss the issues he has with the religious right. (It is refreshing to see a Christian express ideas like that.) My copy starts smack in the middle of music reviews and then finishes them at the end of the 'zine. The layout isn't very precise, but hopefully that will improve with time. LO (David Lucander/PO Box 4248/Springfield, MA 01101)

MESSAGE FROM THE HOMELAND #4
8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.
While David mentions that previous issues of this newsprint 'zine have gained it a reputation as a "Christian straightedge 'zine," I (thankfully) didn't see very much content regarding either of those issues. What I did find in this 'zine was a collection of rants regarding prison, the military, the shootings at Columbine High School and government control. I didn't find that I wholeheartedly agreed with the points that were made, but I appreciate that David is expressing his opinions. I feared that they would be grossly conservative (because of the Christian thing), but they were not. There were also a bunch of record reviews. LK (David Lucander/PO Box 4248/Springfield, MA 01101)

MIDGET BREAKDANCING DIGEST #13
8.5x11 \$1 48pgs.
Midget Breakdancing Digest is a music and reviews 'zine from Boulder, CO. This issue contains short interviews with Electric Summer, Planes Mistaken For Stars, Piebald, Dave of AFI, and Hot Water Music. The main feature here is a diary of a road trip taken by the editor and his pals to the Yo-Yo A Go Go festival in Olympia, WA. They see shows and have car problems and generally don't seem to travel well at all. The remainder of the 'zine contains columns and reviews of music and 'zines. SJS (PO Box 2337/Boulder, CO 80306)

MOTION SICKNESS #8 8.5x11 \$2 80pgs.
After reading the editor's introduction the thing that interested me most was their next theme issue about punks and revolutionaries that are over 30. There is a piece in here from one person, but I am waiting for the whole issue with anticipation. For now, the content consists of pieces about school shootings, local boredom, animal research, Mumia, the history of punk in St. Louis, Centro Sociale, Iron Maiden, Milwaukee's metal fest, protein, and a nice little piece from a travel diary. Plus there are interviews with Discount and Digger, and book, music, and 'zine reviews. LO (PO Box 24277/St. Louis, MO 63130)

MY OWN PERSONAL STAR 4.25x5.5 stamps/trade 24pgs.
I believe it's a good thing to turn your pains and struggles into something actual rather than leaving them inside yourself. Writing them out or acting upon them can be a very healthy thing sometimes. In this tiny publication, the editor explains episodes in her life that to me, as the reader, come off as being very harsh, unjust, and depressing—just as life a lot of times is. It's very difficult for me to review something like this when these stories are very real and personal to someone. Maybe this 'zine can help someone else as it may have helped the person who wrote it. MA (Gusty April/3462 18th St./San Francisco, CA 94110)

MY SO-CALLED LIFE #6 4.25x11 \$? 44pgs.
What one finds here is a personal 'zine with a long piece regarding depression and therapy, interviews with Avail and By The Grace Of God (that are both long and interesting in parts), and some rants and observations. Also included is information about vegan nutrition, with a chart of several vitamins and their sources and implications. The rants and piece on depression were of the most interest to me, as it seems that I see fewer and fewer of the personal 'zines that were abundant a few years back which I enjoyed very much. LK (Thomas Reitmayer/Lorystr. 54/1/21/1110 Wien/Austria)

MY VIEWS CHANGE OVER TIME #6
5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.
The pieces in this issue are full of thought and meaning. The anecdotes about what is going on in his life and the discussions of takes place in his head lead to bigger questions and grander themes. This is the kind of personal 'zine that transgresses the boundary between reader and writer because the ideas in here speak to something beyond "what I did today." I especially liked the parts on living on what you can find and adjusting to losing your home. Very good job. LO (Rob/PO Box 2671/Gainesville, FL 32602-2671)

NEW DIRECTION #3 8.5x11.5 \$1.50 40pgs.
If these reviews were limited to three words, I would choose, "emotional, positive, and straightedge" to describe ND. Plenty of Johan's, the editor's, feelings toward hardcore, straightedge, the scene, his girlfriend, etc. As well as reviews and interviews with a member of Exit Nineteen, 400 Years, and *I Stand Alone* 'zine. All in all, very emotional, positive and straightedge. JLG (Johan Van Der Auwerda/Caputsteenstraat 3/2800 Mechelen/Belgium)

NO LONGER BLIND #6 8.5x11.5 \$? 36pgs.
Australian straightedge/hardcore/punk cut and paste zine with all the straightedge/hardcore/punk features you've come to love (?) and expect. NxLxBx contains lots of short columns with topics on straightedge, Christianity, porn, community, etc., plus plenty of reviews, tons of photos, and numerous band interviews with Ensign, Voodoo Glow Skulls, Not for You, and the list goes on. Perhaps a lack of focus, but not short on ambition. JLG (Daniel Stewart/74 Gladstone Ave./Wollongong NSW/Australia, 2500)

OFF! 8.5x11 \$? 48pgs.
Very interesting and inspiring. A magazine somehow published in conjunction with a university organization in New York, but one of the most radical things I have read in some time. Even better, it is political without falling into the all to common trap of propagandizing and insulting the readers intelligence. Includes multiple articles from prisoners (which I felt were awesome), discussions of race issues, environmental justice, and a parable about the state of liberal politics by none other than Ted Kaczynski. (The Unabomber!) Politically minded folks should check this out. ARB (Off! Editor/OCC/SUNY Binghamton/Binghamton, NY 13902)

ONE*TRICK*PONY #3 4.25x5.5 \$1/trade 40pgs.
"Sweet!" is the word that keeps coming to my mind as I look about O*T*P. This never sappy cut and paste personal 'zine is mostly a travel log, but it also contains some more abstract pieces, as to not reveal all of Gavin's secrets. Almost every page is complimented by an image that enhances the text. An interesting, well written, and heartfelt little number that is worth a read. JLG (Gavin Jones/58 Lansdown View/Twerton/Bath/BA2 1BQ/UK)

ON FIRE FOR CHRIST 8.5x11 66¢ 8pgs.
My computer doesn't have the option to type out an upside down "T", which I think would explain that the title is less religious and more metal. The content is all interviews because, as they say, "no ones cares who you have a crush on, or how busy your day is, or what happened to a friend of yours, or any of that shit, okay?" The only reason people buy your stupid rag is because you have an interview or something else informative about a cool band." They interview Ultimate Warriors, Sloth, and Run For Your Fucking Life. Sadly, the interviews are amateur and silly at best, not really selling me on this 'zine. LO (1144A 2nd Ave./Escondido, CA 92025)

OTAKU #5 4.25x5.5 \$2 52pgs.
The last issues of Otaku that I read were good and the latest issue continues that legacy. The personal stories and observations weave a web of experiences and ideas. There are stories about coffee, imagination, staying up late, bicycling, love, and much more. The author does a good job of entertaining throughout. If you like (neatly) handwritten personal 'zines this is one to check out. LO (Jeff/114 Canter Blvd./Nepean, ON/K2G 2M7/Canada)

OTRAS AMERICAS #1 5.5x8.5 \$? 32pgs.
Otras Americas is a decent start to a great idea—it's basically a personal 'zine featuring Jorge as he explores his cultural identity as a Mexican-American. His writing is heartfelt and passionate as he investigates his new home of Cuernavaca, and incorporates himself into the local rhythm and customs. Through his own journey and those of a few other authors, many relevant and interesting ideas on the relationship between Mexico and the United States are presented, including those of stereotypes, nationalism, and militarization of the border. This 'zine isn't overly philosophical or theoretical. There's a good amount of text and nice images in a decent photocopy format. While not a lengthy read, there's quite a bit to digest. IER (Jorge Burwick/512 Clear Creek/Dripping Springs, TX 78620)

OTTAWA AND OTHER ESSAYS w/V/A tape
4.25x5.5 \$? 68pgs.
Ottawa is a personal 'zine that has a wealth of well done content. The pieces on music, war and revolution, being inspired, community, the summer of '97, coffee reviews, and anecdotes of life are all a pleasure to read. The parts by the editor and each the contributions flow together well. Nothing in here is amateur or annoying, just thoughtful ideas and such. The tape comp has a variety of hardcore bands. There are rougher songs from Faceplant, Disgruntled, and Unnamed, an intro and outro from a noise band called Untitled, a catchy rocker from Sumo Grimage, and a pretty good hardcore tune from Prisons Come Home. The tape compliments the 'zine well, so I suggest reading and listening to both simultaneously. LO (Chris Landry/26 Assiniboine Dr./Nepean, ON/K2E 5R7/Canada)

POETS' GROOVE #5 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 12pgs.
"These stories which straddle the line between fact and fiction," are written by a boy named Sebastian. I enjoyed the one about the boy in a band losing himself in his music. People like calling out other people's errors, but rarely analyze their own faults and all the internal bullshit that comes with living and interacting. We can learn so much from reading about it, which might be also therapy for the writer. The piece on thrift store shopping reveals the conscience of the writer, and the rest of the 'zine consists of more writing into the author's life. This 'zine is somewhere between good and decent to me. AM (S. Sebastian/Petsu/999 Buxton Rd./Bridgewater, NJ 08807-1378)

POTATOE #5 4.25x7 \$2/trade 40pgs.
Potatoe is a personal 'zine from Robert of Fayetteville, Arkansas. He describes various experiences in his life and comments upon places and events and how they affect his thoughts and his life. In this issue, Robert travels near and far from his home. He visits Chicago and Tulsa and walks around downtown Fayetteville late at night. Other essays deal with prom night, coffee, mosquitoes, finding possibly dead bodies, and experimental facial hair growth. One study about sitting on a fire escape and daydreaming is a particularly insightful analysis of plans and expectations and what becomes of them. *Potatoe* is compiled of eminently readable thoughts and observations on places, people, and relationships that develop among them all. SJS (Robert Bell/PO Box 1891/Fayetteville, AR 72702-1891)

THE PROBE #8 8.5x11 \$4 100pgs.
Issue #8 has a nice mix of regular content and features. The interviews with bands (I've never heard of called) The Weird Lovemakers and The Bananas as well as the local record shops Mission Records, Mad About Music, Howling Bull Syndicate, and Radio Free Records were neat to read. Aaron's sex advice and the review of him were also amusing. The updates on Probe Records and Hickey, letters to *The Probe*, along with the numerous 'zine, book, video, show, and music reviews are well done. As always, there is a good dose of humor and nudes shots which this 'zine is personality and signature style. LO (PO Box 5068/Pleasanton, CA 94566)

PROGRESSION MAGAZINE #2 8.5x11 \$? 32pgs.
This is a hardcore music 'zine from Berlin. The majority of this issue contains interviews with Serpico, Outlast, Trial, and Morning Again. The interviews are fairly high in content, getting some into some specific areas of concern with each of the folks talking. The questions are intelligent and the person leading the discussion has a feel for getting people to talk about issues important to them. For example, a member of Trial discusses his understanding of rape and male domination. In another interview a member from Serpico talks about how his life has changed over time. Elsewhere the 'zine has music reviews and a few opinion pieces. The reviews are informative and worth reading. SJS (Felix Heiduk/Duisburger Str. 2a/10707 Berlin/Germany)

PSSST...#5 8.5x5.5 \$2 48pgs.

I never seem to start reading 'zines at the beginning, and in this case I started with a batch of contributions in a section titled "The Meaning of Words." Awesome. It's all about the meaning of words and language, and how it can vary depending on culture and other factors. There are twelve contributors to this section, and they each offer something unique and interesting. The next section I read was a discussion about gender identity between Tea and Teo from *You & Me* 'zine. Also included is a diary of sorts from a trip taken to Croatia, and also a description of a Bikerout that led people from all over Europe to Ecotopia in Temisoara, Romania. Wow. The majority of the text is in English, though selected pieces are in Slovene. Highly recommended, and I look forward to future issues. LK (Tea/Slovenska cesta 31/5281 Spodnja Idrija/Slovenia; fruittea18@netscape.net)

RATS IN THE HALLWAY #13 11x8.5 \$2 48pgs.

Well done 'zine with a fairly large amount of material to read. It starts off with some columns and stories, all of them interesting to read in my opinion. They cover a broad range of topics so I won't write what they were about. This is the Summer Tour Issue, so next up there is extensive writing on a short tour that these guys went on with Leatherface, Hot Water Music, and Discourt. I find tour stories to be interesting to read and this case was no exception. The stories are written by two people and there are pictures to accompany them as well. After that, of course, there are interviews with the three aforementioned bands, plus one with Dillinger Four and one with Sean from the band Clear. All of the interviews are of nice length and pretty in-depth, and the bands have lots of interesting things to say. Also included is a load of record and 'zine reviews, plus many advertisements. And the cover is nice and glossy. Well done. RG (PO Box 7151/Boulder, CO 80306)

REFUSE PLANET #2 8.5x11 free/trade 12pgs.

Now, I think I really could only recommend this to true crusties and grindheads. Short but sweet, and all bundled up with white on black. Interviews with Scorned (from Minneapolis) and Existence (from Canada). I like this one because I'm down with all the bands, ideas, and the opinions expressed within. This guy also runs a killer tape distro under the same name. CF (1970 Westwood Northern Blvd. #5/Cincinnati, OH 45225)

THE REGURGITATED SPORK #7 7x8.5 \$1 16pgs.

A very quick read that consisted of two very long record reviews (or recommendations?), a couple of stories, and some pictures and drawings. That's all. MA (2117 4th Ave./Scottsbluff, NE 68361)

RESISTANCE: JOURNAL OF GRASSROOTS DIRECT ACTION #2 news \$2.50 16pgs.

Resistance reminded me of what *No Compromise* might have been in its formative stages. There are two main articles, one on the 1999 Primate Freedom Tour that is an interesting event diary coupled with information on the research centers that were targeted, and a larger multi-page on genetic engineering. Smaller notes to civil disobedience, police brutality, and MOVE. Support your local ALF! JLG (Liberation Collective/PO Box 9055/Portland, OR 97207)

RETROVISION #4 4.25x5.5 \$1 16pgs.

In juxtaposition to its size, *Retrovision* #4 has a large amount of content. Of course, much like the 'zine you are straining to read now, that means very tiny text. Most of the content revolves around the DIY/underground music scene in Malaysia. Since I don't really know anything about that, the bulk of the 'zine kept my interest. I liked reading the scene reports and the editors point of view on that. This issue contains a short interview with Dirthed, music, fanzine, and movie reviews, classifieds, a list of cool web pages, and the aforementioned information about the local scene. LO (Wan Retro/7173 Tmn Harta Indah/Pt. Semerah/82000 Pontian/Johor/Malaysia)

SCENERY #11 5.5x8.5 66p 20pgs.

The latest issue of *Scenery* is a collection of letters Mike has received over the years. Since you don't always have the context in which they were written or any background information, they are mostly sort of weird and disjointed. Still, they each have something to contribute—and mixed with Mike's sketches they make a nice little thing to read. LO (Mike/PO Box 14223/Gainesville, FL 32604)

SCRAWLSHOP #7 8.5x11 \$4 84pgs.

This very thick metal 'zine has a bunch of interviews with, Angelcorpse, Groinchurn, Integrity, Core, Azazel, Antagon, Rage From Within, Necrophobic Cunt, and Ricardo from *Infernal Nation* 'zine. Plus there are columns, thoughts, and lots of reviews of music, movies, 'zines, and websites. The cut and paste style of their layout is so extreme I looked for an address for 5 minutes and still couldn't find one. However, they do have a website that can perhaps help you get in touch with them. LO (<http://fly.to/scrawlshop>)

SICK PUNKS 7x8.5 \$3.50 40pgs.

The interviews in this 'zine are some of the most original I have read. *Sick Punks* is dedicated to discussing disease and how it affects people. Most punks are young and healthy, so disease isn't a general topic of discussion. The editor of this 'zine interviews people whose lives are burdened with various ailments ranging from mildly annoying to life-altering. If you like reading about people, this 'zine has some very interesting stuff. LO (Satan McNugget/3584 John St./Vineland Station, ON/LOR 2E0/Canada)

SLUG & LETTUCE #61 news 55p 16pgs.

It's the awesome high-density, eyestrain-inducing, world of S&L. Of course you've read this issue by now. But I'll go over some of the highlights: first of all, the ever engaging reflections of Chris grace the front page and there's plenty of stuff to think about on the inside, too, especially if you're into the reflective lifestyle thing. More highlights? Ecopunk writing and good book reviews, pictures with text crammed all around, 'zine reviews, music reviews and adds. Top it off with newsprint that you can smear on your face. Pick it up. IER (PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261-6632)

SO FUCKIN WHAT #9 8.5x11 \$2 36pgs.

Lots of columns, including a few from some pretty funny (i.e. smart ass) writers, and interviews with Atom And His Package, Counterpoise, Food Not Bombs Rochester, and the *Right Path* 'zine. Also articles on CA Food Not Bombs arrests, Mumia, and reviews. SPW has a little more character than other similarly formatted 'zines that I have read, which proves the point once again that it's better to be a smart ass than a dumb ass. JLG (253 Alexander St. #322/Rochester, NY 14607)

SUBSIDIZED MESS #1 8.5x11 stamps 26pgs.

There is no question that my favorite part of this 'zine is the interview with Mike from Kill The Man Who Questions—a great band, and a great interview. There is also an interview with Scott from Bloodlink Records and a reprint of an Infest interview from *Hardware*. A bit about a trip to London, a sort of how-to regarding purchases and sales on e-bay (the internet auction thing), and some reviews close out this issue of *Subsidized Mess*. I would like to see more of his rants and opinions. LK (Joe Hays/61 Hacklebarney Rd./Long Valley, NJ 07853)

SOUND VIEWS #55 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

The latest issue of *Sound Views* features an interview with Knoxville Girls and articles on MP3, record stores in NYC, Agnostic Front, and local hip-hop. The columns and such are all about weird, interesting, and nostalgic things that are worth the time it takes to read them. I think this 'zine could stand on its own without catering to readers who want reviews, but they do a fair number of music reviews as well. LO (PO Box 23523/Brooklyn, NY 11202-3523)

SPEAK MY MIND #1 8.5x11 \$2 22pgs.

Straight edge fanzine from The Netherlands. Okay stuff, nothing ground breaking or particularly interesting here. Mostly record reviews and 'zine reviews, focused almost entirely on SxEx. A few articles on television and evil record collecting scum make for okay reading. More stuff about the local scene and local issues would have been more interesting and more readable than a million record reviews. ARB (see address below)

SPEAK MY MIND #2 8.5x11.5 \$2 32pgs.

This is a straight edge hardcore fanzine from The Netherlands. The majority of this 'zine is filled with interviews. The editor, Arold, talks with Nate Gluck of Ensign and Daryl of Snapcase. He and a guy named Rob also interview H2O. All the bands discuss their various histories, the scenes in which they developed, straight edge, and many personal issues. The interviews are readable and smart. The remainder of the 'zine is filled with reviews and some short opinion pieces. SJS (Arold Roostenburg/Nieuwkuijksestraat 167/5253 AG Nieuwkuijk/The Netherlands)

THE STUPID JOURNEY w/CASSETTE

5.5x8.5 \$2 108pgs.
So this guy went traveling, put the sounds of his journey on a cassette, and put out a 'zine made up of little snippets, stories, and thoughts. This is the kind of 'zine that would work really well on a toilet because no matter how big or small your business is, you'll find a little something to browse through that will make your stay a little more interesting than the good old squeeze and wipe. I guess for some of these vignettes to work you had to be there. Nevertheless, an okay read. MH (Satan McNugget/3584 John St./Vineland Station/Ontario/LOR 2E0/Canada)

SULLIVAN #3 11x8.5 \$2 48pgs.

This is the last issue of *Sullivan* magazine, but that doesn't at all mean that not as much effort was put into it. It's a well-rounded 'zine with all the usual stuff. There is nothing wrong with that of course. There are columns, poetry, journal entries, interviews, a tour report, reviews, and other things. Now for the details, the interviews are with A.F.I., No Idea Records, and The Get Up Kids. All of them are well-done with good questions and usually some pretty in-depth answers. The tour report is with the band The Cause. And all the rest of the stuff you have to read for yourself to see what they are about. Too bad this is the last issue, because it seems to be a good 'zine. He has a record Co. still: Accident Prone. RG (306 NW El Norte Pkwy./PMB 305/Escondido, CA 92026)

SUBURBAN VOICE #43

8.5x11 \$5 152pgs. (comes with CD comp featuring 20 tracks)
Fucking thick issue with lengthy interviews with Ben from Econochrist (yes, this is a current interview), Aus-Rotten, Casualties, 9 Shocks Terror, Brother Inferior, Boiling Man, Kill Your Idols, Out Cold, Oxymoron, Toxic Narcotic, Broken, Rat Bastards, and a ton of reviews, photos, and columns. The CD has tracks from old and new bands, so it will expose you to both the history of hardcore and also the up and coming bands. The line up includes, but is not limited to Zero Boys, Econochrist, Infest, 9 Shocks Terror, Out Cold, Subhumans, The Unseen, The Neighbors, The Boils, The Plist, Third Degree, Murder Suicide Pact, React, Anti Flag, Gordon Solie Motherfuckers, and the Freeze. Everything is well done, and issue #43 of *Suburban Voice* will keep you reading and listening for hours on end. Something for everyone. KM (Al Quint/PO Box 2746/Lynn, MA 01903)

SURVIVOR Vol.11, No.2 8.5x11 \$2 20pgs.

This 'zine claims to disseminate libertarian, anarchistic, subgenius, freedom loving news from around the world. It is compiled of articles that discuss advertising on cable TV, how Nazis and Stalin undermined parental authority for their own ends, and how truly unfettered global trade will bring wealth to Americans. The remainder of this publication is a compilation of reprinted tracts, advertisements, and rants that address phone company rip-offs, the benefits of owning guns, con artists preying on the elderly, tax evasion tactics, and a stunningly obtuse conspiracy piece called "The Apparent Plan To Kill Off The American People By The One World Government Crowd!" SJS (Evans/1115 45th Ave. #21/Long Island City, NY 11101)

TEN POUND MEAT SALE #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 52pgs.

Jeremy writes mostly what to me looks like short fiction pieces, but I have a feeling that a lot of it reflects on the author's personal life and what he struggles with. I don't actually know the author but I can relate (for the most part) to his pieces about a kid dealing with life, god, religion, existence, school, and education. His writing is imaginative instead of the typical "I'm going to tell you my life story." (I'm assuming that this fiction in actuality is very real.) His writing keeps me interested for the most part, though it is all in typewritten text with no other visual aids—which makes it seem very dry and uncreative. (But why is it that I can read a published book without visuals and not complain yet expect artwork from 'zines?) There are some punk music and radio hit reviews. These music reviews were pretty much obligatory and useless waste of paper if you ask me. (To keep the advertisers happy? Ah, compromise.) Next time maybe ditch the reviews and you've got a pretty good 'zine, otherwise this was good first effort. AM (Jeremy Wade/1632 Engel Rd. #730/Lawrence, KS 66044)

THIRTYONE #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

This is a good little 'zine from the Bay Area. Editor Eric compiles writings about his likes and dislikes. Some of the essays discuss skateboarding and BMX bikes, synth pop, raw punk rock, the Ramones and the Bad Brains, and other issues of concern to punks. There are short essays on how to play bass, how to play guitar, writing a 'zine while on the company clock, and a history of the Swedish synth band Elegant Machinery. SJS (Eric Fortner/PO Box 55603/Hayward, CA 94545)

TWAT #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 8pgs.

A crotch-positive 'zine about women in bands, books with the word enunch in the title, and wearing underwear. There are also a few silly letters to someone named Ms. Yeast Infection. There isn't much content to comment on in this first issue. LO (Mary & Jasmine/167 Ogelthorpe Ave./Athens, GA 30606)

URBAN ARMS #4 8.5x11 \$1/trade 18pgs.

This issue of *Urban Arms* pay homage to the Old Barn Fest, interviews Hot Water Music and Detestation, reviews 'zines and music, and has lots of thoughts to share. The editor shows a good amount of personality in her writing, making what is here rather pleasant. LO (Mollie Hatchet/3522 River Rd. #3/Cincinnati, OH 45204)

UNDERDOG 'ZINE #28 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

In this issue the *Underdog* team digs up plenty of information about dead Chicagoans and the places they enjoy haunting. Buffy and Sissy write about the lives and exploits of those youthful women of the '20s known as flappers. Other articles cover year 2000 hysteria, prisoners as cheap labor, and the lowdown on political activism on Chicago's south side. There is an interview with some employees at Raw Records and the first section of an long essay on not fitting into the education system. Other stuff includes a column on relationships and the usual pile of facts and dates and places and people that make up the Chicago punk and hardcore scene. SJS (1513 N Western Ave./Chicago, IL 60622-1747)

VACULA 8.5x11 \$2 56pgs.

I really wish that I could read this because it seems to be all about underground feminism in Poland. The text is written (as far as I can tell) in Polish, so there is very little that I can make out. However, it does appear to have many columns and articles. LO (J. Ramme/PO Box 145/0-792 Warszawa 78/Poland)

WHY WE LIVE 7x8.5 \$3 40pgs.

I have two issues of *Why We Live* to talk about here. You can get both for \$3 and, believe me, that is an incredible deal. One issue deals with activism and body image and the other deals with self-defense and women's health. Both are huge conglomerations of submissions from people all over. The pieces are interesting and amazing, and true tribute to the way punks come together and create awesome things. These 'zines come highly recommended to anyone who is interested in these issues. LO (Mothra/130 Hayes Ave./South Burlington, VT 05403)

WONKA VISION #7 8.5x11 \$2 60pgs.

This issue features interviews with C.D. Records, The Unseen, Oxymoron, The Pietasters, The Ducky Boys, Saves The Day, A Global Threat, Sarge, The Slackers plus some other stuff like some coverage of team *Wonka's* trip to London. Part of the 'zine is referred to as "*My World Mini 'Zine* #1" but honestly I don't really understand why. It would be as if this page of *HaC* was called "*Defillate 'Zine* #1". This 'zine within the 'zine features some commentary on divorce, pregnancy, and abortion. *Wonka Vision* also has some commentary on some political issues and other random topics along with the usual record and CD reviews. Please note that some of the so-called "interviews" are more like promo sheets or band bios than actual interviews. Not a fantastic 'zine, but definitely trying to get their shit together. Mostly falling under the music 'zine heading. KM (PO Box 842/Richboro, PA 18954)

X-PRESSION #3 8.5x11 free 12pgs.

Almost half of these 12 pages are reviews, so you may be asking yourself, "What's all the other seven pages?" A well done interview with a member of the Belgium band Exit Nineteen and some thoughts from Peter, the Editor of *X-pression*, on straightedge and hardcore. Sure, it's a good looking 'zine, but there really isn't too much going on in this issue. JLG (Peter Vande Wyer/Kuitersbaan 22/3990 Peer/Belgium)

YARD WIDE VOICES #7 4.25x5.5 \$1 64pgs.

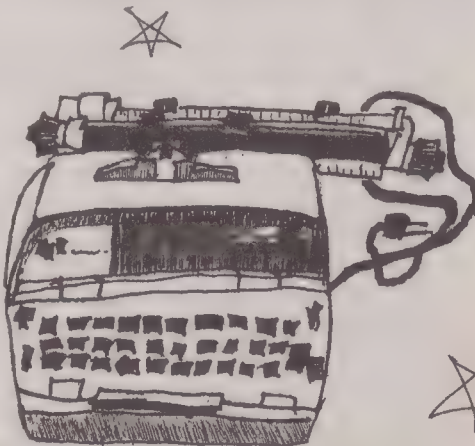
Yard Wide Voices is a cut and paste personal 'zine from Gainesville, FL. In this issue editor Jessica tells stories of her life with short lines that describe how family and other folks relate or react to her life and activities. Jessica tells longer stories about eloping and carrying a child. There is an essay on motorcycles and an interview with the Eyeliners, plus a write up of some books that Jessica finds important. There is a contribution from a friend who questions why the removal of reproductive organs is a common answer to cancer prevention and cures. There is plenty of other cool stuff to hold your attention as well. SJS (Jessica/PO Box 12839/Gainesville, FL 32604)

YODA MAGAZINE #11

5.5x8.5 \$5 64pgs. (comes with CD comp featuring 23 tracks)
This Belgian 'zine only has interviews with bands from the United States in this issue, which does seem a bit odd, but I guess American bands are quite popular in Europe, so there you go. The interviews are with Locust, MK-Ultra, Assuck, His Hero Is Gone, Saves The Day, Metroschifter, and Botch. This issue also has some reviews, but is lacking in other sorts of content. Well there are a few very short letters. The interviews are interesting though, and usually deal a bit with political issues. The 'zine also comes with a Genet CD sampler that features Children Of The Fall, Walls Of Jericho, Convicted, Lethal, Fall Silent, Standing Tall, Sad Origin, Reiziger, Concrete Cell, Pray Silent, Bloodpact, Selfish, Trephine, Hebriana, Timebomb, Unsure, Shadows Fall, Thumbs Down, Opposite Force, Product, Andromeda, Bob Tilton, and Face Down. Kind of a weird mix of European music and interviews with American bands. KM (Kristof Mondy/Elfide Julilaan 114/8500 Konrijk/Belgium)

GULLIBLE #19/DREAMLESS #6 5.5x8.5 33p 16pgs.

Two personal 'zines collide in a mish-mash of thoughts and expression. At times, I had a hard time distinguishing what content went with which 'zine. *Gullible* has a style that is more defined to me, especially since I read the last issue rather recently. The intro to *Dreamless* explains that everything in this issue was written in the span of a few days. That made me a little apprehensive but the content proved interesting enough in the end. LO (Jeff Byers/1700 Gately Dr./Richmond, VA 23233)



art from *Potatoe... #5*

TOP TEN

Mike Amezcua

Beyond The Screams—a US Latino/Chicano punk documentary by Martin Sorrondeguy • V/A—Los Angelinos: The Eastside Renaissance LP • THE BRAT—Attitudes 12" • EXECRADORES/SIN DIOS—split CD • SEVERED HEAD OF STATE—live and 12" • DIRTY DIRT & THE DIRTS—comp songs • DEAD NATION—live

Steve Aoki

THE EXPLODER—West End Kids Crusade CD and live • Transsolar Records • Shin, Ippei, and Yoda—Threat By Example • THE RED SEA—live • !!! and URBAN LEGENDS—live at the Pickle Patch • FARSIDE, RADAR, SMILE, STARING BACK—live at the Pickle Patch • BOTCH—We are the Romans CD • ROBOCOP KRAUS—Inferno Nihilistique 2000 LP • THREE MILE PILOT—everything • THE BEATLES—The White Album

Lisa Oglesby

PALATKA—End Of Irony LP • Insurgente Verano '99 'zine • BORN DEAD ICONS—7" and live • Freaks, Geeks, And Pipsqueaks #2 • SEVERED HEAD OF STATE—LP and live • Why We Live • GUTS PIE EARSHOT—Wait LP • LIFE'S HALT—live • DIRTY DIRT AND THE DIRTS—live • Gullible #18 • DAHLIA SEED—Please Excuse All The Blood CD • GIVING UP THE GHOST—7" • KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS—Sugar Industry LP

Doug Mosurak

punkrock.net • "New" TERROR CLASS—live • Magnolia • THE MR. ROBOT PROJECT • THE EX—live • HOSE.GOT.CABLE and THE SLEEPYTIME TRIO—live • ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT—Cut And Play 12" • AUTECHRE—EP7 CD • GOGOGOAIRHEART—The Things We Need CD • FANTOMAS and KID-606—live

Leslie Kahan

the long-awaited, fantastic return of STRATEGO (and the new Morse Code LP) • SEVERED HEAD OF STATE—live • Night by Elie Wiesel • LIFE... BUT HOW TO LIVE IT?—live video (thanks Kelly) • GUTS PIE EARSHOT—Wait LP • Steve Snyder's vast gardening knowledge, and willingness to patiently share that knowledge • Things Fall Apart by Chinua Achebe • Pssst... #5 • Beyond The Screams/Mas Alla De Los Gritos—excellent documentary on Chicano/Latino punks in the US

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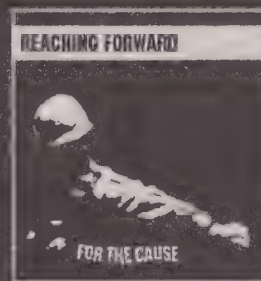
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Fight The World Not Each Other CD A tribute to 7SECONDS w/ 97A, BT1K, H2O, Good Clean Fun, Time Flies, Bloodpact, Fast Times, For The Living, Veil, Guiding Line, Reinforce, Upright and more. \$12 ppd.



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Also available: **Reflections Magazine #12, Good Clean Fun - Shopping 7", Automatic - Lowrider 7", Good Clean Fun - new LP/CD**. Coming up: **Reflections #13 + Weapon X 7", Stretch Arm Strong 7" / mcd, Bloodpact / Reaching Forward split 7"**. Send \$1 for complete mailorder catalog.

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BLOODPACT

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Michigan's fastest straight edge bands on one LP, Bloodpact is Void to Varsity's Faith. in the November MRR Rob Coons and Hiram Max both liked it. limited colored/ numbered/ stamped version for mailorder, distro'd by lots of nice folks. also available, DeadEyesUnder CD/10" (\$8/10/12 cd, \$6/8/12 10") (metal), Earthmover "Death Carved" CD/LP (\$8/10/12 cd, \$8/\$10/\$14 12") (90s hardcore)... up next: Varsity/Bloodpact live flexi, Cast in Fire (exEM) / Face Down (Canada) 7", Intensity "Wash Off The Lies/Battered Soul" CD, Trial "Foundation" resissue, The Control (ex No Reason, Halfmast) 10"/CD, Intensity/Bloodpact split 10" (split release with P.F.C.), Bp Euro tour May 2000, maybe Intensity US tour Ma 2000 write if you can help... stores can easily get our stuff from Lumberjack or most other distros, we also like to trade for se/hc/crust/fast stuff, get in touch if interested. check out our website for our distro/mailorder list, we carry lots of stuff from around the world diy cooperative style... money orders payable to "+/- Records", do not send cash as someone seems to open our mail before we get it. "Fast & Furious" comp in the works, fast bands that still have something to say, get in touch... ..fuck complacency, stay aware, fight back...

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Chuck Franco

PHOBIA—Destroying The Masses 7" • AGE OF DISTRUST—7" • DENIED REALITY—Leviathan 10" • AMEBIX—Monolith LP • NASUM—Inhale/Exhale • SORE THROAT—Nevermind The Napalm... • Refuse Planet 'zine • all the friends I met at Solidarity Fest • shout out to all the crazy asses in AHM, BATK, and FRK • Solidarity Fest—lots of fun despite all the bad shit that went down! We CAN make a change.

Graham Donath

DEATH BY STEREO—live • FADED GREY—demo/live • CONVERGE—all • REALIGN—Stagnation Is Death CD • 18 VISIONS—No Time For Love 7" • STILLWELL—CDep • SNAPCASE—Designs For Automotion CD • DISEMBODIED—Diablarie CD • FALL SILENT—all • MAINSTRIKE—Quest For The Answers CD

Jonathan Lee

WOLFPACK—LP • DEAD NATION—LP • GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR!—12" • NO PARADE—demo • DRAW BLANK—demo • NINE SHOCKS TERROR—7" on Havoc • LIFE'S HALT—7" • LOST WORLD—Tot Aber Ita Itbar LP • bands that put out demo tapes instead of CDRs or going directly to 7" • BORN DEAD ICONS—live

Adi Tejada

THE CROWN—Hell Is Here CD • ANASARCA—Godmachine CD • SUICIDE NATION—A Requiem... CD and live • DAY OF SUFFERING—The Eternal Jihad CD • Morrissey dressed in a sailor suit • SUFFOCATION—Pierced From Within • KVIET—For Kunsten Maa Vi Evig Vike CD • ANTARCTICA—81:03 2xCD • THE SWARM—Parasitic Skies 10" • SEVERED HEAD OF STATE—live

Dylan Ostendorf

BRAID—Please Drive Faster 7" • CERBERUS SHOAL—Homb CD • DISTRIC2 (the emergence of a good Goleta indie rock band at last) • JESSICA SIX—All Good Things CD • LANDSPEEDRECORD—The Corporate Secret CD • THE NATIONAL ACROBAT—CD • NHL hockey • SMART WENT CRAZY—their take on Ice Cube's "A Good Day" • STRATEGO—The Morse Code 12" (self-serving of me, I know) • the good people of the punk world

Kent McClard

Planescape Torment • Tiny Tim • Big Willy

Tim Sheehan

PALATKA—The End of Irony LP • BREAD & CIRCUITS—tape of final recording • Beast Cops—Hong Kong cinema new release • A Little Matter of Genocide: Holocaust and Denial in the Americas, 1492 to Present and Pacifism as Pathology by Ward Churchill

Marianne Hofstetter

Andy Maddox • THE LAST 40 SECONDS—demo • getting excited about new "Sopranos" episodes • L&O Special Victims Unit • BLUE WATER BOY—advance tape • WOKEN BY WIRE—10" • NEXUS 6—all • Magnolia • All the good Goleta people putting me up and putting up with me. Thanks.

CLASSIFIEDS

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Five Stars For Failure four song debut 7" available now! Driving, rocking music from three Philadelphia area gentlemen. \$3.50 ppd. to Sean Barker/516 Curtis Drive/Morrisville, PA 19067 www.Rebel-Alliance.net/fivestarsforfailure

Last Chance! I sell the restock of the "God's Forsaken Children" benefit for animal liberationists 7" compilation for cheap. The European artists: Profan, Y, D'Rotzbouwen, Fight Da Suckas. I sell for: 3-10 \$2 each, more than 10 \$1.75 each + postage. I've also got other new & second hand stuff for sale. Write for list & orders to: Lars Weckbecker/In Den Peschen 56/56761 Masburg/Germany

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2 politically active kids going on cross-country trip June 1 to end of August, 2000. Need places to stay, demos to attend, anything! Please write, help us out! Mike/10111 university City Blvd./Apt. I-13/Blacksburg, VA 24060

Arabesque label/mailorder (emo/rock/noise). 1st release I the Division Of Laura Lee CD (\$9 US ppd.). Labels and bands trades are welcome, bands send a sample for consideration for future releases: Arabesque c/o Le Fur Yann/Kerdreau/56850 Caudan/France

212-International master of noise CDs, videos, loops, floppies, t-shirts - send for list Bix 3075/Lacrosse, WI 54602-3075 <http://escape.to/212/noise> Jboyle@FFLax.net

Friendly Italian boy (20) is looking for pen-pals from anybody anywhere. I like traveling, working, corresponding, knowing foreign cultures, reading 'zines and.... listening to music. Please write, response guaranteed! Thanks Damiano Bonuomo/Via Ca' Bruciata Del Pellegrino 1/42016 Guastalla (RE)/Italy xdambox@libero.it

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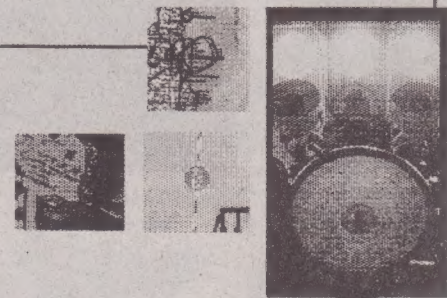
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The Diary Queens wish to thank everyone that helped us out with our first U.S. tour. It was very memorable. We'll be back out in March/April. Write us and check out the website. <http://escape.to/hell/> or 533 Madison St./Fairfield, CA 94533

Final Noise Attack! I have tons of mega-rare HC/crust demo/live tapes from mainly U.K., Scandinavia, Japan and U.S. '80s-'90s. Please write for full list! F.N.A. c/o Jun Kato/1910 Fieldwood Dr./Northbrook, IL 60062
piacarot@juno.com

Fight Records Presents: Unkind - Who's The Fucking Terrorist 7" e.p., Positive Negative - Throughout The Holocaust 7" e.p., Police Bastard/Unkind split 7" e.p. \$5 US dollar each ppd. to the world. Fight c/o Hikivvoreukatu 17 D 36/33710 Tampere/Finland

Progressive rural metal/rap group P.U.C.K. is taking CD orders. Over 30 CD's. They're on Johnny Hansen's Puck Ruck Vol. 2. For Catalog send addressed envelope and \$2 to X-treme Enterprises/6-964 Shoppers Row/Campbell River/BC V9W 2C5/Canada or puckcrew@hotmail.com

Vancouver Island Sucks! A compilation of Vancouver Island DIY bands from British Columbia, Canada. Different styles. Send \$8 US/ppd. to Angry Landlord Records c/o Joseph Pailing/PO Box 535/Heriot Bay/BC VOP 1H0/Canada Make checks/M.O. out to Joseph Pailing.

Sixteen, clumsy, and shy, though the birth certificate reads 1975. Airhockey savant with a weakness for YES album cover art seeks companionship and more. 82% vegan; slender and gazelle-like. Be the tornado to my trailerpark. 555-1212: merz1@qnet.com

Zine Distro! Free 'zine distro. I will pass them out at shows, and leave them at indie record shops around the Midwest. Please send sample first. Skoog Distro/1795 Forest Park Rd./Muskegon, MI 49441

Awaken! Contrary to popular belief we did not perish in the new millennium. Sorry but we're still here, although we've relocated to the left coast. Still have manmade AIDS books \$2, buttons and other fun stuff... <http://get.to/awaken> Awaken Industries/PO Box 5998/Portland, OR 97228
Awaken@nightmail.com

Ineed penpals. I'm a 22 year old female social work student. I am big into activism and trying to stir up trouble in this conservative town. Please write... Molly Miller/1507 W. Callender Ave./First Floor/Peoria, IL 61606

Louder Than Bombs issue 3. Interviews: Guy Picciolto (Rites Of Spring/Fugazi) and Guyana Punch Line. \$2 ppd. Issue 4 soon, interviews with KTMWQ & more or just write me, I'm lonely. 2-367 Kennedy St./Winnipeg, MB/R3B 0G1/Canada

Sweatshop buttons 100 1.75" or 1" buttons for \$30, write for quantity. Logo/design and M.O. to "S McGee," \$1 gets a huge catalog of 900+ designs and free propaganda. Discounts for positive organizations, matches lower prices, samples for trades. Awaken Industries/PO Box 5998/Portland, OR 97228 Awaken@nightmail.com

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ISSUE #4 OUT NOW!

Interviews with Undying, Rowan Mitchell,
and Greg Bennick.

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...Ebullition stuff...

REVERSAL OF MAN - This Is Medicine LP H
 REVERSAL OF MAN - This Is Medicine CD G
 ORCHID - Chaos Is Me LP H
 BREAD & CIRCUITS - LP H
 YAPHET KOTTO - The Killer Was... LP H
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For... LP J
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For... CD G
 BORN & RAZED - Holy Wars 12" F
 AMBER INN - All Roads Lead Home LP H
 AMBER INN - Serenity In Hand 7" A
 TORCHES TO ROME - 12" F
 PORTRAITS OF PAST - 010101 LP H
 PORTRAITS OF PAST/BLEED - split 7" A
 ECONOCHRIST - double CD discography J
 ECONOCHRIST - Skewed 7" A
 ECONOCHRIST - Another Victim 7" A
 ECONOCHRIST - Trained To Serve LP H
 LOS CRUDOS/SPLITBOY - split LP H
 SPLITBOY - Rasana 7" A
 SPLITBOY - True Self Revealed 12" F
 DOWNCAST - LP F
 DOWNCAST - 7" F
 STRUGGLE - 12" A
 STRUGGLE - 7" H
 STILL LIFE - From Angry Heads... double LP J
 SEENIN' RED - Martinus 7" A
 MONSTER X - Attrition 7" A

...some other stuff we distribute...

97A - Society's Running On Empty LP L
 97A - Society's Running On Empty CD L
 ANTI PRODUCT - The Deafening Silence... LP J
 ANTISCHISM - Still Life LP J
 ARTIMUS PYLE - The Civil Dead 12" J
 ASSHOLE PARADE - Student Ghetto... CD L
 ATOM & HIS PACKAGE - A Society Of... LP L
 AUS ROTTEN - ...And Now Back To Our... LP J
 CATHARIS - Passion CD L
 CHARLES BRONSON - Youth Attack 10" L
 COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN - I Know... LP L
 COMMITTED - One Chance CD J
 COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH - CD and Book L
 CRIMSON CURSE - Greatest Hits CD L
 DEVOID OF FAITH/WOORHEES - split LP J
 DEVOID OF FAITH - Slow Motion... 7" J
 DROP DEAD - Unjustified Murder 7" B
 DROP DEAD - 1st LP B
 END OF THE CENTURY PARTY - LP L
 FROM ASHES RISE - Life And Death 7" J
 GOOD CLEAN FUN - Shopping for a Crew LP B
 GOOD CLEAN FUN - On The Streets... CD M
 GOOD CLEAN FUN - On The Streets... CD M
 GUTS PIE EARSHOT - Wait LP M
 GUYANA PUNCH LINE - Maximum... LP L
 HIS HERO IS GONE - Fool's Gold 7" J
 HIS HERO IS GONE - new gatefold 12" B
 HIS HERO IS GONE - new gatefold 12" L

HOT WATER MUSIC - You Can Take The... 7" B
 INFEST - LP H
 KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS - LP J
 LOCUST - CD J
 LOS CRUDOS - discography LP L
 MOHINDER - live 7" H
 MY LAI - one sided 7" B
 NO COMMENT - '87 to '93 discography LP A
 PIG DESTROYER - Explosions In Ward 6 LP H
 REVERSAL OF MAN - 10" H
 RUIDO - 13 song 7" A
 RUIDO - 8 song 7" B
 SEENIN' RED/JUDAS ISCARIOT - split LP J
 SEENIN' RED/MK-ULTRA - split LP J
 SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - LP J
 SOOPHIE NUN SQUAD - The Devil... CD J
 SPAZZ/OPSTAND - split 7" B
 STRATEGO - LP H
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Flag + Flame = Fun 7" B
 SWARM - Old Blues Eyes Is Dead 7" B
 SWARM - Parasitic Skies CD L
 VOLUME ELEVEN - Prole Art Threat LP J
 WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? - Brutiful Fearing 6" B
 REALITY #3 - LP comp with Locust, Infest, Charles Bronson, Los Crudos, Dropdead, etc... H
 UNDER THE INFLUENCE - SSD covers comp 7" B
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